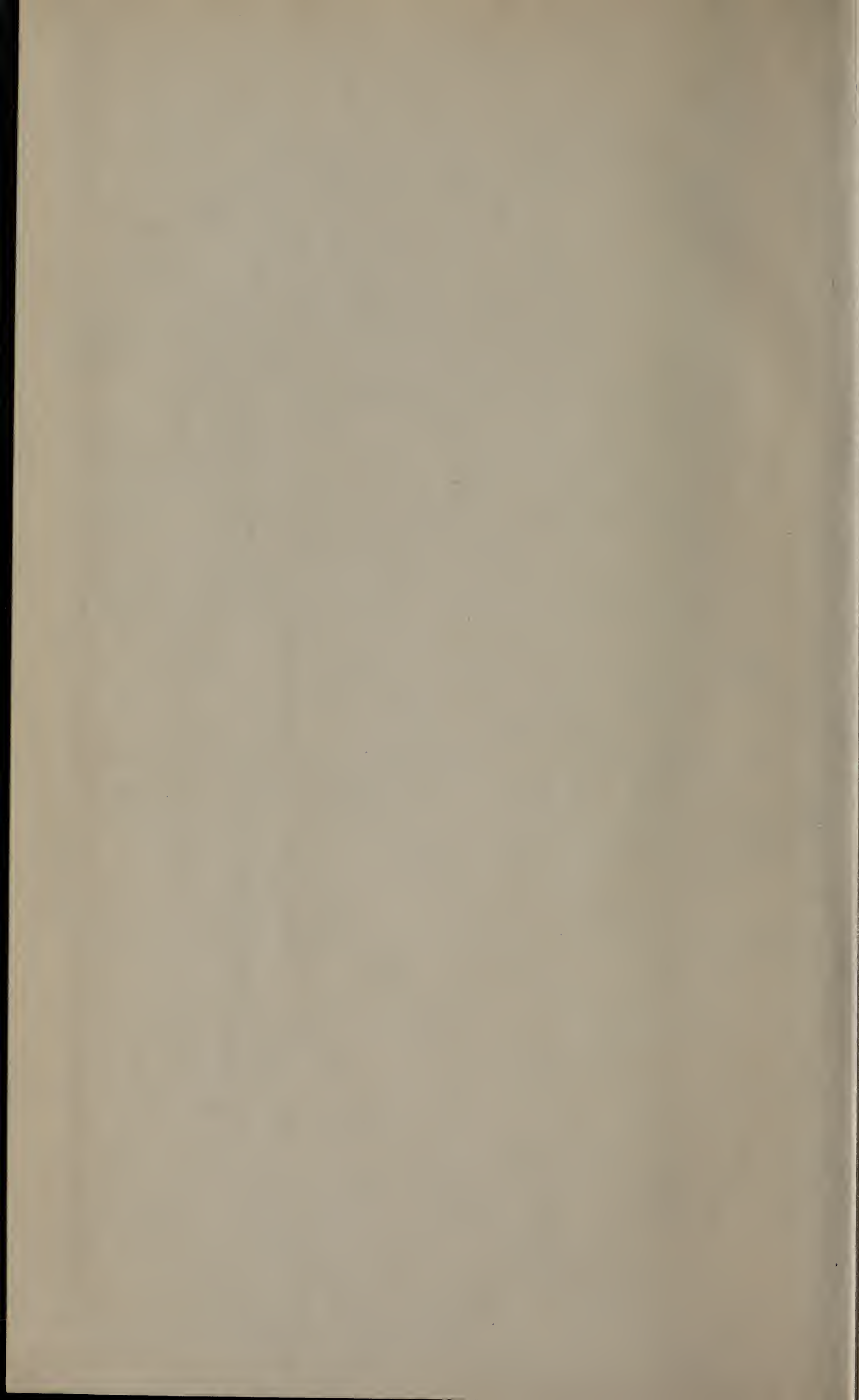




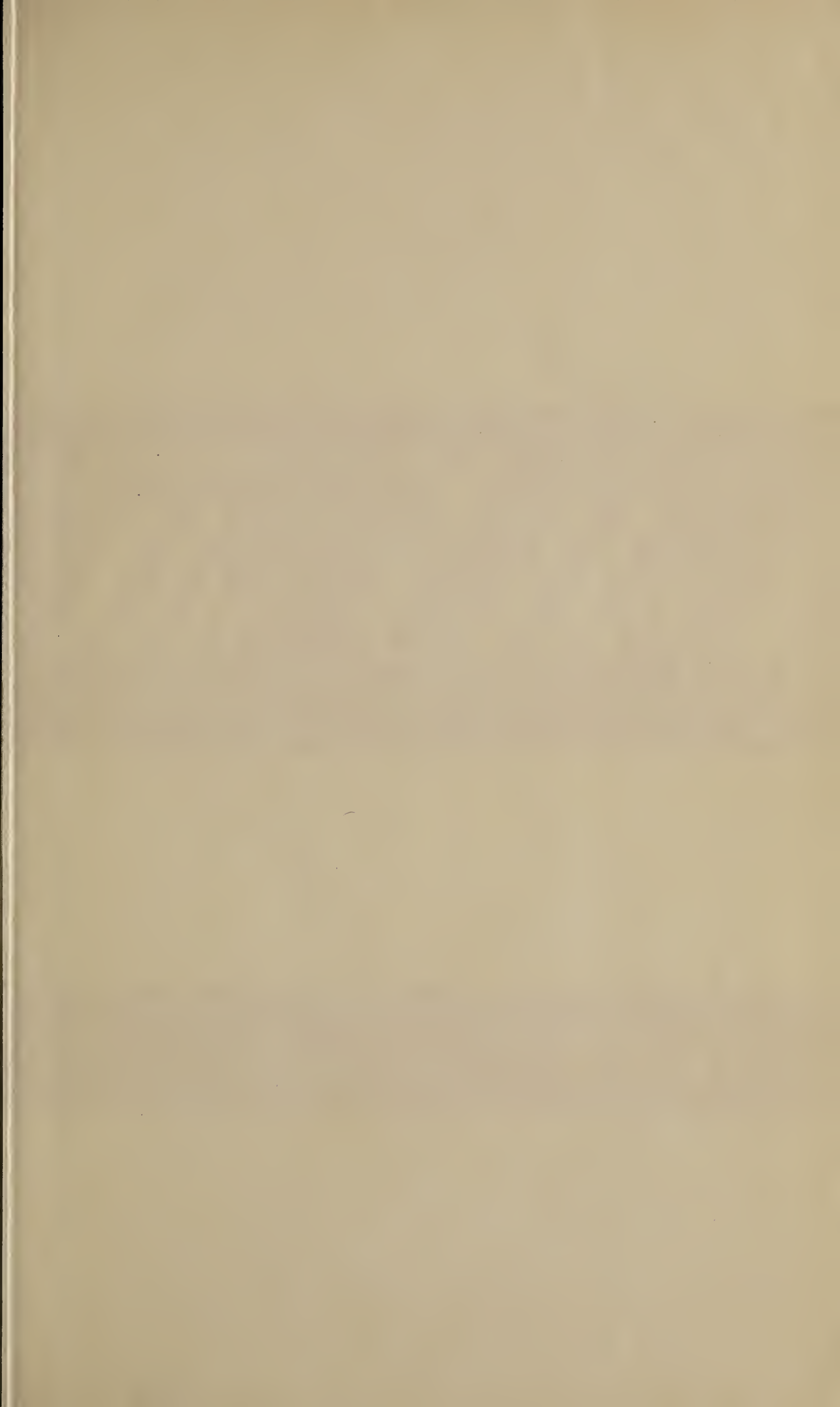
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# *The Ethos*

1951



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Published quarterly, during the academic year—November, February, April, June—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.

# NO BIRDS CALL

*Marion Misch, '52*

ALL she could see was white, and Janet hated white. At least she knew firmly that she hated it right now as it stretched high over her head on the ceiling, surrounded her in narrow short walls, and closed her from even the dubious comfort of a bare window by a curtain stretched in front. She lay in bed, covers to the chin, and decided definitely that tomorrow she'd go home from the white alcove, the impeccable Sisters, and the taut neatness of this convent school.

The lights which illuminated the dormitory where some sixty girls from seven to sixteen slept in their tiny cubicles went out silently. Only the rustle of heavy beads on Sister Monica's skirts could be heard, and an occasional creak from one of the worn mattresses. Somehow, although Janet had been sure she could never close her eyes in this alien place, she was asleep before Sister could make the rounds of all the alcoves once to see that all was well.

Promptly at quarter to six the next morning, the sour buzz of an electric bell shattered the quiet of the dormitory, broke cleanly the low breathing that rose softly in the high room, and sent sleepy schoolgirls stumbling to their knees for morning offering,

"In the name of the Father . . ." Sister Monica's thin voice was right outside Janet's cubicle. Hastily she scrambled to her knees on the bed. They had told her when she arrived at the school yesterday, that she must kneel for morning offering, wash and dress quickly, and be ready to go down



to chapel in fifteen minutes. White curtain parted slightly from white wall.

"On your knees, child, but on the floor! No laziness when we offer the day to God!" But by the time that Jan had gotten in the proper position, in the proper place, offering was over.

Confused, she rose, and splashed cold water on her face from the enamelled basin on the tiny bureau next to her bed. There was a pitcher matching the basin, now reposing carelessly on the floor in a circle of dampness where Jan had placed it last night after bringing water from the communal sink.

"I'll never be finished in fifteen minutes," she muttered, face red from the unaccustomed exertion of rushing to dress. Never in her sixteen years had she taken less than an hour to prepare for the day. Jan knew nothing of it but that was one reason for her being here now.

Seconds scurried while she hunted clean clothes in the little bureau. Minutes stalked arrogantly past as she fumbled with unfamiliar buttons on her blue uniform. Triumphant Janet pushed aside the white curtain just as Sister Monica tinkled a hand bell for all to go down to chapel. In her rush, Jan did not notice that the other girls had neatly folded bed covers to the foot of their beds, and pushed their curtains in smooth folds to the left wall of the alcove, leaving all open to air.

Mass was an ordeal. Jan knelt stiffly upright in constant fear that her black veil would slip off, and wondered despairingly why nobody else seemed to be having the same trouble. The secret lay in a discreet use of bobbypins, a simple solution which she was to learn at breakfast; but for the moment, she feared the black disgrace of disturbing in chapel with

all the nuns ranged in tidy dark battalions immediately behind. The Sanctus came, the Consecration, and one brown head stuck ignorantly, and helplessly upright amid the host of humbly lowered ones. Mass bells vibrated in her brain, she felt ill from her tense position, but to her immeasurable relief, the veil did not slip.

And so the day progressed, full of new experiences. Over breakfast cereal, the mystery of the bobbypins was cleared. The program of each day was discussed at great length between munches of toast. Janet was about to ask the girl next to her, a tall quiet creature carrying the conscious dignity of the senior, why so many bells were rung, when another one sounded. Near perfect silence ensued, broken only by the giggle of one of the younger children. While slow eaters finished breakfast swiftly in the quiet afforded for that purpose, Jan looked around the sunny room called a refectory, warmed by the sight of its curtained windows, the paper flowers at each table, and the friendly smile of Sister Michael in charge. It was almost homey!

The meal ended, classes began after a few brisk turns in the yard, and continued until eleven o'clock. Then came an hour's free time—and then it happened.

Sister Monica, in charge of the thirty high school boarders, had sent Janet to the dormitory to finish unpacking. The bleak silence of that tomblike room emphasized her loneliness. The only sounds were her own movements as she emptied her suitcases. The very quiet was startling, and as Janet lifted her head from her work, she saw a bluebird wing past the closed window opposite her alcove. There were bluebirds on the cape. They twitted among her mother's roses, and brushed friendly feathers with the seagulls that ventured some hundred feet from the breakwater to the Curtis home. With a groan Jan fell on the bed sobbing,



"I hate this place, I hate it! I want to go home." Her throat tightened to hard knots, and her head throbbed as she thought how now there was no home on the cape, no mother, but a torn twist of land where the tidal wave had lashed the shore, and an ugly apartment in Providence, and a broken man who had confided his child to the sisters.

Her eyes were still wet, and for the second time in a week Janet was running a fever when Sister Monica came upstairs to bring her down to dinner. The girl was put to bed immediately. No alarm showed on Sister's face as she drew the white curtain across the front of the alcove; but in chapel after her own delayed dinner, she sent a prayer Maryward for the motherless Curtis girl.

Jan slept fitfully, her brown hair ruffled on the pillow, images of black veils in swirling mass, of new books, and the ghostlike treading of the sisters mingled pell mell with pictures of the cape, of her father laughing to the sea, her mother planting flowers, her mother washing dishes, of her mother's grey eyes above the hovering smile. She dreamed again the storm as it hit Providence, she and her father buying mom's birthday glassware, of the shocking bulletins that the radios gibbered of havoc on Cape Cod, of their fears that stretched tighter and tighter finally to snap, leaving a hollowness in the knowledge that nothing on the ocean side of their peninsula could have escaped destruction. She dreamed of bluebirds lost in white walls, and then because she was young, dreamed no more, but fell into a deep sleep that lasted until dusk sent dull shadows scuttling across the dormitory ceiling, and the far away murmur of a hundred muted voices saying the rosary for October devotions rose from the chapel two floors below.

The Curtis's had lived on the cape sixteen years, since the



birth of their daughter. The house was small, but not cramped for three, and it was free of debt. A miniature town was near by for friends, shopping, and school. To the south, all Narragansett Bay to boat on, watching the fishermen in Jan's earlier years, and during the war seeing the thousand and one navy craft that sailed from Newport station. In Newport itself, Jan and her mother had shopped in the intriguing hustle of Thames Street—pronounced "Tames" by the honest folk who dwelt there—and wandered amazed along the cliff walk, which was on one side washed by the waves, on the other banked with the summer homes of the wealthy from New York.

Janet had reveled with all the hugged delight of childhood at the legends of Captain Kid that centered around one of the tiny islands at the opening of the bay, Conanicut. Here Kid was supposed to have hidden from her majesty's ships, here buried part of his famous treasure, and hence departed to be caught by the governor of Boston, to be returned to Britain and hanging.

One day, when Janet was just thirteen, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis brought her to the tip of this island for a birthday picnic. The tip jutted into the opening of the bay, almost to the Atlantic, and all the incoming currents angered at this resisting rock, swirled about the cliffs, snarling at the three who stood with faces to the water. They had eaten a magnificent lunch of all Jan's favorite food, tiny biting pickles, cold chicken, and cherry cobbler still oozing its juices. Soon the wind rose, the tide seemed to be sucking the rock into its whirlpools, and Janet clutched her mother in quick terror. When at last they were back in their sheltered house miles away, she consented to go alone to her room, still half imagining the greedy waters climbing to her. At the top

of the stairs, she turned for one last look at the reassuring circle of yellow light in the parlor, her mother's smooth hair, her father's strong brows. And from out the open hall window came the muffled cheep of a sleepy bluebird, tiny, weak, and completely secure in his little world.

Later on, there were more trips to the tip of Connanicut, to Beavertail as the Indians named it hundreds of years ago. She grew to love the place when the tide was low at sunset, and the gulls mewed over their fish catches within the long thin gorges of the rock. But when a white moon sent little shivers of cold light glancing off the waves, and the breakers pried their steep way up wet stones, the terror of the water born of a deep respect bred into those who live near the sea came to her. Finally she ceased visiting the island, the bay altogether. She wanted nothing outside her family.

As a small child, Janet had been hearty, a sturdy New Englander of strong Yankee stock. But she grew to a slender adolescence, at times a sickly charm of too red cheeks, and too bright eyes, of wild imaginings, and the grey fears that chase the timid. Only in the heart of her home with the birds darting outside the windows was she really content. In the encircling of her parents' love, she lived happy, but too closely guarded. And when winds swept from the south in a seasonal hurricane, and the tidal wave ripped the life, and her mother, from the seaward side of the cape, she was left destitute.

And now the shadows blended into one darkness on the ceiling, and white walls hemmed out color and love. And in the twilight, with the sun glowing cold over a fall-blackened horizon, the child lay awake in the vast impersonality of that huge room. Hot eyes gazed at nothing, and a tired brain whirled, seeing again the sucking waters of fear, and hearing no bluebird call.

## NERVES -- 1950

*Joan Butler, '52*

She hears the shells that deafen her son  
In all her homely kitchen clatter,  
Six thousand miles or one, what matter?  
The mother and soldier son are one.

The warmth she feels from the oven door  
Rises from a mortar spitting fire,  
The kitchen dust is Korean mire,  
Young corpses sprawl on her polished floor.

The doorbell rings, and yet once more  
She must tremble, pray, and find through tears  
The courage to crush the creeping fears  
Of messaged death beyond the door.

He loved to watch the bright flag wave,  
She sees it wrap her red-haired boy  
Who longed to build, and learned to destroy.  
Her gate's white pickets mark a grave.



## DOWN TO EARTH

*Marylou Devlin, '52*

My thoughts are larks that soar on high,  
Their song bursts forth in silver bars;  
I cannot tempt them from the sky,  
Nor catch them in my net of stars.  
Higher and higher, heeding not my plea,  
Still higher, and ever lost to me.

My thoughts are doves that hover near,  
Dipping down at my command.  
They whisper softly in my ear  
And gently perch upon my hand;  
But my heart yearns, I wait in vain  
For soaring larks to come again.

# DARK GLASSES

*Mary E. McDonald, '52*

THE silence that followed the hurled epithet was tense with the surprise and shock. Don, his tray balanced in one hand and his leg lifted to swing over the bench, turned puzzled eyes on the stocky blond boy beside him.

"What a pig," repeated the tall young man across from them. "If you put that away, you'll be doing good." The blond fellow flushed, and eyed the mound of pancakes on his plate.

"What's eating you? I didn't ask for extras. Annie just put them on my plate. I didn't even notice them."

Arthur gave him a cool stare and proceeded to pick daintily at his own breakfast. His thin, handsome face was sullen with disdain. Don slid into his own place with a quizzical glance at Arthur. He attempted to bridge the wrathful silence.

"Most of the guests are taking the boat trip. There won't be much work today for a change. Hey Arthur, how about taking that horseback ride?"

"I'm going in town. I need a maroon wool shirt and socks to match my gray flannels."

"Hey, heavy date?"

"The well dressed man is always conscious of his appearance." Arthur finished his coffee and Don watched him disappear through the doorway of the help's dining room.

"Now there," he remarked to no one in particular, "goes a peculiar fellow. Loads of money, his father owns a huge ranch, good looks, sharp dresser, and a chip the size of a redwood on his shoulder."



"He's a genius," mocked one of the waitresses, "don't you recognize one when you see him?"

Later Don stood in the corner of the main dining room, watching Arthur serve breakfast to four elderly women. He deftly grasped the dishes and slid them on and off the table with scarcely a sound. His manner was grave and thoughtful as that of a devoted butler hovering over his patrons. Don noted the gratified smiles on the faces of the four guests and shook his head admiringly.

"He can charm the skin off of a snake when he wants to. I can see the fat tip he'll get already."

Two of Don's guests entered the room and he gave them a nod of recognition. He grabbed his tray, place mats and silver and approached their table.

"Good morning, you're up bright and early."

"Oh we're not going to miss a minute of this vacation if we can help it. What are we having this lovely morning?" the younger lady gushed.

"Eggs, Miss Wright, boiled, fried and—scrambled."

"Well, let's see. I think boiled—no scrambled. How about you Alice?"

"Well my doctor advised me not to eat too many eggs, the starch content you know but—"

Don grasped feebly at a straw. "Have a boiled egg, they look smaller."

"Yes, but I sort of like scrambled. I know I'm cheating but . . ."

"Two scrambled, yes Ma'am." Don lifted his tray and started for the kitchen. He noticed with dismay five more of his guests who were entering. Scrambled eggs with Annie cooking them took fifteen minutes and if he left the kitchen

to wait on other guests, someone would appropriate them. It was starting out to be a confusing morning.

In the empty dining room after the meal, the help were clearing the soiled dishes off the tables. The girls had stacked several of the trays with dishes and Arthur reached for one. He made a wry face at its precarious load.

"Wait a minute Art," Don came over with a half full tray. "Put some on here. That's an awful lot of china to drop."

Arthur eyed Don's slight build carefully and with a shrug he swung the heavy tray to his shoulder and carried it, seemingly without effort, from the room.

"If I was the vicious type I'd trip him," Don muttered and defiantly added five dinner plates to his own load. Then with a mock shrug he staggered from the room to the laughter of the others.

Because of the boat trip they were through at one o'clock and most of the help headed for the lake. Don had been stretched out on the warm sand for over an hour when Arthur appeared.

"How's the water Don?" he asked and peeled off his sweat-shirt. "Come on, I'll race you in."

Don melted. "Okay, did you get your shirt and sox?"

"No, the quality in these hick stores is very inferior. I'll have them sent from New York." Arthur plunged into the water and swam with lazy strokes out to the raft.

When Don reached it, the fellows were engaged in horse-play, and a playful push sent him flying back into the water. He grinned, leaped onto the raft and after a breathless tussle sent the offender to the same fate. Arthur stretched out in the sun and lay quietly.

"Art" Don dropped down beside him. "I stopped at the stables. Pepper foaled last night; a beauty of a colt."

"He did," interest flickered in the somber eyes. "That'll be one good horse if it takes after its mother. I have a letter from my father. He's bought three palominos. Would I love to ride them."

"Are you going home before you return to school?"

"I don't know. There's nothing at home now with mother gone. My father and I have," a faint sneer crossed his lips, "different views. My mother was the home."

"Yeah", Don began uncertainly, "you'd never bring them back but you miss them."

Arthur said in a tight voice, "I'd bring her back if I could. If I knew where she was I'd follow her."

"Well, she's in heaven and certainly much happier . . ."

"I don't hold with the idiotic dream of a heaven", Arthur snapped. "My mother was a free thinker. I am my own law."

Don shifted uneasily. "There's a greater law, Art", he said quietly, "and we're all subject to it."

"Yes, your famous virtue of humility. Abject worship of an unseen Power."

"Christian humility isn't abject Art. It's . . ."

He stopped for Arthur had sprung to his feet and moved to the edge of the raft. Three of the waiters pounced upon him with glee and attempted to topple him into the water. Arthur seized the rail of the steps with both hands and braced himself. The three boys tugged and pushed and tried by sheer weight to overcome him. One fell in himself and the attention of the other two was diverted. They leaped in on top of him. Arthur straightened and came back to Don. His face was flushed and his breathing heavy but he eyed Don triumphantly. Then he walked slowly out onto the



springboard and did a beautiful tapering dive. As his head cleared the water he shook it exultantly and his flashing arms clove through the bobbing white caps. As they walked home, Don glanced at him from time to time but the dark sunglasses that he always wore hid any emotion that might be reflected in his eyes.

The dining room was crowded that night and the guests talked in excited murmurs about the boat trip. The hostess assigned a new couple to Don. The lady was very pretty but the man had a bored look. Better not keep him waiting, Don thought.

He slid the two dinners and on his tray and approached them. He came up in back of the man and as he lifted a dinner plate to place it on the table, the man who was talking volubly made a violent gesture. Don saw it coming and tried to avoid the disaster, but too late. He had one glimpse of the guest's astonished stare, then it was hidden in a shower of mashed potatoes, sausages, and apple sauce. In the confusion Don ducked under the table to search for the sausages, the potatoes and apple sauce having conveniently landed on the table. Stifling his laughter, he found three of the missing articles but the fourth had unfortunately disappeared. He gazed thoughtfully at the loose-necked shirt of his guest, then with a sigh for the erring sausage and an apology to the irate diner, he escaped to the kitchen.

Later, while filling his cream pitchers he saw Arthur enter the kitchen from the other dining room, Don started over to him. Arthur's face was pale and set and his hands were clenched.

"What's the matter Art? Are you sick?"

"Sick of what you have to take around here."

"Why, what happened? You were waiting on Jean's table weren't you?"

"She's busy so Helen asked me to take over." Arthur was breathing heavily. "There are four men and they wanted her to wait on them. Then they started getting fresh about it, so I walked out."

"Just ignore them Art", Don said soothingly. "Helen will take care of them. You'd probably feel better if you could poke them one."

"I wouldn't touch anyone so beneath me."

Don started to recount his mishap, laughing over it but Arthur seemed in a trance. He was trembling.

As they were leaving the kitchen that night they stopped to talk to the other fellows and girls on the back porch. They drifted into a discussion of art. Arthur's face lightened. Gradually, quietly, he took over the conversation. His knowledge of the masters, their works and the different schools of art was phenomenal. Don watched him as he sat on the step, twirling his dark glasses absently. His sleek dark head was thrown back and he spoke easily and assuredly.

Listening to his voice, Don mulled over in his mind the strange behavior of Arthur. Look at them, he thought glancing at the circle of intent faces. He has them under a spell. He could have millions of friends but he doesn't want one. He's got the strength and the fight to make a terrific leader and he's wrapped up in a shell of his own. If you can touch the right spot he's almost human, like now, but any little slight and he's like an eagle clinging to its eerie, always above the rest of the world and always fierce.

One of the waiters jumped up suddenly.

"Holy smokes, I'm going to the movies with Phil", he exclaimed. "We can just make the last show."



The others looked at their watches startled. It was 8:30. Arthur had been talking for an hour and a half. They exchanged glances as the group broke up.

"How about a walk Art?", Don himself came to with a start. He stretched and stamped vigorously. Arthur hesitated and then nodded.

They walked slowly without speaking until they reached the old icehouse on the lake. The sun was going down, a huge, fiery globe, and the lake and the sky were drenched in its light. Don was the first to speak.

"You know a lot about art. How do you find time to study it?"

"There's always time for beauty", Arthur lit a cigarette and drew in deeply. "There's beauty in all the arts. Painting, poetry, music. I have a record collection. Two thousand records that I've grouped according to mood."

"Whew, that's some collection. Music can create a mood too."

"I use them to fit my moods", Arthur said abruptly. He stood up and moved restlessly to the edge of the platform.

"Are you going to Mass tomorrow morning?"

"Sure, why?"

"My mother is dead a year tomorrow. I might go with you."

Don smothered a startled exclamation. "All right", he said carefully.

Arthur jumped to the ground and started to walk back and Don followed. Halfway back Arthur stopped.

"I'm not tired", he said. "I'm going for a walk".

"Want any company?"

"No". He turned and walked back down the road.

Don didn't know what time it was but it was several

hours after he had gone to bed when Arthur entered the room. Don woke up but he didn't speak. Arthur slipped into bed but Don could hear him turning restlessly until he himself fell asleep again.

He woke Arthur for Mass the next morning.

"I'm not going. I—I decided not to go this morning." All during breakfast and dinner Arthur avoided him. Don shrugged it off.

He came out of his shell a little too far last night, Don reasoned. He wants me to get the idea that he still doesn't encourage any encroachment on his personal feelings.

After dinner Don wandered down to the stables to watch one of the hands put a new mount through its paces. There were a few guests leaning over the corral bars. Hearing hoofbeats he looked around and saw Arthur approaching on a powerful roan. The guests watched him admiringly. He sat the horse easily, the reins held loosely in his left hand, a crop swinging from his right wrist. The animal shied from side to side and tossed its head against the bit. Arthur slid off and led the horse over to the corral. He tied it to a bar and lounged against the rails, hands in his pockets, his eyes behind the dark glasses intent on the rider in the ring. Some of the guests drifted over to him.

"That's a beautiful animal", one young girl said, "but isn't he very spirited?"

"A horse without spirit is good only for hauling wagons", Arthur remarked. "He has plenty of spirit but I can tame him."

"Yeah, you'll look handsome with a broken neck", Don broke in goodhumoredly.

A flush mounted on Arthur's cheeks.

"You could tame him, Don", Arthur said. "Why don't you try?"

Don glanced at him suspiciously but the glasses concealed any scorn that may have been in his eyes.

"If you think I'd be crazy enough to ride that animal."

"Come on Don, where's your faith in yourself?"

This time there was a definite tinge of mockery in Arthur's voice. Don bridled and eyed the horse. It was standing quietly enough now, cropping the grass.

"Sure", he said quietly, "I'll ride him."

Amid the excited murmurs of the guests he watched Arthur lead the big roan over to him. He handed Don the reins with an amused smile.

Don took a deep breath and swung up into the saddle. Arthur opened the gate to the corral which was now empty and Don nudged the animal. It moved inside obediently enough but as the gate closed behind it, the sight of the enclosure seemed to infuriate the animal. With its ears laid back and its nostrils flaring it charged at the farther side of the corral. Don gripped the reins and thought dazedly that the animal would dash its brains out but it swerved and raced around the sides. It stopped with legs spread apart and seemed to become aware of the weight on its back. With a shrill scream the horse reared on its hind legs. Don clung valiantly but the force of the downward plunge unseated him. As the onlookers shouted a warning, he pitched forward and fell under the slashing hoofs.

The watchers were paralyzed but Arthur with a swift motion vaulted the bars and threw his body against the animal. The weight of his charge threw the animal off balance and Arthur wrapped his arms around its head. As it reared again, Arthur could feel the wet hide heaving against



his body. The hooves were dangerously close to the inert body on the ground.

"O God", he sobbed, "if there is a God. Give me strength."

Panting and half choked by the swirling dust he closed his fingers over the nostrils of the beast. He tightened his hold and the animal dragged him backwards in an effort to loose the iron vise that stopped its breathing.

Two of the guests and a stable hand lifted Don to safety while other rough but strong hands seized Arthur and pulled him to the bars. A rope whistled from somewhere and the crazed animal was snagged to the farthest post.

Half an hour later Arthur bent over Don's bed and anxiously scanned the white face.

"Don, I've got to explain. I didn't know the roan was afraid of being boxed in. He belongs to the stable owner. He only let me ride him because I've been riding all my life. I didn't send you into the corral."

"It's okay Art", Don smiled, "no broken bones and no hard feelings. But brother I'm sticking to automobiles from now on."

"I'm taking care of your guests so take it easy for a while. There's the dinner bell, I've got to go." Arthur left the room, a sober expression on his face. Mr. Trent, the hotel owner stopped him as he entered the kitchen.

"Arthur, I want to congratulate you on your heroism this afternoon. A fatal tragedy was averted. If you hadn't had the presence of mind and courage to jump in that corral . . ." Mr. Trent shuddered.

"No Mr. Trent", Arthur spoke slowly with an effort. "I dared Don to ride that horse. I didn't know he was that wild but I knew Don couldn't ride him. I only prevented something I started myself."



Mr. Trent eyed him shrewdly. "We all do foolish things, Arthur, but we don't all correct them." Mr. Trent nodded wisely. "Don't worry about it."

A week later Don and Arthur were walking down to the lake. Arthur seemed preoccupied and started to speak several times but stopped each time. Finally,

"I went to Mass last Sunday morning for my mother. I didn't understand it but—there's a deep beauty in it." Arthur laughed a little abashed. "Next week you can explain it maybe", he glanced at Don.

"Sure Art", Don gazed seriously into his friend's face. Then he laughed and aimed a mock punch at Arthur. "Come on, the crowd's waiting", he squinted against the sun's glare. "Say Art may I borrow your dark glasses if you're not using them."

Art grinned. "Sorry Don, you'd have to pick them out of the sand in the corral. I've had them a long time but I couldn't think of a better way to lose them."

## APART

*Mary Murphy, '52*

I opened doors of laughter, dear,  
You dared not step inside;  
Where I can walk in perfect faith,  
You must have proof beside.

You cannot come where I would go, so stay,  
Wear brown, and grey and blue;  
My mantle, ever springtime's green,  
Would look so strange on you.

## THE SPHINX

*Marie Sally, '52*

My dear, I thought you had been lent  
Some inkling of my orient.  
Though there have shuffled through these sands  
The scholars of clear Western lands,  
They, presupposing mysteries,  
Have left me to the desert breeze.  
But when I saw your camel pause,  
You gaze unfearing on my claws,  
My vaults sang out an ancient hope;  
Your mind must hold the riddle's scope.  
It was the wish gave you belief;  
And now I stand in clumsy grief,  
The cloying sky forever blue,  
Too ponderous I to follow you.

# EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

*Ellen Cavanagh, '51*

REMINISCING upon the happenings and hazards of his youth, Chesterton writes of himself and Belloc: "We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise." How delightfully this line catches up the half-wild, half-gay, half-glorious spirit of the 1920's.

This was the age of emancipated youth, of irrepressible vitality, of high-reaching enterprise. Although, at this time, Yeats was at the apex of his power; Hopkins was about to become a living, dynamic poetic charge; T. S. Eliot was half-way between "Prufrock" and "The Waste Land," yet Edna St. Vincent Millay most nearly symbolized the decade of the 20's. She is nothing if not youthful, wild, free. While she was acting the noisy, emancipated heroine, she was, in reality, the winsome child who took delight in each flower's name, and who could not forget her playthings:

It was all the little boats  
That had ever sailed the sea;  
It was all the little books  
That had gone to school with me.

There is a bright freshness about Edna Millay which is undoubtedly the reason her early poems are her best ones. She infused into her work her spontaneous verve, her volatile youthfulness; so when she outgrew her youth, she outgrew the one subject which she could make vital and exciting. Later, it seemed as if she had stopped living to talk—to talk endlessly and dully—about life. Thus the artless simplicity of *Renascence*, the bantering elvishness of *A Few Figs From*

*Thistles* lapsed rapidly into the wordiness of *Conversation At Midnight*.

Edna Millay's early lyrics were as delicate, as enchanting as the quivering, rinsing notes of the skylark. They reveal the influence of the immortal lyricists from Sappho to Coleridge; yet, they remain uniquely Millay. *Renascence* sets off with simple lines of childlike wonder:

But sure, the sky is big I said  
Miles and miles above my head.

and mounts to such exquisite rapture as

And as I looked a quickening gust  
Of wind blew up to me and thrust  
Into my face a miracle  
Of orchard breath, and with the smell—  
I know not how such things can be—  
I breathed my soul back into me.

The one sour note strikes a faint discord, pantheistic in tone.

Edna Millay's success lay in the creation of herself as a literary personality, "as vivid as the wayward and mythical Dark Lady of the Sonnets." She has all the frankness of the emancipated young lady of the 20's—

Love has gone and left me  
And I don't know what to do.

She has also the new brittle sophistication of those same dervish-like years

After all, my erstwhile dear,  
My no longer cherished,  
Need we say it was not love  
Just because it perished?

Without doubt, her poetry would have been richer had she not so closely reflected her age. It would strike a deeper chord without her hysterics—"Oh God—the pain of it"—



and her over-dramatic gestures. Yet is not a little breathlessness pardonable in youth? Her best work came at a time when many needed this exciting stimulus. If the age has outgrown her, it should not forget the lyrical girl whom it loved long ago.

We have said that Edna Millay closely mirrors her own time, she is strangely close, also, to her literary ancestors, the Elizabethans. She, too, is eager to clutch at life, to stretch towards glory, because the world is slowly dying before her eyes. Like them, she catches the foul breath of the grim reaper, Death. The swift fading of all loveliness, the threnody of all poets, touches her poetic lyre

Into the darkness they go  
The wise and the lovely.

Although the passing of the good and the beautiful leaves her unresigned to the truth, yet she is too vigorous an Elizabethan to remain long bowed down with grief. She sounds very much like the fiery young Marlowe when she boasts that Death will have no easy time with her

With his hand on my mouth  
He shall drag me forth  
Shrieking to the south  
And clutching at the north.

Rather a Bacchantic figure with the calm of contemplation left far far behind.

As a sonneteer, Edna Millay writes well; as a sonneteer, she moulds a perfect form.

Euclid, alone, has looked on beauty bare,  
Let all who prate of beauty hold their peace.

She has sought beauty from Euclidian perfection, reaching up and out to Sappho, Catullus, Shakespeare, Beethoven.

She has sought to recreate the radiant worlds of myth and legend. One of her most typical poems, *The Goose Girl*, reveals the gleaming young Spring coming from the fairy-land of childhood—

Spring rides no horses down the hill,  
But comes on foot, a goose-girl still.

Edna Millay feels with the poet heroines of a far-off day. She knows the broken heart of the love-lorn Sappho; she grieves with Persephone, the gentle, patient Queen of Hades. Perhaps the bright golden child of Demeter stands for herself and for all earth's children who must dwell also at last "by the stagnant stream." She calls out to Lancelot with the tender voice of Elaine, the Lily-Maid—

Oh, come again to Astolat!  
I will not ask you to be kind,  
And you may go when you will go,  
And I will stay behind.

In her own love she is united to all the lovers of time—

With lovers such as we forever more  
Isolde drinks the draught, and Guinevere  
Receives the Table's ruin through her door,  
Francesca with the loud surf at her ear  
Lets fall the colored book upon the floor.

Perhaps, like all poets, Edna Millay is at her best when she is touching a deep chord and sounding sorrow. Then she is not dramatic, but a woman speaking quietly in a woman's way. Many have been deeply moved by her *Elegy* to her little friend when she writes that she will not miss the lively face and hands, but only the voice:

But your singing days are done  
All your lovely words are spoken  
Once the ivory box is broken  
Beats the golden bird no more

Then, there is the homeless little grief that attacked her on a rainy afternoon. She goes out to forget her pain. A tiny bobolink "charging the rainy cloud" delights her for an instant; and she whispers pathetically to herself, "I shall never be sad again, I shall never be sad again," as though the eager repetition might make it come true. One of her sonnets strikes the same note when she determines to go back again to the seashore, to the things of long-done childhood.

I shall find the sullen rocks and skies  
Unchanged from what they were when I was young.

Now her singing voice is stilled, and she has passed to where beyond these voices there is peace.

## WITHDRAWN

*Joan Scollins, '52*

My room seems high beyond hung clouds,  
My windows look beyond sky's blue:  
An organ voice once strong and proud  
Prays softly now, prays low and true.

Below me sparkles a waterfall,  
Below me sounds the calling hour:  
Harsh cries of wrangling men now pall;  
I speed me from my ivory tower.



## EVANESCENCE

*Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51*

Oh, to watch a crimson evening sky  
And keep forever warm its vibrancy;  
To hold against a gull's betraying cry  
The milky stillness soft on twilight sea;  
To hear unspoiled the single virgin strain  
That dies in thundered, complex harmony;  
Or see one little face unknown to pain,  
Look up and praise the star's vast pageantry.  
Oh, to hold that swift-paced beautified flight,  
And find in spheres of time the endless light  
That never-fading, gowns Eternity.

# JUST DO WHAT I SAY

*Marie Sally, '52*

SHE woke up in the morning to find it still staring her in the face. Heavens, if she could only close her eyes, roll over and go back to sleep again. Another day of this, and she felt she would snap! But lying here thinking about it wouldn't help; thinking, as far as this was concerned, helped not at all.

Ah, but the sun was shining today, and the leaves were tumbling off the trees and all over the ground, and the air was so clear that you were conscious of it. On such a day, when the year had made one of its four big decisions, had chosen to discard its leaves and flowers, when the air was sharp with the decision, on such a day she would decide. Today!

She jumped out of bed and dressed quickly. The decision would have to wait. Downstairs to breakfast, and giving her mother a kiss goodbye, she gathered up her books and ran out, slamming the door behind her. How comfortable to be able to shut doors and not leave them swinging to and fro, half closed, half open, like the door in her mind.

Mrs. Bean was waiting at the streetcar stop, she noticed when she turned the corner.

"Hello, Mrs. Bean," she said when she arrived.

"Hello, hello. You're a little late this morning, Edwina. It's a good thing the streetcar is, too."

"I've been just missing it all week. It's so hard to get up in the morning."

"Now that's why I haven't seen you lately. Well, I've

been anxious to hear the latest about the boyfriend. I see he's been calling on you quite often lately. Now don't you be tripping down the aisle with him and forgetting your mother and father. They've put a lot into your education."

"Oh, I know it, Mrs. Bean."

"Well, you keep on knowing it, and don't listen to any man for a long time yet."

"Oh, poor men, Mrs. Bean! Here's the car now."

They walked out to the tracks, Mrs. Bean fumbling in her purse for change.

"Don't 'poor men' me. After all I've been through with them. Do you think I'd be getting on this streetcar every morning, going in to work in that hothouse of a cafeteria every day, if I'd waited to marry a man who'd give me what I wanted. This is confidential, dearie. I'm just telling you so you'll know I'm speaking from experience."

Edwina tried to look stricken as the two climbed up into the trolley.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Bean," she murmured and dropped her fare into the box. "Do you mind if I go back and sit with my friend?"

"Oh, go right along, dearie, and remember what I told you."

Now, where was Betty. She'd been supposed to meet her here. Well, she wouldn't go back to Mrs. Bean; she'd sit here and think and study the characters. It was a good exercise to study the characters in streetcars, Mr. Saul always said in Dramatic Interpretation class. Well, there was a woman with a baby, for instance. By studying her, Edwina might glean a little information about how young mothers act, though there weren't many plays about young mothers. But what a sweet baby! Chunky and sweet!



Now his mother is taking him to town to buy him some new little high white shoes and a blue snowsuit, thought Edwina. And she will go into Schrafft's and buy an ice cream soda and give him a little bit of ice cream from her spoon. It would be beautiful to play the part of a young mother.

More beautiful even to be one, though, more beautiful even to be one, she knew. Oh what would she do?

The man beside her was reading a newspaper, and she read it over his shoulder. Katherine Cornell was in town, and there was an account of an interview with her. The interviewer's first question was, "How do you like playing Cleopatra, Miss Cornell?" How do you like playing Cleopatra? Would heaven suit you at all? Cleopatra! Desert sands and pyramids, and the high notes of a flute. Antony and Roman legions. Edwina closed her eyes and was Cleopatra for a minute. Such deep, full eyes, slanted and mysterious; Cleopatra's eyes. An asp clutched to her bosom.

Clanking, the streetcar stopped, and Edwina lifted her deep, full eyes to see Myrtle Lovell was getting on. She beckoned to Myrtle. Myrtle had been Mrs. Lovell for only three weeks now, and was really deep into it. She sat down beside Edwina. They met only occasionally on the streetcar, and had no common interest, so when they had finished talking about streetcars, they had had to resort to their private lives for topics of conversation.

"Well," said Myrtle, "how's Pete treating you?"

Edwina laughed. "Oh fine! And how's Teddy treating you?"

"Oh, he's so wonderful, Edwina. Honestly, I don't think any girl in the world could be as happy as I am."

"I'm glad."

"Edwina, honestly, I'd advise you to get married as soon as you can. Pete still wants to as much as ever, doesn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, you graduate this year. Get married in June."

"But see, I went to school to learn about acting. And it's all wasted if I never act at all."

"How do you know you'll ever get the chance?"

"Well, one of my teachers knows some very important people in the business. He said he thought he could get me a job in summer stock next year."

"Does that mean you'd have to go away?"

"Well, maybe not too far. Away, though."

"I suppose you'd just go off and leave Pete here, to wait for you, until you're ready, if ever!"

"Oh, I don't know, Myrtle. I'm really awfully mixed up about it."

"Well, just unmix yourself, and marry him. There's nothing like being married—nothing! Whenever I think of what I'd do without Teddy . . .!"

"Well, here's my stop, Myrtle. Have a nice day at work, and thanks for taking an interest in me."

Myrtle stood up to let her out of the bench. "Just do what I say, and you won't regret it."

Before she went into school, Edwina went into a quiet little drugstore for a cup of coffee. She smoked a cigarette and let herself relax. The fountain boy had the radio going. Somebody sang:

"Can anyone explain  
The wonder of love?  
No, no, no!"

Just marry Pete, she said to herself. Just marry him; you know you love him. A career—what's a career? The world

won't miss much if you don't become an actress. Nobody else but you seems to believe you could be great. And nothing less than great would do. Marry Pete, and be the best wife and mother you can be. Tell him tonight; he said he'd have to know, one way or the other, soon. Finish school, because you started it, and it would be a shame not to graduate. And marry Pete in June.

She looked at the clock. It was time to go to school. She crossed the avenue, and went in.

As she passed the auditorium door, she heard voices. They were all already in there, rehearsing. Well, the play was only two weeks away. But why did they all get so excited? Just a group of seniors, studying Shakespeare, presenting *Julius Caesar*. Yesterday she'd been excited, too. She was lucky to be Calpurnia. And they were all pleased with her. Mr. Saul had told her in a few words that she showed much maturity in a role that was difficult for a young person. Thrilling! The kind of praise she'd been working for! But whenever she left the college in the afternoons, when she came home and talked to Pete on the telephone, or if he dropped in for a minute, all her dramatic fever burned away, and she felt like a girl about to become a housewife and liking it.

It was better that Pete was not obsessed with the theatre like the boys at school. He liked a "good play now and then", but he felt no urge to imitate every character who stepped across his path, no nagging desire for an audience to laugh and cry with him. Though he didn't laugh at her desire to act, he didn't quite understand it. But it was better that way; he'd make a much more restful husband.

Everybody said hello to Edwina, and Felix came running down from the stage to tell her something.



"Calpurnia, I've got wonderful news! Mr. Saul's managed to squeeze us in as extras at the ballet next week."

Edwina shivered with delight. She couldn't help it. Backstage in the Opera House!

"How wonderful."

"He'll give us the details later. Come on up. This is your scene with me."

Edwina lifted the folds of her Roman robe gracefully and climbed the stairs to the stage, fearful and sad, lest Caesar pay no heed to her dreams of the Ides of March.

After rehearsal hour, she walked to Dramatic Interpretation with Felix.

"No kidding, Edwina," said Felix, "you're really doing awfully well in it. At first I thought you were a little too emotional, but you've toned it down just enough."

"Well, I think you're going to wow them, yourself, especially when you die. It's really shattering when you drop down."

They reached the door of the classroom.

"I'll see you at rehearsal this afternoon, Edwina."

Mr. Saul spoke to her when she went in. "May I see you for a moment after class?"

What could he want? Perhaps he had more to tell her about the summer stock job. He thought that she surely wanted it.

Today five or six people stood at the front of the room to offer readings conveying an atmosphere of fantasy.

That's how all this is, thought Edwina. All of us come in here in the hope of being actors and actresses some day. And maybe one or two in the class will get there. And maybe one in twenty classes is good, and one in a hundred, great. It's fantasy. We just get a little of what's inside us

out, that's all. What do all keep trying for, when probably most of us are meant for some other vocation? Pete would be her decision.

But when the class was over, Mr. Saul, forgetting to drum his fingers on his desk, said to her with a very glad look in his eyes, "It's pretty nearly all set, Edwina. You'll go all over New England and upper state New York. It's a wonderful opportunity."

Mr. Saul with his great thick eyeglasses and his nervous gestures and his sensitive understanding! But he didn't understand her. Or did he?

"And you think there's a good chance for a later job, Mr. Saul?"

"Well, you can't ever tell. Summer stock's one of the most valuable kinds of experience."

"I don't know whether I should go."

"You don't know whether you should go? Why?"

"It's something that's been worrying me quite a bit lately, Mr. Saul. I'm afraid that if I go next summer, I'll want to keep on acting and acting, if I have the opportunities."

"And what's the matter with that? Isn't that what you came here for?"

"Yes. But what about love and marriage and a home?"

"Oh, those things—poof! You have years and years for those things, child. Take things as they come."

"But then, I'm afraid of another thing. What if I did find jobs in the theatre, but never really got past the mediocre stage. What if I developed into the kind of an actress customers forget as soon as the lights go on."

"What if Sarah Bernhardt had said that? Eleanora Duse? I think you're good, very good. How far could you go, I can't tell you. You have to have perseverance. But just do

as I say. Take this chance that comes your way, and mind that you keep your thoughts fixed on further goals, always. You may get there."

"Do you mind if I let you know in a day or two, Mr. Saul? I'm really not sure yet just what I want to do."

"You have to be sure very early in the Fall about these jobs because there are always a hundred and one applicants for these things, you know. But I'll wait a little. Still I do not quite see how time can affect your decision."

Neither do I, thought Edwina, walking down the corridor after she had thanked him. Neither do I.

Well, anyway, she was glad she hadn't mentioned Pete to Mr. Saul. She knew what he would have advised. "Wait a little; wait a little." What was there so sage about waiting? Older people were like pigeons in a park that wait for a bit of food to be dropped their way and seem to feel and maybe are, wiser than a hungry seagull who swoops down from the sky into the ocean for his meal, not daring to waste a minute. She couldn't make Pete wait any longer. They'd known each other for two years. He was working now, earning a fairly large salary. She knew he was afraid that once she got into real theatre of any kind, she'd never want to leave. And what ordinary working-man wants an actress for a wife, sigh though he may over pictures in magazines?

She went into the library to study for an hour and picked up the morning newspaper to glance through. On the front page a glamorous Hollywood divorce with the subsequent glamorous marriage of one of the divorced was featured. Oh, my!

At lunchtime she went out with a group of girls to the river in back of the school. The autumn haze hung sleepily over the tall buildings rising up in the near distance. The



sun shone on thousands of windows, and the gleaming look of the city made it look unreal. And the haze floated in between the sky and the earth, undecided, seeming not to know which way to turn.

Somehow she didn't feel so much like Calpurnia at the afternoon rehearsal. She remembered how she had spoken her lines before, and did it that way.

When, at the end of the day, she walked down the avenue for the streetcar, she stopped to look in the window of a small furniture store. A sofa and two overstuffed chairs were on display.

Now Pete is sitting in one overstuffed chair and I am sitting in the other. They're on either side of a fireplace about the size of the sofa. And there's a fire in the grate. Pretty soon Pete looks up from his newspaper and says he'd like a cup of coffee. Then I go out to the kitchen to make some, and we drink it together by the fireplace. We talk about the baby and about the new wallpaper and about his job and what the boss said to him, until the fire goes out.

She hopped on the next streetcar, and sat by herself, leaning her chin on her hand, thinking.

"Pete just called to say he's coming over tonight," said her mother when Edwina came in.

She knows how worried I am about it, thought Edwina. She was grateful to her mother for allowing her to make her own decision.

She went upstairs and stood in front of the mirror in her room, looking at herself. Idly, she thought about the future of her face. If it were Pete's wife's face, it might grow a little fat, and there would be wrinkles around the eyes and across the forehead. It would be rather placid, though, in spite of the wrinkles. If it were a theatre face, it would not

be placid, but it would have been kept much thinner, and all the wrinkles would be submerged in makeup every night. Edwina thought that she liked wrinkles.

She went to the window and looked out.

Oh, thought Edwina, to stand on a stage and lose myself in another personality! To be able to make halls filled with people forget themselves! To hear the air thick with silence before the high point of the play. Why shouldn't I try? I don't know, though; I just don't know.

She threw herself on her bed and lay there, staring into the darkness. What should she do?

Then she heard the doorbell ringing, and her mother's voice came floating up the stairs.

"Darling, Pete is here."

The die was cast. The Rubicon was crossed.

## VILLANCICO

A flower has fallen today  
From the virginal breast of the Dawning;  
O blessed forever this morning,  
And blessed the sheltering hay!

When the world in stillness lay,  
And the night was black and cold,  
When the silence, cruel and old,  
Reigned with an icy sway,  
In the midst of the darkest hour,  
In the midst of the cruellest power,  
A flower has fallen today!

A single blossom she wore,  
The Virgin, Queen of the Dawning;  
To the world she gave it this morning,  
But she wears it still, as before.  
O royal the flower she bore,  
And loyal the welcoming hay:  
A flower has fallen today!

O worthy then was the hay,  
Despite the years of storms,  
To shelter within its arms  
The blossom long foretold.  
His canopy of gold,  
His linen, was the hay:  
A flower has fallen today!

*Translated from the Spanish of  
Luis de Góngoro (16th Century)  
by*

*Helen Hennessey, '54*



## INTERLUDE

*Mary R. Sullivan, '52*

THE rain was falling steadily now, and the rhythm of its tapping sounded drearily against the window pane. Outside it was growing darker, and Vera straightened up with difficulty from behind the counter where she was arranging the trays of pastry. She flipped the switch that lit up the window and the sign over the door. "Vera's Home Bakery" flickered uncertainly for a moment, and Vera noted it with a little frown. She must remember to have it fixed tomorrow.

She stood for a moment looking out into the wet street. The only sound was the patter of the rain and the occasional swish of an auto as it sped by. The few pedestrians hurried along with their coat collars turned up and their heads lowered against the wind. Vera sighed, and turned back to her job of arranging the trays. They were not so empty as they should be. It had not been such a good day for business, she thought, as she allowed herself to nibble on a broken sugar cookie. But with the last rush from the six o'clock bus she ought to get rid of most of what was left. And yet, she knew too, that it was not just for that reason that she felt that little glow of excitement. She found herself counting the minutes until six o'clock.

The newsboy riding by on his bicycle tossed the newspaper at the door, and Vera bent eagerly to pick it up. But before she could even scan the front page of the "Lynnfield News", the little bell over the door tinkled, introducing a very wet young woman. All Vera's weariness suddenly left her. She leaned forward eagerly.

"Real wet weather we're having, isn't it?" she beamed.

But the customer hardly looked up. She was frowning at the glass case before her, concentrating on a choice for her evening's dessert. Finally she spoke.

"May I have those two cream puffs, please?"

Vera shook her head. "I'm sorry. We haven't any more." She followed the other woman's questioning glance to the two remaining cream puffs resting invitingly on the shelf. Vera lifted them gingerly and with great care laid them in one of her white pastry boxes.

"They're being saved for a regular customer", she said coldly. Then she softened. "We have some very nice sugar cookies left."

The woman shrugged, and hastily ordering a dozen cookies stepped out once more into the rainy night.

Vera was disappointed. She had hoped to talk to the young woman. She could tell by looking at her that she would be a very interesting person to talk to. There was something very strange about the way she rushed out like that, hardly said a word, too. Her thoughts were interrupted by the sudden tinkle of the bell, as the stream of customers from the six o'clock bus came trooping in. As she flew about, wrapping boxes, tying string, counting out change, Vera expertly carried on several conversations at once.

"Here's your white bread, Mrs. Wright, I'm glad Mr. Wright likes it. You tell him I was asking for him."

"And is your mother feeling better today, dear? I saved those fig squares you like."

"Your wife was in with the baby today, Mr. Parker. He's a little darling."

But in a few minutes the last customer was gone, and the little shop was strangely quiet again. It was after six o'clock

now, and time to close, but Vera made no move to do so. She stood, waiting expectantly, her eyes on the clock. When the hands reached five minutes past, the door-bell sounded and she said, breathlessly, without even turning her head, "Good evening, C. J."

He stood in the doorway. The rain ran in little rivulets from the brim of his hat and dripped from his umbrella into a little pool at his feet. He took a deep breath, sniffing the warm fragrant odor of fresh pastry, and then closing the damp, dark night out behind him, shut the door, and came forward.

"Good evening, Miss Higgins", he answered, as though she had just spoken.

Vera smiled. No one else ever called her that. She always spoke of him now as C. J., ever since he had told her rather shyly that they called him that at the office. It was better than Mr. Pettigrew she agreed, and not quite so bad as Clarence.

Mr. Pettigrew had taken off his steaming glasses and was wiping them with a huge handkerchief. His pale eyes blinked in the bright light and the bald spot on his head shone pink in the middle of a silver thatch. His voice, when he spoke, sounded cracked and dry, as though rusty from lack of use. His words came slowly and deliberately, as though it were difficult for him to part with each one.

"Well, Miss Higgins", he began, almost timidly, "Do you have our cream puffs for us, today?"

"Of course, C. J." Vera began to tie the box up carefully. Every night he asked the same question and every night she gave the same answer. Vera smiled a little as she remembered the first night that Mr. Pettigrew, seeing the cream puffs in the window, had come in to order them. She had



always prided herself on being able to tell what a customer was going to buy just by looking at him, but these were not at all what she had expected Mr. Pettigrew to ask for. Biscuits maybe, or cookies, but not cream puffs; not two extravagantly dainty little cream puffs! But now she understood.

She finished tying the string on the box and then pushed the package to one side. Leaning forward across the glass case eagerly, her eyes bright with interest, she began, "And how is Mrs. Pettigrew today?"

The little man's face lit up. "Oh, she's fine, fine." He leaned over the counter with a confidential air. "She gets such a kick out of that new television set I bought her, you know." He shook his head and chuckled softly to himself.

Vera nodded. "I can imagine," she laughed. It was hard for her to realize that she had never even seen Mrs. Pettigrew. She had heard so much about the charming little lady from her devoted husband that she felt as though she had known her for years. As Mr. Pettigrew began to talk about his wife with that odd little air of pride and hesitancy that had become so familiar, Vera found herself thinking back to the first time she had heard of her.

Mr. Pettigrew had been coming every night for some time, and Vera's curiosity about the cream puffs had been growing steadily until she could stand it no longer. One day she asked him about it, and to her surprise the reserved little man had suddenly told her all about his invalid wife at home who had been longing for some cream puffs just like those at "Vera's Home Bakery". Little by little, as the days went on, he talked more and more. He described how he and his wife always ate their dessert together in her room, while he told her about the day's events at work. How she

spent the hours while he was away working on her beautiful pieces of needlework. And little by little, too, Vera found herself drawn closer into that lovable family circle. She knew as clearly as if it had been her own about the beautiful big home on the hill, about the Pettigrew's only son, Bob, who had gone away to work in California, of whom Mr. Pettigrew spoke only seldom now, and always wistfully.

As he talked his lined face grew visibly younger and smoother. He unconsciously straightened up and his nervous fingers stopped their twitching for a moment. Watching him, Vera tried to imagine what he had looked like forty years ago when he first met Mrs. Pettigrew. He must have been quite handsome then, she reflected, remembering the story of how Mrs. Pettigrew had noticed him that day at the office and had herself introduced to him. Vera sighed. She loved to remember all the charming little details of the whirlwind courtship that had ended in the marriage of the pretty little rich girl and the young and struggling insurance salesman. It was like one of the stories in her magazines, Vera thought, only much better, because most of them didn't have such a happy ending as this one. It really was a perfect ending, with Mr. Pettigrew a rich and successful business man, and his little wife, growing old gracefully together, more deeply in love than ever. There had been only one cloud on the bright horizon. Just a few years ago, Mrs. Pettigrew had suffered a fall that had left her partially paralyzed, in spite of all that the best doctors in the country could do for her. This was the reason, that Vera had never seen her, nor had anyone else for that matter. She stayed in seclusion at home, content to see only her husband and to spend her days working patiently on the colorful little rugs. Mr. Pettigrew's face when he described his wife's handiwork



was something to see. Several times Vera had been on the verge of asking to see some of the beautiful things that Mr. Pettigrew's wife had made, but always something in his manner had stopped her. It was almost as though he were doing her a very great favor by sharing so much of his happiness with her, and Vera hesitated to overstep her bounds.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Mr. Pettigrew spoke out suddenly. "Yes, I'm sure glad I didn't wait any longer to get that television set for her. It would do your heart good if you could just see her watching it. Likes to look at the plays and stories they have on now. Kind of silly, you know, but she enjoys them." He chuckled indulgently, and shook his head again.

Neither of them had noticed how dark it had grown while they were talking and Vera realized the time with a start. It was six-thirty. She glanced anxiously at Mr. Pettigrew. He must be annoyed with her for keeping him talking all this time, while his wife was waiting for him at home. It did not occur to her then that it had been Mr. Pettigrew who had done most of the talking. Now he was putting on his rain-soaked hat and backing toward the door, with something almost like reluctance. It was a terrible night to have to go out in. He turned and peering through the streaming window, cleared his throat slowly. "Guess I'd better be getting along," he began.

"Yes, Mrs. Pettigrew'll be waiting."

"That's right". His face brightened and he turned to her with a vague smile. "Mustn't keep the missus waiting, you know."

He nodded at her, and opened the door. The rain was coming down in torrents and he hesitated for a moment before stepping out into it. Vera was about to ask him if



he were going to take a taxi home. She knew how he liked to walk home at night, in spite of the distance. Then she remembered the cream puffs. Snatching up the box, she rushed after him with it; then, leaning against the glass, she watched his thin figure bent against the wind, swallowed up in the slanting sheets of rain.

She turned slowly to switch off the window light and pick up her coat and hat from the hook on the wall behind the counter. She slipped into the worn raincoat and pulled her rubbers on with difficulty. Looking around the room once more before she stepped out, she locked the door carefully behind her, and opening up her umbrella, plunged out into the stormy night.

Vera wearily climbed to the top stair and groped in the dark little hallway to unlock the door of her apartment. Her hands full, she pushed the door open with her shoulder and went in. She laid the packages on a small table near by and sank into a chair with a sigh. In the dim light the little room did not look quite so dreary. Leaning her head back, her eyes half-closed, she could almost see the ugly old arm-chair across the room changing into a beautifully carved piece of furniture, its polished surface glowing in the fire-light. And in it she could see two silver-haired heads bent together over a handsome hand-made rug. They were holding each other's hands, these two old people, and in a box on the table near them, ready to be eaten were two delicious looking cream puffs. . . .

Vera watched the last customer close the door with a tinkle of the bell and leaned expectantly on the counter. It was a little later than usual. The bus had been slow getting in and she should be getting ready to close now. But she continued to stand there, her eyes on the door, her fingers

beating an impatient tattoo on glass case. She tried to suppress the strange thrill of excitement that ran through her. It was foolish for her to be standing here like this waiting for Mr. Pettigrew when she had so much to do. It was getting to be such a habit for her to wait for his visit every night. She would never admit, even to herself, just how much these visits had come to mean to her in the past few months. Resolutely, she took the broom from the corner and began to sweep the room with vigor. It was ten minutes after six. Her heart began to beat faster at the sound of approaching footsteps on the pavement outside, but even as she turned they faded away without even slowing down. She did not look at the clock again until she had finished polishing the inside of the glass case and shelves and had stacked all the trays neatly on the table in the back room. When the bell finally tinkled, she dropped the tray with a clatter and whirled around in the doorway.

"Oh! It's you. I thought . . ." She was too disappointed to go on.

The newsboy stood there, awkwardly shifting from one foot to the other. When Vera made no move to take the newspaper he laid it on the counter. He cleared his throat and jingled the coins in his pocket suggestively. As Vera continued to stare at him blankly, he blurted out, "For the paper, ya' know. This is Friday, collection day?" He paused hopefully.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," Vera said dully. She went over to the cash register and ringing up a "No Charge", took a few coins from the drawer and laid them on the counter with a clatter. "Here," she said briefly, and went back into the other room.

"O. K. Thanks." The newsboy grabbed the money, hesitated, and then shrugging his shoulders, banged the door

behind him. Vera could hear him whistling discordantly as he rode off down the street.

She knew without looking at the clock that it was after six-thirty. She went over to the shelf where Mr. Pettigrew's package of cream puffs lay, and breaking the string, carefully took them out and laid them back on the shelf in the case again. Then she took her hat and coat from their hook, and pulled them on slowly. Standing before the counter, her eye fell on the evening's newspaper, where it lay face downward on the glass case. It had been folded carelessly and she spread it out with the same sense of annoyance she had felt toward the newspaperboy when he had appeared a few minutes earlier. It was then that she saw it. It was a small news item down in the corner of the last page, but the name in it leaped out at her. She leaned weakly against the counter, and read aloud in a strange voice:

#### MAN KILLED IN SUBWAY ACCIDENT

The body of a Lynnfield man, killed late last night in a subway accident, was identified late today as that of Clarence J. Pettigrew, 65, of 120 Ware Street. It was identified by a fellow-employee from the Barton Insurance Agency. Mr. Pettigrew has resided alone in Lynnfield for many years. He leaves no immediate family.



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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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## *A Modest Proposal*

Though the next few months will probably leave large areas completely empty of young men, though most of us will be obliged to wave good-bye to brothers, to boys next door, or to sweethearts, we must not spend long hours grieving over this. Many important duties will be left to us. One of these duties is the answer to the question: Who is going to keep the major league baseball teams going while eligible ball players are kept busy in the army? Something else we must ask ourselves in all conscientiousness is: Who will control such important jobs as driving the busses from Kenmore to Brookline Village, pedaling the Swan Boats in the Public Gardens, selling ice cream from little white trucks to hot and dusty children in the summertime? The answer to all these questions lies within the reach of all rising and capable young women. We forecast that sometime early next fall the Red Sox will feature a full-page advertisement in the

local newspapers, saying, "Wanted. Girls, ages 17 to 21. Especially in need of good pitchers, a third baseman, and outfielders. If accepted, you will spend winter on our farm, all expenses paid."

Yes, it will probably not be difficult for us to find interesting and unusual activities. But what about our social life? We have here a few suggestions as to what we can do on Saturday nights until our boys are back in civilian clothes.

Ladies! Cease weeping. Young Girls! Dry your tears. The present crisis which has robbed us of that unpredictable creature, *homo sapiens* (male species) has also brought about the greatest invention of the century. When women could no longer procure stockings out of silk, science made them out of coal. When the cow could not produce enough butter to supply the demand, the men of the test tubes and bunsen burners put their heads and a few vegetables together and presented us with oleo. Therefore it is with great joy and consciousness of the uniqueness of my contribution to progress and to the welfare of womankind that I announce the invention of the substitute man, "Sub-Man",\* retail price, \$19.95.

\* \* \*

"Sub-Man" is more than a substitute for the young victim of the draft board. As the use of my invention becomes more popular and widespread I am confident that many will deem the mechanism an improvement. According to my present program of production I expect my little item to be on the market by February, just in time for numerous ladies who would otherwise have to play Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire. Thanks to "Sub-Man" they will not be compelled for lack of an escort to miss one function in the social whirl.

---

\* Patent applied for.

"Sub-Man" is of durable construction, a solid aluminum frame and plastic head. It is available in three convenient sizes, small medium, and large. The convenience of this man can readily be seen as it will be possible due to their reasonable price to buy two "Sub-Man" 's, one for high heels and one for everyday. It comes in a variety of shades, midnight black, chestnut brown, holly red, kelly green, maroon, and baby blue. The finish is retained if simonized but once a month, and a weekly dusting will keep it in perfect condition. The fastidious, however, may prefer a weekly run through the carwash, which it is guaranteed will not scratch or damage the finish.

\* \* \*

No doubt the question present in most minds is, "What does 'Sub-Man' look like?" The physiognomy of the plastic headpiece is of standard design, a sort of cross between Guy Madison and John Barrymore. However, should anyone prefer, for a slight extra charge the "Sub-Man" can come equipped with a custom built head moulded according to specifications of the buyer. There are many extra features that improve immeasurably upon the real thing. To mention a few there are charming chromium vest compartments in which compact, comb, lipstick, gloves, and small change may be placed while dancing, and of course there is a clever little tuckaway mirror concealed behind the left lapel.

The "Sub-Man" is an excellent dancer due to the Motor-matic Rhythm control. All one has to do is push the indicator to Waltz, Fox Trot, Rhumba, Tango, Samba and in a few seconds is spinning across the floor in a triumph of mechanical skill and ingenuity.



The "Sub-Man" is also an excellent conversationalist. A miniature radio enclosed in the head makes it possible for one to learn the latest news and weather reports, and keep up on the latest recordings spun by the disc jockeys.

It is with a full heart and great pride that I present my "Sub-Man" to the world. To be sure I expect that with time and research many new features will be added and the old ones changed somewhat, but I take comfort in the fact that improvements were made on Marconi's radio and on Edison's light bulb. I hope that you will look for my handy little device upon the counters of your favorite department store in the near future. Just as soon as my psychiatrist gives me permission to go outside the wall I will draw up final arrangements with my manufacturer and "Sub-Man" will become the salvation of the women of America.

*Marie Sally, '52*

\* \* \*

### *Of Dishwashing: (Bacon addendum)*

Dishwashing serves for drudgery, for discouragement, and for disheartenment. Its chief use for drudgery is in forming the household grind; for discouragement in inducing dishpan hands and chipped nails; for disheartenment in thwarting all plans for evening pleasure. For many men boast of arduous labors and painful experiences, but the weariest workers come from those who have dealt with dishpans and soapsuds. To spend too much time in dishwashing is unavoidable; to be overly discouraged by it is inevitable, to be deprived of pleasure by it is necessary. Crafty family members avoid the kitchen completely, wise members leave it early,

and the least cunning member "semper irretit."<sup>1</sup> Some few dishwashers are nimble and lighthearted; others are indifferent and nonchalant, but most are dejected, slow, and unlucky. Likewise, some few dishes are to be wiped and put on the shelf, others to be rinsed and dried, but most must be scrubbed, scoured, and polished. Washing maketh an unhappy man; scrubbing maketh a weary man; and scouring maketh a miserable man.

Therefore, if a man wash little, he need be pleasant and good-natured; if he scrub little he need be lively and energetic; and if he scour little, he need be cheerful and content. Nay, there is no ill quality in a man that may not be wrought out by sufficient dishwashing, like as the diseases of the body be brought on by unhealthy conditions; as foul air is bad for the lungs, lack of rest bad for the heart, rich food bad for the stomach, and the like. So if a man's heart be light, let him set himself to a dishpan and if a man's will be tractable let him take in hand a dishrag; for soon that man's heart will be heavy and soon that man's will will be stubborn, for there is no quicker way to make a man unhappy than to set him in with soapsuds.

*Barbara Raftery, '54*

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<sup>1</sup> Always is trapped.

\* \* \*

## CURRENT BOOKS

*Lift Up Your Heart*, by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1950.

We are well acquainted with Monsignor Sheen's previous books, and his radio lectures. *Lift Up Your Heart*, his latest book, was first presented to the public over the air, a chapter a week. Although each chapter could thus stand alone, it actually falls into a well-planned whole. Monsignor Sheen explores the three planes on which a man may live: the *ego* level (what others think of him,) the *I* level (what he really is,) and the *Divine* level (what he can be with God's grace.) After demonstrating the frustrations of absorption in the *ego* and the *I*, Monsignor Sheen proves that true satisfaction lies in the subordination of the human will to the *Divine Will*. Only when a man can say, "Not my will but Thine be done, O Lord," is his personality really fulfilled.

Monsignor approaches his subject with a profound knowledge of religion, philosophy, and psychology, but his learning is no obstacle to the reader. Since he wrote *Lift Up Your Heart* for the layman, he explains his ideas in non-technical language. The style is, in fact, so lucid and rhythmical that the book is a pleasure to read. Monsignor Sheen is a master of analogy and has a vivid sense of humor. Take for example:

"Man is a little like a mouse in a piano, which cannot understand why it must be disturbed by someone playing Chopin and forcing it to move off the piano wires."

As welcome as Monsignor's humor is his appreciation of literature, both English and French. He frequently illustrates a point with a quotation from Shakespeare or Pascal. Particularly illuminating is his analysis of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven."



The chief value of *Lift Up Your Heart* is its practicality. Elsewhere we meet with so much general advice to do good and avoid evil that it is gratifying to find here some more definite instructions. Monsignor Sheen has such a deep insight into human nature that he can strike at the very root of our problems. Especially helpful are the section on examination of conscience, with a detailed description of the Seven Capital Sins, the section on prayer and meditation, and such suggestions as practicing self-denial in three things a day; and, most important, practicing virtues to take the place of our vices. It is not enough to eliminate the habits of sin; no one can live in a vacuum.

Carolyn A. Cremens, '51

*The Golden Warrior*, by Hope Muntz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

How often we would like to shake the shams of reality and fly across the centuries to that era when men were valiant, courageous, and gallant; women pure, tender, and loving; ideas basic and elemental; deeds determined by honor and duty. Hope Muntz gives us this opportunity in her remarkable book "The Golden Warrior."

From out its pages come two men so great they out-top all others. Harold, the Fearless, the boldest man in England endowed with every virtue, titanic hero of the story whose memorable Standard bearing the figure of a warrior woven in purest gold saw him through many extraordinary events until his last tragic battle at Hastings, in the year 1066. William, the Conqueror, his arch-foe, equal in greatness, renowned leader of the Norman invasion whose dying words

betrayed him: "By wrong I conquered England. By wrong I seized the Kingdom in which I have no right."

This saga of William and Harold has real artistic unity. It is fiction that is close to fact, clear cut in characterization, written in a fitting style. The book is a credit to its author and to the time she has spent compiling information on this climactic chapter of English history. *The Golden Warrior* was worth writing and well worth reading. As the cover is closed one is left wondering what happened to these stalwart warriors? Where are their descendants? Today the people stand on the verge of another invasion, in need of a golden warrior.

Marie T. Hayes, '51

*The Destiny of Modern Woman*, by William Flaherty, S.J.  
Maryland: The Newman Press, 1950.

In this book, Father Flaherty has introduced successfully the question of woman's rights, and has established the right answer. Here we are presented with a clear view of the fundamentals essential to woman in accordance with the natural law; and we are offered a lucid explanation of the changes rung by the pronouncements of some of the popes in accordance with the trends of the age.

The Church has held, always, that woman's first duty is to maintain the high standards which Christendom has proffered her. In the time of Pope Leo XIII, a real scourge of feminism broke out. The seed of feminism planted by the dicta of Louis Bebel was soon to reap entanglement. In his book, *Die Frau und der Sozialismus*, Bebel opposed everything the Church taught about woman's dignity. Pope Leo showed Bebel's false philosophy by stating clearly the office

of woman, God-given in Eden. Pope Pius X urged opposition to the Bebelian creed by the creating of Catholic Societies, for woman has a social position, a place in every charitable cause. "Alert women should unite in a common effort to grasp every opportunity of working for social betterment."

Pope Benedict XV, likewise, uttered condemnation of the new theories. He repeated the Catholic doctrine of the complimentary characteristics of the two sexes, and pointed out that woman should cultivate those virtuous qualities associated with home-life, for the primary duty of the mother is with her family. As Marxism lifted its hydra head, Pope Benedict expressed his hope that powerful unions of men and women in diverse occupations would join in nationwide associations to stand more solidly against the Marxian monster. Pope Pius XI positively stressed the virtues of modesty, purity, and chastity, which would render woman always worthy of respect and honor. He acknowledged the fact that modern life opened to woman wider spheres, and pointed out the objectives in the use of these new opportunities. Pope Pius XII's words—"All girls should prepare themselves physically, spiritually, and intellectually for the life that they will lead"—if followed, would restore woman to her place of honor and thus benefit humanity.

In a thorough and competent way, Father Flaherty summarizes the importance of woman in the world. His catalogue of popes' utterances plus his statements of facts illuminate the shadowy land of false philosophies. This book is not for light reading. Many should find it interesting, especially in our time, when confusion marches on to chaos. It is well to feel the warmth of the clear sunlight of truth.

*Eleanor Higgins, '51*



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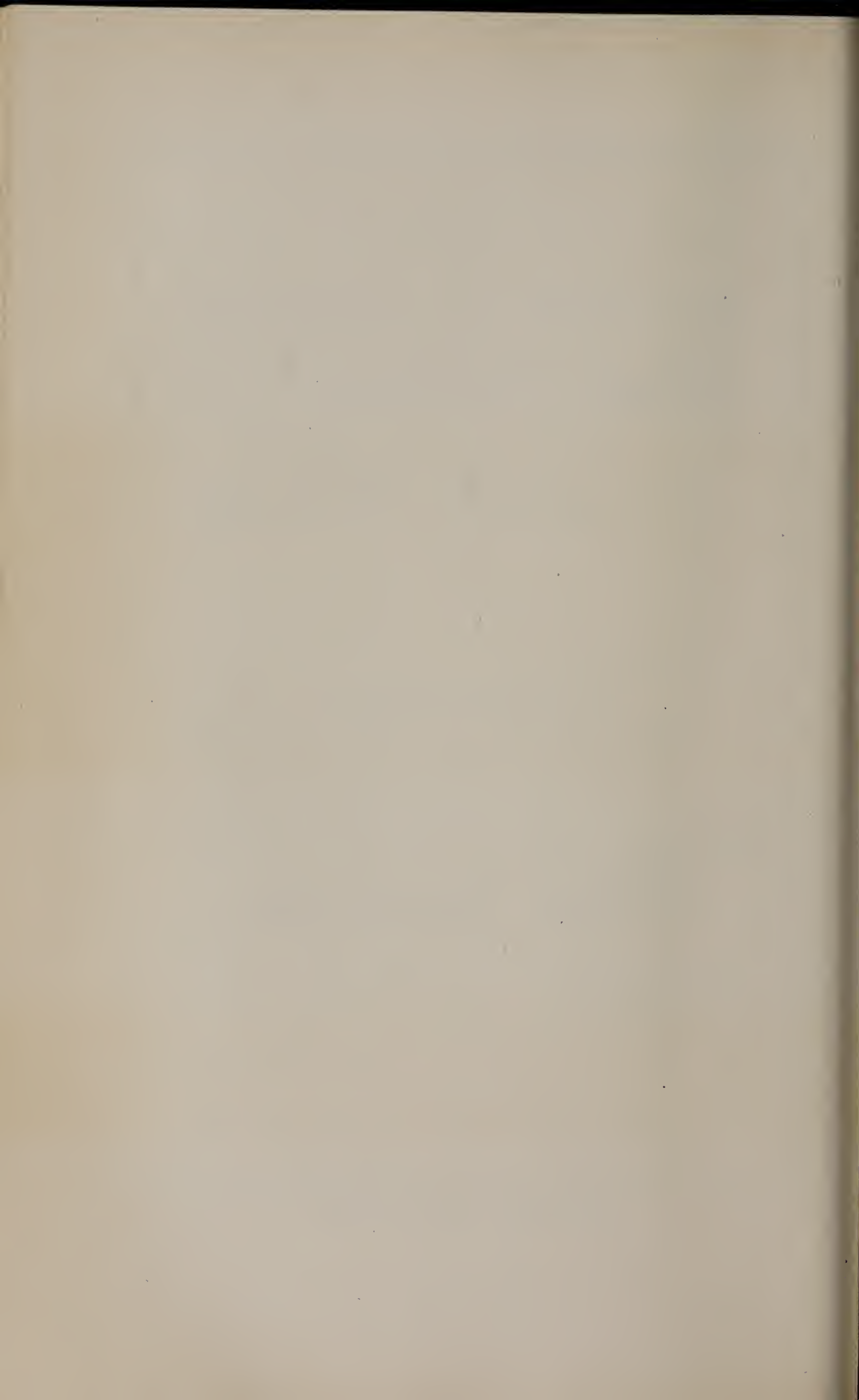
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Published quarterly, during the academic year—November, February, April, June—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME

*Mary E. Sullivan, '52*

OF ALL the men in Saint William's Parish none was more righteous and high minded than Patrick Michael McGilvrey, and on that particular day his sister would have readily added to the information that there were none more stubborn.

"After all," Margaret Mary confided to her cronies coming from morning Mass, "it isn't as though makin' an exception this time would be instigatin' a heresy, though to hear him you'd think it was. Bless us! I dare say I know as much about the ins and outs of religion as anybody, and I say there's nowhere in the laws and Commandments that says as how a child's got to be called for the saint day in the Missal!"

The cronies bobbed their heads vigorously in agreement.

"Bless us! It's Nora I feel sorry for. Not even home from the hospital yet and havin' something like this to contend with; though I suppose she'll just go along with Pat as always, she's such a mild one, don't you know?"

By that time Margaret Mary was at the gate of the McGilvrey house and hurried in to get a start on Pat's breakfast.

Anyone would have thought that the birth of McGilvrey's first son would be the occasion of unsurpassed joy in that household. And so it had, to begin with. Five times before Patrick had paced the floor hoping and praying, praying and hoping, but when the blessed event occurred he found himself resigned and happy to be the father of another red-

faced squealing baby girl. This time, however, Nora had presented him with a fine young son, possessed of all the proper rubber or elastic qualities so desirable in an infant. When the news arrived the whole family went wild for a few moments with jubilation. The five little girls danced an Irish jig on the parlor rug for a full five minutes before it occurred to their aunt to shoo them off before they wore it through. Margaret allowed her mind to wander and saw the boy on his way to the Seminary and she thought how nice and clean cut he would look in a Roman collar. As for Patrick, he was out the door in a flash headed for the Knights of Columbus clubroom, a box of his best ten cent cigars tucked under his arm.

Complications to the ordinary domestic serenity appeared that night on the horizon of the household as the supper conversation centered about the addition to the family. Margaret Mary, sitting in Nora's place, was trying her best to do as much as a spinster aunt might to keep the McGilvrey brood happy in their mother's absence. She held her breath as the chatter of her nieces swung dangerously toward the one topic she had hoped for the moment, at least, to avoid. It's always a shame to spoil a perfectly good supper with an argument, she thought, with dread in her heart.

Each sister was vying to outdo the other in the lavishness of the gift each had planned to present to the new brother.

"He can have my very best doll to play with whenever he likes, and I shall give him my old woolly lamb for his very own."

"Pooh, boys don't play with dolls! I'm giving him my bouncy ball."

"I buyed my new bruver a whole nickel's worth of dum dwops outa my own money," boasted the youngest.



"Well, I bet none of you will be giving him anything as nice as what I am going to make: a pair of booties," Elizabeth bragged to her younger sisters. "Aunt Margaret said she'd help me make them. And I'm going to embroider his initials on them too! Papa, what are we going to call the baby? I've got to know so I can start working on the booties."

"The name?" Patrick held a forkful of mashed potatoes midway between his plate and his mouth. "Bedad! I'd clean forgot about the name. And then there's a Christening party to be seen to, and . . . imagine me forgettin' about a name for me first son!" He laughed and swallowed the potatoes.

"Don't forget about Godparents. You'll have to get together with Nora and decide within the next two weeks on who's to be Godfather, and the Godmother," Margaret shot this in hoping to distract him.

"Why, Maggie, I was countin' on you to do the honors. And as for the Godfather, well, we can decide on that later! Right now we have more important things to attend to. Elizabeth! Fetch me the Missal!"

Margaret jumped to her feet. "Now, Pat, surely you're not going to pick it this time from the book! Please, Pat!"

"And what objection might you have to the manner in which I received my name, not to mention your own?"

"But that was different!"

"I don't agree. It was a perfectly sensible and fitting way of doin' the thing. If it was good enough for my father. . . ."

"You were just lucky being born on St. Patrick's day, and you know it!"

"Bring me the Missal, Elizabeth."

"What do you think Nora will say?"



"Maggie, for generations McGilvreys have been naming their children after the saint day they're born on. Would you have me be the one to discontinue the custom?"

"Well, I notice your brother Ubaldus didn't waste any time givin' it up, nor Hippolytus either. You're just wanting to be stubborn, I know you!"

Patrick adjusted his spectacles. "We'll say no more about it. Now, let's see . . . October the sixth. . . ."

Five eager faces craned over his shoulder as with solemnity appropriate to the occasion, he let his finger slide slowly down the Index. "Hmmmm," he frowned and turned to the Proper. At that moment Margaret knew that her brother was wishing he had gone the way of Ubaldus or Hippolytus.

"Papa, what is it? What is it?"

"Well, even if he was French, it appears he must have been a good man."

"Who, Papa?"

"And it's a fine thing to be a monk."

"Papa!"

"It's a fine name, a name to be proud of!" He banged the book shut. "I don't want to hear a peep from any of you, hear? Your brother will be called . . . Bruno!"

Bruno McGilvrey! It was far worse than Margaret had anticipated.

\* \* \*

Bang! Rattle! Crash! Patrick clenched his pipe a little tighter between his teeth, buried his head in the *Evening News*, and wished with all his soul for the blessed affliction of deafness. In the kitchen his sister scoured the supper pots and pans with an unusual vengeance. He could picture her grimacing at him through the wall as she vented her

indignation upon the innocent skillets and kettles. Margaret had many subtle ways of showing annoyance. Banging pots and pans was one of them. Patrick sighed. For a week now he had been treated with coolness to which he was not accustomed. Of course, no one would admit that anything was wrong, but they weren't fooling him. Why else was it that for the last five nights he had been forced to rummage about in the closet instead of finding his slippers beside his armchair? No one rushed to take his hat the minute he stepped through the door, and he could not help noticing that the ever faithful Elizabeth had forgotten to moisten the sponge in his humidior. It was nothing short of persecution, and Margaret was behind it all.

He had seen her try these tactics before. When they both were young, he remembered, she had fed the family for six weeks on underboiled potatoes until their father in desperation gave her permission to do something or other. Just what she had wanted he could not recall, but bedad, he remembered those potatoes. Bruno! He sighed again. It wasn't really so bad once you got used to it and rolled it around in your mind a bit. Still, he could have sworn that St. Dennis' feast day came somewhere in October. Maybe he could . . . Crash! The clatter in the kitchen increased. Well, nobody was going to intimidate him. Bruno he'd said and Bruno it would be.

Margaret appeared in the doorway, a voluminous apron enveloping her sparse figure.

"I spoke to Father Riley today." She put her hands on her hips in a defiant attitude. Patrick was determined that the argument would not be continued.

"Indeed? How did you find his Reverence?"

"He was in excellent health, as you very well know! I told him he was invited to the Christening party."

"Of course. I was expectin' him."

"He asked if you'd decided on the name."

"And you told him I had?"

"I said that you hadn't. You've plenty of time yet to change your mind, you know."

"My mind is made up," and he turned back to the *Evening News*.

During the next few days of preparation the position of the lord and ruler of the McGilvrey domain declined even more in importance. As the hustle and bustle flowed on around him Patrick felt sure that he could appreciate the loneliness of a shipwrecked sailor washed ashore on a desert island. It was woman's work in which he could have no part, and he knew the contribution he could make that would be most appreciated would be to make himself for the time as inconspicuous as possible, and be on hand whenever a bill had to be paid. Margaret and the older girls, under the direction of Nora, prepared to feed a small army of relatives. Little cakes just big enough for a bite, big creamy eclairs, sugared pastries, lemon tarts, cinnamon rolls, and clover biscuits. In short, every delicacy known to the McGilvrey household appeared in lavish quantities emerging from the blue porcelain oven, and as mysteriously as it appeared was whisked away to a hiding place well out of the reach of searching fingers. A great piece of ham, roast turkey, chicken, sweetmeats, spicemeats, pickles, jams, and preserves crowded the icebox till it appeared it might split at the seams. Then the house which was always kept scrupulously clean was turned upside down and scrubbed, and washed and polished until every corner and crack gleamed.



Through all the preparation flowing on about him Patrick Michael felt like an alien in a strange land. Busy as she was Margaret never failed to let her brother know that he stood out in all this perfect planning as the only flaw in the masterpiece. She used every weapon at her command. She threatened him. She mocked him. She appealed to him as a gentleman, and still Patrick stood fast. She even tried a sympathetic approach.

"If you won't consider anyone else's feelings I should certainly think you'd put yourself in the boy's place. Now how would you have liked it if Pa had called you Bruno?"

"It would have been a matter of indifference. It's what a man is, not what his *name* is, that counts, I always say."

"Answer my question." She tapped her foot impatiently upon the floor.

"Furthermore, it truly makes me shiver to hear you talk this way, Maggie." He knew the name irritated her. "Did it ever occur to you, bein' so considerate an' all of other people's feelings, that the reverend saint himself must be quite embarrassed up above there listenin' to you bandying his name about in such a disrespectful manner? Think how the other saints must be joshing him about his name not bein' suitable for Pat McGilvrey's son! Poor little monk." Pat saw he had the advantage and continued. "In fact, me heart is fairly bleedin' for him. I may have many faults but I'm not the sort of man who goes about getting a saint's hopes up just to smack 'em down again for the sake of a silly woman."

Margaret was scarlet. This was an aspect of the case she had not considered. She could feel the frowning eyes of whole armies of saints upon her as she retreated to the kitchen. She considered her position under this new light as she threw a soufflé together for supper.

If Patrick could have seen his sister at that moment he would have been sure his little speech had driven her to the brink of insanity. She stood at the kitchen table walloping the yellow mixture about from side to side of the bowl. Her eyes were closed and her lips moved as though she were talking to someone, although the kitchen was quite empty. Her whisper was just barely audible.

" . . . and I'm sure you'll realize, your reverence, that I meant no offense to you and never thought for a minute of how impertinent it would sound. If I've caused you any embarrassment with any of your friends up there, I hope you'll overlook it. You understand that I've got nothing against the name, but you see, your reverence, my only contention is that Bruno and McGilvrey don't mix, if you know what I mean. Now this is the way it appears to me: if you're in heaven then you're supposed to be as happy as possible, and since that's so I can't see why you should be at all upset over whether a little meechy baby is called after you or not. So, therefore, your reverence, I'm hopin' that as the fine saint that you are, you'll not take it as an insult if I change things about a bit at the Christening. Amen. . . . And by the way, your reverence," she opened her eyes and they were twinkling, "I wouldn't be at all surprised to find that you weren't so crazy about the name yourself when you were a little boy."

The following Sunday was grey, windy, and cold. At two o'clock in the afternoon a miniature parade made its way into the baptistry of St. William's Church with Patrick McGilvrey in the lead. Behind him came his brother Ubaldus and the five little girls, their faces scrubbed until they shone like polished apples. Bringing up the rear, the place of honor, so Patrick had said, came Margaret bearing an enor-



mous bundle of blankets wherein reposed the heir to the McGilvrey fortune. She wore her best black felt sailor with the velvet rose and a racoon coat which she always said would be good "for ten more years, at least." At exactly five minutes after two, Father Riley came swinging down the aisle looking very grand in a starched surplice, white as an angel's wing. Lighting the candles on either side of the font he began the prayers.

To Margaret it seemed so silent, almost as if the statues were leaning down from the pedestals to catch each syllable of the priest. Even the old building forgot for a few minutes to yawn and groan with age, and the radiators for once ceased wheezing and rattling. There was only the voice of the priest echoing in the Baptistry and whispering in the steeple. In heaven the angels had stopped singing to look and the saints, Margaret knew, were smiling indulgently at that moment on her little godchild.

"And the name?"

Margaret caught her breath. She lifted her chin and spoke with determination. "Patrick Michael, Father."

She saw the confused look on Ubaldus' face and the amazed expressions of the girls holding their hands to their mouths like the "Say no evil" monkeys, but she did not dare to look at her brother. The priest went on, but she did not hear the rest. Feelings of guilt, of sacrilege, came in waves, but no remorse. No doubt Patrick would turn her out of the house, she thought resignedly. She'd miss her little room after these ten years. Well, let it be. Yet, somehow, as she thought of it now, she felt like a heroine in a novel, almost like a martyr. The rest of the family might never forgive her, but Bruno, or rather Patrick Michael, would be grateful. He, at least, would appreciate this daring defiance of his father's authority.



As the service came to an end Margaret chanced a swift look at her brother. His face was red with suppressed anger, his eyebrows puckered together in a frown. One by one the group paraded from the baptistry as silent and grave as a jury bringing in the verdict of guilty. Margaret stared straight ahead trying to match her expression with that of the saint above gazing innocently from the stained glass window. With downcast looks they emerged into the wind and the cold, and turned homeward to feast and make merry at the Christening party of Patrick Michael McGilvrey II.

\* \* \*

One night a few weeks later McGilvrey rose from the warmth of his bed, tiptoed across the room and peeked into the bassinet.

"Kicked your blankets off, did you?" he whispered to the warm ball that was beginning to whimper. With gentleness that would have amazed his fellow Knights of Columbus he tucked the blankets close about the little chin. He stepped back and before he could turn away the little urchin had pushed out from the covers again.

"Hey," he breathed softly, "careful there or you'll end up bad as the old man. My boy, one thing I wish you'd learn before you're much older is that there are some things in life you shouldn't fight, and blankets, Patrick, is one of them." Drawing the woolly covers up again he returned to his bed. The infant waited until he heard faint rumblings from the other side of the room and with one kick he was free.

"Will you look at that!" called St. Bruno from above to the angel hovering around the blue bassinet. "Did you ever see such a child for stubbornness?"

"Just like all the other McGilvrey's, bless them," sighed the angel.

Patrick Michael McGilvrey, Sr., stirred and opened his eyes. What was that noise? He rolled over again. Only the wind rattling the lilac branches against his window.

## TO TUNE EACH SOUL

*Mary Ailinger, '51*

A roaring storm-bedeviled sea  
That heaves in royal rage its deep,  
Or an ocean as sweet and tranquil  
That lulls its trembling waves to sleep . . .  
A soul is formed to thrill to each,  
One's delight, another cannot teach,  
For joy is such a secret thing,  
One only key unlocks each soul to sing.

The blazing fire with frenzied force,  
Flames leap then plummet down in wrath,  
Or crackling fire its heat's a source  
Confined, that cheers and warms the hearth . . .  
A soul is found to thrill to each,  
One's delight is beyond another's reach,  
For joy is such a secret thing,  
One only key entunes each soul to sing.

# EASTER WEEK IN IRELAND

1916; 1951

*Joyce Cooksey, '52*

Oh my Dark Rosaleen, still thy memory hovers  
O'er the long, bitter strife and the desolate years!  
Thy robe is all red with the blood of thy lovers  
And many's the grave that is wet with thy tears.

And dark are the clouds that about thee have been—  
How low in that gloom burned the light of the West  
In that angel—loved spot where my sweet Rosaleen  
Lays her dark head on the ocean's wild breast!

The head that of glory and joy was discrowned  
And wreathèd instead in a bright crown of pain;  
Still thou, cushlamochree, more beloved wast found,  
And thy altars ran red with the blood of thy slain.

But at thy cruel sorrows the Gael's blood did quicken  
And to thy deliverance thy patroit bands  
Their young lives obliterated, and lo, they have stricken  
Tyranny's chains from thy hallowed white hands.

Oh my Dark Rosaleen, sure the storm clouds have parted;  
The bright light of heaven now gleams on thy hair.  
Thy sons all are free, and thy children glad-hearted,  
Thy glen and thy valleys thy beauty declare.

Over the hillsides the echoes are bending;  
Look up from thy weeping, my Dark Rosaleen.  
My queen in all glory her throne is ascending,  
No more to be weeping, my own Rosaleen.



# TICK TOCK STREET

Mary McDonald, '52

THE shop windows, lining the street, were covered with dust as if to hide their contents from the eyes of the world. The man in the tight fitting black overcoat leaned out the window of the car and compared the addresses with the number written on the paper in his hand.

"47 Tick Tock Street. Slow down Frank," he said to the silent chauffeur hunched over the wheel of the big car. "This is it, I think."

The *this* referred to a small doorway, identical with the others in the block in its dingy facade and quaint period look. All the shops along the quiet street presented an other world air. There was no sign of life, only row after row of dusty windows all containing the same merchandise.

As the car stopped the man got out and walked quickly over to the window. He rubbed the glass gingerly and peered through the space he had made, into the shop. Apparently satisfied he opened the door and entered. He stood still a minute trying to adjust himself to the noise after the quiet street.

The walls and shelves of the small shop were covered by hand-carved clocks of every shape and size; their steady ticking, alternating with various gongs filled the small interior with a constant din.

His expression lightened as an old man hobbled out of the back room.

"Mr. Linburger?" the visitor asked, consulting the paper again.

"Yes, yes. What can I do for you?" The old man's glasses bobbed up and down as he shook his head cheerfully. His small bright eyes looked at the man with a childlike interest.

"You were recommended to me by a friend as an excellent clockmaker. I have here," he drew a sheet of paper from his pocket, "a drawing of a clock. There is a famous tower in a German city topped by a clock. On the hour life size figures of knights made of bronze come out of doors on either side of the clock and strike the hour with their lances."

"Yes, yes," the old man said. "I have seen that tower clock. A masterpiece indeed."

"I have a valuable collection of antique clocks," the man continued. "I'd like a miniature of that clock about the size of—oh, say, a grandfather clock. Could you do it? I'm prepared to meet any price."

The old man nodded absently as he studied the sketch. "Yes, I think so. I would like to try it anyway. When do you want it?"

"I'm having an exhibit of my collection in about nine months. I'd like the clock as the main feature. If you . . ."

He started as the clocks in the shop struck the hour. Silvery bell notes mingled with the solemn gongs of the large clocks and produced an eerie effect.

"I'll have it for you by then," the clockmaker said. "You know I make only winding clocks?" He eyed the visitor sharply.

"Yes, so I've been told."

"I make clocks with a soul in them. For forty years in the old country and here, I've made models for kings and nobility. Winding clocks that outlive a man. Electric clocks, bah!" The old man grew excited.

"Of course," his visitor said soothingly. "By the way my name is Flanders. Here's my card Mr. Linburger. Get in touch with me if anything should delay you. Good day."

Mr. Flanders settled himself in his car and shook his head slowly. "Queer old fellow."

The afternoon sun sank slowly and its red hue penetrated the shop and gave a clear view of the contents and the owner. One side of the room was lined with grandfather clocks and others, some fifteen feet in height. Their polished sides gleamed in the light. On another wall hung smaller models, curiously carved. A table underneath them held novelty clocks. One was a gingerbread house with the figures of Hansel and Gretel on the Pendulum. They swung in and out the open door of the house. Occupying a table by itself was a beautiful model in the shape of a cathedral. The delicate spires were handcarved from soft red wood. When it sounded the hour, the sonorous peals of cathedral bells rang out. The clocks unmistakably bore the stamp of a master craftsman.

Mr. Linburger moved slowly to the back room which he used as living quarters and as a workshop. It was dusk already and he lit a candle on the table. The light softened the lines in his face and turned his hair into silver strands. A worn vest hung on his stooped shoulders and his baggy pants were made for a larger frame. He moved slowly about preparing his frugal meal and peering out the window from time to time. He placed a stool in front of the table and began his supper. As he ate he looked gloatingly at the sketch for the new clock heedless of the soup that dribbled down his chin onto the faded shirt. The room darkened suddenly and he glanced at the candle but it burned brightly. Surprised he got up and squinted out the window. The neighborhood was in darkness.



"Power failure," he snorted. He lit another candle and sat down as the clocks again struck the hour. He listened with a growing sense of security. "Electric clocks are still now, but you my beauties will never stop." He felt warm and powerful. The chimes ceased and the indefatigable tick tock began again.

After supper he seated himself at his workshop and drew up a list of the materials he would need. If there was no price limit Mr. Flanders would have a clock that would put the others in his collection to shame and he Adolph Linburger would leave a part of himself to posterity.

He picked up the casing of another clock and began to work on it. And now an observer would not notice the shabby clothes or the stooped figure. He would see only a master at work and watch only the master's fingers. The hands though blue veined were not gnarled members of an old man but the fingers were long and supple and they caressed the smooth wood as they worked. Until dawn he remained at his worktable, bent over in silent absorption till the candles gutted out.

Early the next morning he made his rounds of the clocks, polishing and winding them with reverent awe. He had a word or a touch for all.

"Yes, my cuckoo," he spoke lovingly to a small clock. "You're in fine voice this morning. A twist of the key will keep you so all day."

The back doorbell rang and he went to open it. The grocery boy dumped a small carton on the workbench and called a cheerful good morning above the noise of the clocks. The clockmaker paid him and shut the door after him. He began to empty the box and as he did so, he pushed it back. At the sound of the crash he stopped horrified, a bottle of

milk in his hand. He moved slowly around the table until he saw the unfinished clock on the floor. Sitting down heavily on the stool he picked it up and two large tears rolled unnoticed down his seamed cheeks. He examined it slowly and found the deep gash in the wood and the pieces of a tiny figure he had carved the night before.

"I have ruined you," he said sadly. "To mend you would be to make an imperfect clock and that I cannot do."

He carried it over to the stove, lifted the lid and placed it gently on the fire. He replaced the cover quickly and hurried into the front room. Even his clocks sounding the hour failed to cheer him that day and he sat at his kitchen table for a long time that night, his hands idle, before going to bed.

The materials for the new clock arrived within three weeks and he began to carve it with trembling fingers. Other unfinished designs sat untouched on the bench. Night and day he carved, almost unceasingly commanding every ounce of skill he had acquired in his many years at the trade. He had few customers for his work demanded high prices that few could afford. Every day after his morning ritual of winding the clocks he placed himself at his work-table, a tattered sweater over his shoulders for warmth and picked up his tools. The casing stood twelve feet high and the figures were to be a foot high. He chuckled as he worked and planned the designs he would carve.

One afternoon towards dusk, the neighborhood policeman rapped on his door. He shuffled out of his workshop and opened the door.

"Good afternoon Mr. Linburger."

"Good afternoon officer. Won't you come in?"

"Thanks. I can't stay a minute. I've got some more rounds

to make. I'm taking up a collection for Pat Flannery's boy. He lost his legs in Korea and the neighbors thought it would be fine to give him a new pair."

"Korea," the old man furrowed his brow. "That's near China," he said after a moment's reflection. "I made a clock for a wealthy family there back in 1924. What's he doing over there? How'd he lose them, in an accident? Wait a minute."

He disappeared into his back room and came out in a few minutes with a folded bill. "Here," he said genially. "I don't know the boy or his family but if people need money they should get it. What did you say he was doing over there?"

The officer looked puzzled. "He was fighting in the war. The Red's caught him with a shrapnel burst."

"War? Reds? Shrapnel? What's this? Well, never mind. What's the money for? A wheelchair?"

"No, new legs."

"New legs," the old man started. "How can you buy new legs?"

"Artificial legs, Mr. Linburger. They look and work almost as well as real ones."

Mr. Linburger shook his head wonderingly. "Well, here's the money."

"Thank you," the officer turned to go. "I'll be seeing you."

"Goodby, goodby," the clockmaker bobbed his head and closed the door. He went back to his work. Wars, Reds, new legs. Ah, the world was changing. But my clocks and I, he patted his work knowingly, we never change. Foolish, foolish people, to read the newspapers and rush about getting into wars. For fifteen years this shop has been my home. I am satisfied. Why do others want radios and tele-



phones. All trouble making gadgets. And electric clocks—

The sentinels in the other room struck the hour. "There isn't an electric clock in the world that can equal your voices," he spoke aloud in triumph.

He bent his head over his work once more.

Two weeks before the deadline, the old man finished his clock. He stood back and scanned it critically. Then he shut the door between the two rooms to lessen the noise of the other clocks and set the hands at twelve o'clock. As the bells sounded, the side doors opened and the procession of figures marched past the face of the clock, struck their hour and disappeared in the other door. Once again, tears flooded the tired old master's eyes. "Forty years have led to this. Never have I equalled it and never again will I."

Mr. Flanders came a few days later and the shopkeeper led him into the back room. He repeated the procedure of the hour. The wealthy buyer was silent for a long time. Then he said. "I would have bet any clock in my collection against all the others but they can't hold a candle to this. It's a masterpiece, Mr. Linberger."

The old man nodded mistily.

"It's a masterpiece and its maker shouldn't go unnoticed. You will unveil it at the exhibit."

The old man looked startled. Leave his shop and his clocks. He started to refuse then stopped. He had put heart and soul into this clock and soon he would lose it. To see it again for a few hours would mean everything. To watch the expressions of the viewers would more than compensate for all the work of his life time.

"I will be there Mr. Flanders," he said slowly.

About a week later in the evening, Mr. Linberger brought a faded suit down from a trunk in his storeroom and care-

fully dressed himself. It would never do for a beautiful masterpiece to have a shabby maker.

He locked his shop and fearfully hailed a taxi. The noises of the city hit him in a wave as he rode along. His brain whirled and only the thought of seeing his beloved clock again kept him from running back in panic. As they entered the driveway to the big house he could hear music and the laughter of the guests. It engulfed him in the hallway. Mr. Flanders led him rapidly through the crowd to the curtain covered exhibit in the center of the ballroom.

"Draw the curtains in exactly five minutes, Mr. Linburger. The clock is set to strike then. Perhaps you would explain its fine points to the guests also."

Mr. Linburger grasped the curtain rope and waited nervously. Mr. Flanders called for silence as the old master slowly revealed his clock. A stunned silence fell over the assembly.

The old man opened his mouth to speak but a heavy weight seemed to press down on his head. It was the silence, the long unaccustomed silence. He strained his ear to hear the familiar tick tock of the clock but only the dead weight of the silence answered him.

"Catch him! Look out! Get some water! He has probably fainted."

The crowd pressed around the fallen figure and several women screamed.

Just then the clock struck. Twelve solemn bells and the small figures marched before the face of the greatest and last work of the master.

# GODSMOTHER

*Marie Sally, '52*

In rags I sat there weeping,  
And all at once she came  
To raise me from my cinders,  
To beauty from my shame.

Mundainties shine out to me,  
On wheels the pumpkin rolls;  
What I had thought were skulking rats  
Have gallant footmen's souls.

She gave me for protection  
The sheerest little shoes,  
And counselled me about the one  
Which I might chance to lose.

There'd be a Prince to find it  
And herald through the land,  
Till He should slip it on my foot,  
And I, reshod, should stand.



# THOMAS MANN'S THESIS

Mary L. Mullen, '51

IT IS interesting to note that the plot of almost every one of Thomas Mann's novels concerns an organism whose vitality is threatened. *Buddenbrooks* describes the annihilation of a nineteenth century, Hanseatic, bourgeois family; *The Magic Mountain* symbolizes the decadence of Europe in the year prior to World War I.

Mann has remarked that *Buddenbrooks* was tedious bourgeois stuff, but it dealt with decay and that was what made it interesting. But he also reminds us that the term decadence implies an increase in refinement and sensuality as well as a decrease of vitality.

*Buddenbrooks* expresses the conflict, symbolized by Christian and Thomas, between the artist Ego tending to escape from the norms imposed upon it, and the social Ego tending to hold the artistic Ego within the formal limits of tradition. Here Mann reveals the distrust the bourgeoisie feel for the implications contained in all art. This is clearly a reference to the author's own experiences; the outcropping of non-commercial instincts becoming definitely artistic in himself, his brother, and sister. The artistic temperament is not always conceived as following the same patterns, so he has analysed his characters accordingly: Christian Buddenbrook is a mimic; Geida, his sister-in-law, a dilettante; little Hanna a musician.

Tolstoy, Nietzsche, the Goncourt brothers, and the Scandinavian philosophers have exerted a great deal of influence on Thomas Mann. As a result of their influence

pessimism is the prevailing philosophy in his works. In *Buddenbrooks*, there is a certain foreboding of misfortune which overshadows every event and occasion.

Mann is often ironic. He possesses the art of understatement. Thus, Thomas Buddenbrook, deranged by Schopenhauer, dies of an abscessed tooth. His son, Hanno, wasted by musical ecstasy, is carried off by typhoid fever.

*Buddenbrooks* is not a philosophical novel. It is a homely study of a comfortable, bourgeois family at the turn of the century. The poetry of their life is rhythmically dictated and recorded by events; birth, deaths, marriages, and divorces.

Mann's most monumental work is *The Magic Mountain*. It brought him the Nobel prize award for literature in 1929. It is a much more serious study than *Buddenbrooks*, involving itself not merely with the fate of a family, but with all Europe. It concerns an organism, unlike the Buddenbrook family which survived the crisis and witnessed better times. *The Magic Mountain* contains page after page of exposition and scientific matter, psychology, embryology, physiology. Just as the Gothic cathedral glorified God, so the author exalts man; man considered *purely* as a physical organism. The tragedy of the inmates of Gerghof, therefore, is not *moral* but *vital*. They are not concerned with their souls, but their humanity. The moral atmosphere is one of complete dissolution. Eroticism is rampant. Sensual love is repeatedly emphasized. It is Doctor Krowkovski the pseudopschoanalyst, who asserts that there is a continual conflict between the higher and the lower natures of man to the end that physical love is suppressed. This suppression does not extinguish passion, but causes it to reappear in an altered form, disease. To him, the symp-



toms of disease are nothing but a disguised manifestation of the power of love. All desire is love transformed.

Throughout this work which involves a philosophy of personal conduct, runs a subtle and elusive theme. Settembrini is an Italian suffering from tuberculosis, a Freemason, humanist, the descendant of patriots and rebels. He is a believer in eighteenth century Enlightenment, a member of an International League for organized progress, and an artist. Reason is his god. The Jesuit, Naptha, by origin a Jew, a Roman Catholic by conversion and education, is placed in a most unfavorable light. He believes in the dictatorship of the proletariat as the best means of bringing about the salvation of souls. He has a great contempt for the body, and is inclined to defend the methods of the Inquisition for the purifying of the spirit.

To Thomas Mann, modern society tends towards perversity, self-deceit, and suicide. Not one of the people in *The Magic Mountain* is what he is supposed to be. The engineer, Hans Castorp, dreamy, reflective, is unfit for his trade. His cousin, Joachim Ziemassen, the soldier, died prematurely. Pupukor, the incarnation of articulate instability, commits suicide. Naptha, the advocate of violence cannot even fire a gun to kill his enemy Settembrini; instead he commits suicide. All this elaborate care of the sick has but produced a counterfeit life. But out of the situation, Castorp discovers truths he would never have had time to reflect upon had he remained healthy. This evolves from the struggle of Settembrini and Naptha to control the soul of Castorp. The illness against which all these people are fighting is the illness of Europe struggling to regain her strength. Mann set out to find the weakness in contemporary society, and *The Magic Mountain* presents a clinical



picture of the cultural diseases from which the world suffered. Mann wished to show up the deficiencies of this so-called culture. His general experiences of the years 1913-1924, and the renewed influence of the thought of Goethe are recognizable in *The Magic Mountain*. Debates between Settembrini and Naptha emphasize the intellectual conflict. The maturing of the spirit of Castorp has been called new perspective of the final nature of the Sage of Weimar. The whole mountain, itself, is, as it were, conceived as the melting pot of the essence of pre-war Europe, although at the time, it was perfectly unaware of what was happening to it. It was doing a dance of death in an unceasing Walpurgis Nacht. Only a few philosophical observers recognized its pathological state until four years of war and reconstruction had passed and laid bare the symptoms.

Europe in 1914 was apparently blissfully unaware of the ominous hours which were leading her to catastrophe. For Castorp this night of disaster was day dawn. He had begun his growth in sympathy with death; he was ending it by the determination to save life. He had turned his back on the Settembrinis and the Naphthas. They had fulfilled their pedagogic function; he had not further use for them. He is breaking through the chaos of battle to a philosophy of service to mankind.

Thomas Mann is a provocative writer. His style is fluid, brilliant, profound in its searching and probing. Throughout his work he strikes a note of sincerity; unfortunately the Christian ideal is entirely missing. It is not neuroticism and hyperchondria which make for normality; it is the functioning in harmony of the whole man—body and soul.

# COWARDICE

*Helen Hennessy, '54*

Have I a debt to you unfulfilled,  
Paid by the others of ages past,  
That in every wandering my eye is willed  
Back to your timeless image, cast  
In settings alien to my own?  
Some ancient sculptor drew your face  
On an altar of old Egyptian stone. . . .  
Reincarnated, I see your grace  
Mingled with that of the nymphs of Greece. . . .  
In yellowing manuscripts I find  
That you were Abelard's Heloise. . . .

Now comes the summons to my mind.

Like Faustus to Helen, I long to cry  
"I will be Paris, and for your sake  
Sack Wittenberg for Troy." But I  
Have no great vows I dare to make.  
Dante, to comfort his loneliness,  
Remembered the year, the hour, the day. . . .  
My fearful lips cannot confess  
Even so little

No one will say  
Your name, and hear the quick reply  
Of love and awe, until there be  
The time when someone braver than I  
Lets you possess him utterly.

# THE RUNNER

*Joan Butler, '52*

I GUESS a fellow can get used to anything. I certainly never thought I could live beyond that first terrible week I spent flat on my back in bed, but here I've been without even touching a foot for over three years now. It really is not so bad now. The pain is much less and I can even sleep at night. It must have been pretty awful that first year for my mother. Sometimes I would groan all night. When I dozed off I would wake up screaming hearing again Dr. Martin's deep voice pronouncing some long Latin term and giving me a long explanation of my ailment that added up to the fact that I had polio and would never again be able to rise from my bed under my own power.

I could just kick myself every time I think of how hard this has been on my mother. Even now I cannot look in her eyes without feeling like crying. They look so tired and so burnt out. I know she would give anything in the world if it could have been her and not me. That's the way she is. It is a whole lot harder on her than it is on me. It really is.

But still, sometimes when everyone else is asleep and the gray dawn is just beginning, a guy cannot help wondering, just a little, why God picked me. I'm no long-suffering hero. God knows. Every so often I think if it hadn't been for Ma and Dr. Martin I'd just have given up and died long ago. Three years, it's a long time. It is kind of funny, too, when you think that I was the best track star Waterford High ever had, even if I do say so myself. They used to say that



in a few years I would be Olympic material. Well here it is a few years later. I'm twenty now and I guess the Olympics will just have to scrape by without me.

You know it took a long time for me to get resigned to the idea that I could never walk again. Resignation just never was my forte. I guess I am a fighter at heart but now that I have finally achieved a kind of peace I do not want to run the risk of losing it, of being pushed back into that swirling mist of near-despair. I knew the first year of my sickness. So when Dr. Martin came in that Saturday morning and broke his news he was a little disappointed at my reaction or rather my lack of it.

"Joey," he said in his best bedside manner, which is none too smooth, "there is a chance that you can walk again." He paused, expectantly, waiting, I suppose, for an exclamation of joy on my part. I never blinked an eye. I have endured too much of the torture that people call hope to allow myself to fall into that trap without a struggle.

"Yeah," I said noncommittally. "How's the weather outside, Doc?"

"Joey, I mean it," he said. He even looked a little annoyed at me for spoiling the effect of his big news that way. "There is a visiting Austrian nerve surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital who has successfully performed an operation on the spinal cord in a case similar to yours. He has an entirely new technique." I saw that Dr. Martin was about to launch into an enthusiastic technical monologue about the guy's technique so I spoke up fast. I was not going to let myself start hoping yet but I was beginning to have an awful queer feeling in the pit of my stomach and the hand I reached out to grab Dr. Martin's arm was shaking.

"Look, Doc," I said, "I hope this isn't a bum steer now.

How do we know this little miracle man and his operation would work in my case and how do we even know if this guy would consent to operate on me at all? We haven't got much money, you know, Doc."

Dr. Martin fished for his pipe and started to fill it carefully before he spoke. He lit it and took a long contented puff. The familiar smell of his pipe struck my nostrils and made me think how much a part of my life and my narrow little world the Doctor and his pipe had become in the last few years. Doctor Martin had become a real friend. I feel pretty lucky when I see the Doctor and my mother spending all their energy to make an ungrateful lug like me feel a little better. With two friends like that I haven't got much right to feel sorry for myself.

When Doctor Martin had relished the pipe for a moment, he looked up at me from under his heavy eyebrows.

"I'll be frank with you, Joe. There is no guarantee that the operation would work. It is a difficult and dangerous one but Dr. Wessel is tops in his field. There is about a fifty-fifty chance of success."

The tingling in my stomach had become almost unbearable. I could feel my whole body shaking under the bedclothes. Despite myself I knew I was hoping desperately. But I'm a coward, I know it. I was still afraid to put any trust in the news. Not that Dr. Martin would be wrong but why should I take the risk of undergoing such a crushing disappointment as I would meet if the whole thing fell through. I'm not brave. I think it would kill me.

"Doctor," I asked, "Would this big-wig perform the operation on me?" I asked the question more to gain time and to get used to the idea so I could make a decision, than because I wanted to know the answer. I was pretty certain

that Dr. Martin would not have mentioned it to me if he had not been sure this Wessel would agree to do the job.

"Joe," the Doc was saying, his mounting enthusiasm making his voice kind of squeaky, "I've already talked to Dr. Wessel and he has agreed to perform the operation. But you've got to make up your mind pretty quick because he's only going to stay in this section of the country a short time. What do you say, Joe?" The doctor looked puzzled at my hesitation. He even forgot to puff on his pipe.

"Have you mentioned anything about this to my mother, Doc?"

"Of course not, Joe, I had to ask you first."

"Good."

We settled into silence. The doctor puffed on his old briar and looked at me curiously awhile. I frowned down at the blankets. A couple of pillows behind my head and shoulders propped me up so I could see the slight, almost unnoticeable rise under the covers where my useless legs lay. It almost seemed as if those wasted limbs belonged to someone else. Inside myself, ever since I had gotten resigned to my state I had developed a peculiar detachment. It didn't bother me to look at my legs now because they really had nothing to do with me. I'm Joe Brady, the runner, that coming young track star, I'd say to myself. Joe Brady, the invalid, was a different guy altogether. He was the fellow that used to lie awake nights two years ago and ache with longing to walk and dream about the time when he could just hobble across his narrow little room. Now the doctor was asking me to become that Joe again, to undergo an operation that would reawaken the dream of walking, to allow that burning, tearing longing to grow in me again. He wanted to throw away my hard-won detachment, to risk



being told once again the terrible news that I could never walk, to start the whole horrible business over again, the prayers, the pain, the hoping.

"Well, Joe," the doctor said a bit impatiently, "It's true it's a dangerous operation but it's your one and only, your last chance to walk again." I realized he thought my hesitation was because of the danger involved.

"I'm not afraid of dying, Doctor Martin," I said. "I've often thought that would be the easiest thing in the world."

"Well, what is it then, Joe?" he asked, and I looked up in surprise for his voice betrayed real strain. It had never occurred to me that it meant so much to him. He really wanted me with all his heart to undergo this operation.

"Look, Joe," he said, "I wouldn't urge it if I didn't think it was for the best." His voice was softer than I had ever heard it as he went on. "This Wessel is a miracle-worker and there is an excellent chance you will walk again if he performs the operation."

For the first time I thought that I wasn't the only one concerned in this. I'm a selfish character all right. It meant a lot to Dr. Martin and perhaps I owed it to him to take the chance and I guess I certainly owed it to my mother.

"Okay, Doc," I said. "Shoot the works," and I settled back on my pillow feeling strangely exhausted.

\* \* \*

The next week seemed like a century. On Friday I was to be moved to the hospital. On the following Monday Dr. Wessel would operate. Our house became a center of feverish activity or maybe it just seemed that way to me. Maybe all the feverishness was inside of me. I didn't sleep. A thousand times, in my imagination, I experienced the ecstasy of that first step. Sure, I tried to tell myself that

it was foolish to get so excited, that the operation might be a failure, but I didn't believe it. I knew; with every bit of strength in my body I was certain that I would walk again. Now that hope had entered in, it took complete possession of me.

My mother was rapturously happy. She had no doubts about what the outcome would be. When she wasn't up in my room fussing over me she was in Church saying prayers of gratitude. Several of my old school friends dropped in to see me and wish me luck. They were all certain I'd be on my feet in no time. I tried to talk sense and be discouraging, but I guess I didn't sound very convincing. I was too excited and happy myself. Sure, it was foolish, but you must remember I had been for almost three years without an inkling of hope. Now suddenly I had a chance, a good chance of recovery. To me it seemed like a sure thing, maybe because I didn't dare think of failure. I didn't dare imagine the possibility of disappointment.

Dr. Wessel came in several times during the week to examine me. He was a chubby little guy who could hardly speak English. He sure didn't look like a famous surgeon, but he acted like he knew his stuff. I have never gotten used to the idea of being examined by a doctor, and I found Dr. Wessel's examinations especially fatiguing, perhaps because so much depended on what he would say. He would poke and push at my legs and click his tongue and nod violently. Then he would go into a whispered consultation with Dr. Martin that seemed endless. I would get so mad at the little Austrian that once I almost threw a pillow at him. I would have, too, but my sense of humor got in the way and I started to laugh instead. He stared at me and mumbled something in broken English that sounded very much like, "These crazy Americans!"



The result of all Dr. Wessel's poking and thumping was not very successful to my thinking. Perhaps because I was so keyed up I expected miracles from the poor man constantly. Evidently he was no magician because he said what Dr. Martin had already told me countless times. Wessel used Dr. Martin as his spokesman because his English was so poor.

"Joe," the doc told me, "Dr. Wessel says yours looks like a hopeless case, that is, so far as ordinary medical methods go, but he has, by manipulating the affected nerves of the spine, accomplished a complete cure last year in a case almost identical with yours. It all depends on the state of the nerves in the spine and he can't tell that until he operates. Well, there it is, Joe. The operation will tell the whole story." I nodded tensely. I couldn't trust my voice to speak for a moment. Then I laughed suddenly.

"Well, Doc, I'll be in the Olympics yet. How long do you think it will take before I get back my speed in running?" The doctor gave me a rather startled glance.

"This is a switch, son, quite an about-face, isn't it? A few days ago you weren't certain if you wanted the operation." He frowned and looked up under his brows the way he does. I knew he was a little worried.

"Don't go too fast, Joe. Take it easy."

"I'm okay, Doc. I'll walk again. I feel it. When will we know for certain?"

Dr. Martin's frown had not disappeared but he said, "Right after the operation we should have a pretty good idea of whether to expect complete or only partial recovery. Of course we won't be completely certain for a month or more until you actually try to walk. But," his voice changed, became gentler, "we would know immediately if it were



a complete failure the minute Dr. Wessel sees the state of those nerves in your spine.”

I ignored the last statement. Now that I was committed to hope I was wonderfully happy, just like a kid. When the ambulance pulled up to the house Friday afternoon to take me to the hospital I had a tight little bundle hugged close to my side under the blankets. It was my old high school track uniform. I had had my mother get it out for me to look at, and then I couldn't part with it. That bright white and red uniform seemed the symbol of the approaching fulfillment of my dreams. Soon I would walk, even run again.

The few days at the hospital were interminable. I couldn't read or talk. I made the nurse leave my track-suit laid out at the foot of the bed and I stared at it for hours.

I wasn't afraid when they finally put me on a little moving cart and wheeled me into the operating room. There must have been several doctors and nurses in the room but I didn't see anyone but Dr. Martin who squeezed my shoulders with a strong, friendly hand and helped administer the anesthetic.

\* \* \*

It must have been a long time later that I regained consciousness. I was in my neat white hospital room. I was sick from the anesthetic and everything in the room, even the nurse, seemed cold and hostile till my eyes lighted on my track-suit, a little rumpled, but brave in its colors lying at the foot of my bed. I closed my eyes and relaxed. My last thought before falling into a warm and happy sleep was that it would be nice to see my mother who had served as my strength through the long ordeal of my illness. Now it was over I could really thank her and Dr. Martin, now that I didn't need their strength any more.

When I woke I knew from the bright sunshine that it must be morning. I lay quite still in my happiness for a moment. I heard hushed voices and realized that my mother and Dr. Martin were in the room. I opened my eyes weakly to look at them and even before Dr. Martin spoke, I knew.

His kind eyes were frightened. I turned my head to find my mother. She was crumpled in the chair beside my bed. I had never noticed how old she had grown or how frail she looked. I had always leaned on her strength and found it inexhaustible.

Dr. Martin spoke brokenly the news of failure. I felt nothing but numbness. Feeling, realization would come later. Now these two needed me, my friend and my mother. Somehow, from somewhere deep within me, a place I had never reached before, I summoned a smile. I know it's silly but I think at the moment they needed that weak smile more than I'll ever need my legs. I noticed someone had removed my track-suit from the foot of my bed.

## AWAKENING

*Ann Murray, '51*

A tossing sea surrenders rage,  
Throws off its cloak of shrouding mist;  
Aware a fierce and greying age  
Draws down no love at dawning's tryst.  
The dancing waves now flee dark night,  
And fling themselves at new-born day;  
Pretending peace, concealing might,  
To steal the kiss of sun's first ray.

## SHORTAGE

*Louise Crowley, '52*

THE building echoed dismally as the two young women entered. They passed the empty store on the ground floor and climbed the dirty stairs to the apartment above. By the light of their flashlight, they could see the front door standing open. A mousy rustling made them pause, then as the noise faded away, they entered and began to examine the dark rooms.

"Turn the flashlight over here, Sue," said one of them. "Look, a fireplace!"

"Oh, I've always wanted one."

"How many rooms are there?"

"I don't know, Bet. Let's walk around and count them."

"I wish the lights were turned on."

"This place hasn't been occupied for about ten years. Nothing's been turned on."

The two sisters walked through the rooms lit only by their flashlight and the faint gleam of the street lights.

"I counted seven rooms."

"I counted six, Bet. Start over again."

"No, wait till tomorrow, when we move in. We haven't enough furniture for five, six, or seven rooms, so it doesn't much matter."

"We'll have a music room. I have a jew's harp. We'll wax the floor of one room and have a ballroom. We'll each have our own bedroom."

"We only have one bed, Sue Collins."

"We'll buy another. I'm almost glad we were evicted."



A combination sitting-dinette-kitchen plus bedroom is okay, but oh for the grandeur and majesty of the wide open spaces."

"Sue, darling, the darkness must have veiled the defects because, when houses are so scarce, tell me why this one hasn't been rented, if there is nothing extremely wrong with it."

"Haunted."

"On the main street. Such a cultured neighborhood too. Look out this window, 'Smoke Chesterfields'."

"Look at the exquisite coloring, and just think that every night we can look out and see Bing Crosby smiling at us. No other bachelor gals can make this statement."

"Look out the other window; a Bottle Goods Store."

"Ye Olde Tavern can be seen from over here."

"Taverns to right of them,  
Taverns to left of them,  
Taverns in front of them."

Sue walked to another window. "You must admit that it is convenient. Two street-car lines run in front of us; a bus line is on our right; and in back of us we have the elevated and a railroad track. You might say that we are the heart of the transportation system of the city."

"Believe me, I'd rather be at the foot. Let's go home, I'm freezing."

"Home! This is home. Our former apartment is now wanted by our landlady, and we were houseless till we found this."

"Buck up kid," Bet said. "Maybe we've always been on our own but we've made out all right. For instance you found this place just when we needed it. I wish though you

had waited to see it in daylight. Renting sight unseen was risky."

"Tomorrow we'll be glad to be in a nice warm house, instead of sitting out on the sidewalk with our belongings piled around us."

"You're right. Who told you about this house?"

"Joe, at work."

"The little janitor who takes bets?"

"Yes."

"Sue, where did he hear about it?"

"From a friend, who heard about it around."

"Around where?"

"Just around."

"I can imagine around where. Have you got the keys? Lock the door as you go out. It was open when we came in."

Sue walked to the entrance. "There isn't any lock on the door."

"What! Is it broken?"

"Someone completely removed it." She turned her flashlight on the door and where the lock should have been there was a hole. "The doorknob has been removed also. You open the door by hooking your fingers in the hole. Modern, isn't it? The hole is good for spies too."

"In this neighborhood, there are worse than spies. The first thing we'll have to do is to buy some locks."

As soon as they arrived back at their apartment, they began to pack.

"We have so few things, this job is a cinch." Sue was packing dishes.

"Don't worry, when you marry your millionaire you'll be able to buy all the things you want."

"That's right. Are you taking down the Christmas tree tonight or tomorrow?"

"It's so small, it'll be no trouble to undecorate. Let's leave it. Christmas was ruined enough by our knowing that we had to get out in two days."

"Let it remain as a symbol. All this is a perfect melodrama. Two poor orphan working girls forced out into the heart of the winter by their cruel landlady."

"Less talk and more work."

Till late that night, the girls packed suitcases, cartons, and barrels. When all that could be prepared was ready, they went to bed.

The morning dawned crisp and cold, but with a greyish haze signifying approaching snow. Bet and Sue Collins awoke early in order to be ready for the movers.

"It's too bad," Bet said, "that we have to hire a moving van for just this bit of furniture."

"Are you suggesting we carry it over ourselves. I can see us walking through the main thoroughfares carrying the bed between us. Rooms and houses are so scarce now that before we get over there, someone will have probably set up light housekeeping in it."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

A short stocky man with a red knitted cap on his head stood in the doorway.

"I'm the mover."

"Here's everything you have to take."

"Hey Gus," the man yelled. "This is it. I'm Hoiman," he offered by way of introduction.

"Pleased to metcha," Sue said in a nasal voice.



Gus came in the door. He was also short and fat. He wore a blue knitted cap.

"Who do they think they are," Sue whispered to Bet, "Tweedledeedum and Tweedledee?"

"Probably." Bet broke in. "Sue you can go over to the house and wait for the movers at that end. I'll supervise everything here and meet you over there. On your way over stop and speak to the landlord about locks. We'll need them today; and pay the rent."

"Okay."

When Sue got outside, she found that it had started to snow.

Oh well, she thought, that's the good part of having little and almost valueless furniture, you don't have to worry about it.

It looks like we'll have a white New Year's. I'm glad. Christmas was certainly ruined for us. This apartment is a desperate measure, but Bet won't find out. If she knew that I've never met the owner, or his agent, that I don't know who he is, and that I'm not paying any rent, she'd be horrified. Joe and his friends played cards there without any trouble. I don't see why we can't get away with living there for a little while. The landlord, whoever he is, lives out of town. He'll never know he has tenants.

The moving van arrived and so did Bet.

"Bet, how did you get here so quickly?" Sue was amazed.

"I rode in the cab. I thought it would be quicker."

As the movers brought the furniture in, Bet directed them about placing it. While they were thus engaged, a young man walked in.

"I'm from the telephone company." He had a cheerful grin, and blue eyes.

"Hello," Sue hurried over to help him.

"You wanted a phone put in?" he asked.

"No," Bet's voice was sharp as she turned to Sue. "Did you order a phone put in?"

"Yes, I thought it would be nice to have one."

"Oh Sue, you know we can't afford one. I'm sorry," she turned to the young man. "But my sister sometimes lets herself get carried away. We really can't afford one."

He didn't seem to mind. "You just moving in?"

Sue told him the whole story of their eviction regardless of her sister's frowns. "We have no relatives to help us. We're orphans. That's no fun."

"I should think not." He was sympathetic. "I come from a large family but nearly all my brothers and sisters are married now and it's lonesome without them. I'm Bill Waters, by the way."

"I'm Sue Collins and this is my sister Bet."

"Hi," Bill smiled, then becoming serious he said, "This really is too bad. This isn't the best place for two young girls to live alone. This wallpaper and the floors need re-doing. Maybe the landlord will do it for you?" Bill suggested.

"No," Sue hurriedly said, "they're too independent now. They don't have to do anything for you."

"Who owns this place?" Bill asked. "I can't remember when it was occupied before."

Sue grabbed his sleeve, "Come, let me show you the whole house."

There was a knock at the door and two men walked in.

"I've come to turn the gas on," one announced.

"Good, Sue, did you think of that?" Bet was surprised.

"I'm from the water department. I'm to turn it on," said the other.



"What kind of heat do you have?" Bill inquired.

"We don't know."

He laughed. "I'll find out for you." He departed for the cellar followed by the gas and water men.

"Now that 'that' man is gone maybe you could help me."

"Certainly, Bet. Those poor moving men must be worn out. Imagine carrying furniture up two flights of stairs. The ceiling is so high in this house that an eight foot giant would have no trouble at all."

Bill and the man from the Gas Company came into the room.

"You've got steam heat and you'll need coal. Do you know any coal dealers?"

"No."

"Good. I called a friend of mine from a pay station down the street. He's coming right over. It's snowing quite badly and it's getting colder. You're going to need the heat when you take off your coats." Bill looked at the two girls who were still wearing their coats.

"I didn't realize I still had my coat on, it's so cold in here." Bet shivered.

"Look," said Sue, "I can see my breath."

"Well," said the gas man, "you can turn that oven on now."

"Good, I'll go do it and make some coffee." Sue hurried into the kitchen.

"Don't you have to go back to work?" Bet asked Bill.

"No. It's snowing very hard. I'll tell them I got stuck. That'll be that."

"Oh."

"On second thought I'll report to the office and they'll send me home in this kind of weather. I'll be back to help you unpack."



Before Bet could say a word he had gone out. She turned to the gas man who was just standing by watching. The moving men were nearly finished.

"Is your job completed?"

"Nearly." He lit a cigarette. "I'm waiting to see if the gas stove works okay. It's so old. Might be a leak somewhere . . . could use some coffee myself."

"I smell gas," Sue called.

"I was right." He crushed the cigarette into a metal ash-stand and went into the kitchen.

"Well that's all, Miss," Herman said.

"Good. Here's your money and thank you."

The two men seemed reluctant to go.

"Is something the matter?" she asked.

"Someone say something about coffee?"

"Go in the kitchen." Bet turned as a man walked in the front door. "That way to the coffee," she said pointing.

"Thanks, I'm the Arnold Coal Company. Just put a ton of hard coal in your cellar." He went towards the kitchen.

"First coal company I ever saw with red hair." Bet started into the kitchen herself.

The moving men and the coal dealer were seated at the table while the man from the water department was filling a kettle from the faucet. The gas worker was fussing about the stove and Sue was watching him as he tightened and loosened bolts.

"Should be okay now," he said finally.

Sue lit the gas and they all sniffed the air diligently for an odor.

"Fine," said Bet. As she came into the room she noticed another man. "Who are you?"

"Boston Edison."

The men sat down at the table and began to drink and smoke. Finally they started to leave one by one, each wishing the girls luck in their new home.

The coal man waited till the others had left. "I wondered if you knew how to run the furnace?"

"No, we don't. We should start it now. It's getting late and we will need it tonight."

"It's going. I met Bill Waters as he was leaving and he started it for you. If you want to come down stairs with me now, I'll show you how to run it."

Sue went with him. It was getting dark. The back stairs were broken and dim. The cellar stairs were invisible to the eye in the darkness. Using a flashlight, the two arrived at the huge old fashioned boiler.

Upstairs Bet was doing the dishes when she heard footsteps. Startled she turned around to see Bill.

"I'm sorry. Did I frighten you?"

"Yes," she said.

"I didn't know you were alone. Where's Sue?"

"In the cellar. She'll be right up."

Just then Sue came in the back door. "Hi, I just learned how to run the furnace. Feel the heat anyone?"

"Just beginning. Let's take off our coats."

Bill stayed with them till quite late. They washed shelves and closets and did some minor repairing.

"He's a nice boy, isn't he?" Sue queried after he left.

"Yes. Lock the door and let's go to bed. That reminds me there aren't any locks."

"Yes there are. I fixed everything. Come see. I have a padlock on the outside of the front door."

"On the outside?"

"It had to be there. The door and the wall are not even on the inside."



"But how do we lock it from the inside and how do we get out?"

"The back door. I have a slide bolt on that."

"Well you did it. Now you figure out how we're going to lock both doors tonight and still be on the inside."

"Easy, just wait till I get my coat."

Sue went out the front door and padlocked it. She then went down the stairs out into the street and around to the back of the house. She climbed up the stairs, went in the back door, and fastened it by pushing the bolt.

"Clever, isn't it?" she said.

"I stopped to look at the furnace on my way up. It's out and I don't know how to start it."

"Great. Well we're going to bed now anyhow."

In the early hours of the morning they were awakened by a loud racket. On the street beneath their window a group of men was singing raucously.

"While I'm awake," Sue said, "I might as well put on my coat. I'm cold."

"You'll get it all wrinkled wearing it in bed."

Sue got up and began hunting in the closet. There was a noise as she found what she wanted and began to put it on. She climbed back into bed.

"What have you got on? A ski suit. Are you crazy?"

"No, cold."

"I hope you will be comfortable."

"Just as comfortable as you in your two bathrobes, bed-socks, and pajamas."

\* \* \*

They were awakened in the morning by a knocking at the front door.

Sue turned over and nudged Bet.



"Don't answer," Bet groaned, "maybe they'll go away."

The knocking continued for a while and then ceased. There was silence and then the knocking began on the back door. The girls ignored it and pulled the blankets up further. The noise stopped. Then they heard footsteps in the hall.

"Are you all right?" Bill's virile voice called out.

The girls dressed hastily and came out.

"How did you get in?"

"Through the back door. I knocked so hard I forced a panel in the door. It gave enough to allow my hand to slip the bolt and here I am. It's freezing in here."

"I think there's something wrong with the boiler," Sue explained.

A strange elderly man walked into the room. He looked at Bill and then at the two girls. First he grimaced comprehensively and then a puzzled look came over his face. He hesitated a moment and then announced very pretentiously that he was Mr. Rowley. On receiving no response he declared that he owned the building.

At this Bet piped up. "Well I was hoping that you would come around. This house is barely fit for human habitation and I think that you should do some . . ."

Sue nudged her, halting her flow of words for a minute.

"I could have you arrested," Mr. Rowley said, "for breaking and entering, but I'll give you an alternative you may pay me rent, \$500 a month."

"Five hundred—for this rat trap." Bet gasped. "You can't have us arrested."

Here Sue nudged her again and whispered to her. She frowned and then began to wilt.

"May I speak to my sister alone?"

"Certainly, I'll step into the next room."

Bill remained in the room and looked at the girls in bewilderment. Sue explained fully what she had done.

"This is blackmail then," he said.

"You're right. This place isn't worth one-tenth that much even with the housing shortage. But we'll go to jail if we don't pay it and we haven't got the money."

"I've got a plan," Bill said. "Listen."

Under Bill's coaching the girls agreed to pay the five hundred. They explained however that they had only a small amount of money on hand and since it was Sunday they couldn't get any money from the bank.

Mr. Rowley thought this over and then said that they had better borrow from their friends. "I'll be back in an hour to get it."

"An hour? Our friends aren't rich. This is going to take longer. We'll have to ask dozens of people for money."

"Very well. You can have two hours."

As soon as they saw him drive away, Bill, and Sue in her ski suit, ran to the nearest store and began telephoning. Bet hurriedly began repacking the few things that they had unpacked. She unmade the bed and took it apart. Then she began dragging things to the door.

When Bill and Sue returned, they began carrying small articles down to Bill's car. The ground was covered with snow but not to such a depth that it impeded traffic.

When Bill's friend, the coal man arrived, all four began to fill his car. Soon Herman and Gus arrived in a small pickup truck minus their company's name.

"For poiposes of disguise," Herman whispered.

All four men carried the furniture out the front way, while the girls used the back stairs carrying light articles. In about an hour the house was emptied. The girls climbed

into Bill's car and with them leading and the other car and the truck following, they pulled away from the house.

"He can't find out who you people were," Bill said. "I spoke to all the maintenance men. They're going to keep quiet. In the storm yesterday very few people probably saw the van or the name on it, but if they did, Herman won't spill. He hasn't even got your job listed in his books . . . evading income tax. Don't worry, you have just committed the perfect crime."

"We hope so."

They continued travelling for some time and soon they began to move through a residential area.

"Where are we going?" asked Bet.

"We have no place to go," said Sue.

"Yes you have. You're going to my house." Bill pulled up in front of a large comfortable looking home.

"Hey wait a minute," the girls cried.

The door of the house opened and a white haired smiling woman wearing a pink apron beckoned them in.

"That's my mother," Bill said softly. "I called and told her you were coming."

## WASTED TIME

*Marion Misch, '52*

A curious dissatisfaction is mine  
When day's gold is on the wane,  
To see between the window slats, the light  
Creep back the way it came.  
Until a solid blackness melts the blinds,  
And seals out a day  
That will not crack, but to a judging God  
Within eternity.



# LIKE SOME TALL PINE TREE

*Jeanne Bourgeois, '52*

Like some tall pine tree far from petty cares,  
With head high in the blue,  
You stand alone, aloof, and no one dares  
To speak a word to you.  
I am too small, I cannot climb so high  
To whisper in your ear  
A tiny word, unprepossessing, shy,  
To let you know I'm here.  
Oh look down only once and you will see  
A blot upon the earth,  
Who with an ax is chopping valiantly  
At your imposing girth.

# WINDOW

*Joan Butler, '52*

A stained-glass window is my life, Sweetheart,  
You, the Sun, I await.  
Colors flash, beauty shows but in each part  
That You illuminate.  
From Your warm strength, I borrow power  
To live a bright-hued song;  
Because You smile into my soul, I shower  
Rainbows on the throng.  
Each hour with You reveals my life in shades  
Before unknown, my Dear:  
But still Fear whispers lest the glory fades  
When sunset's near.

## CONCERT

*Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51*

The music swells and mounts, its high,  
Sweet notes cascading over small  
Rose lights and flowers, banked and dry,  
Against a polished stage. The fall  
Of melody to richer tones  
Seeks outlet on the perfumed shawl  
Of heavy air. The music moans,  
A symphony of mastered skill,  
Of melancholy; sad trombones  
And weeping violins blend long  
Soft strains of sobbed, imprisoned song.

The music swells and all the still  
Great ghosts of ageless past commune  
Within the vaulted hall. A-thrill,  
Rapt faces line the high, maroon  
Plush rails of balconies, their drear  
Unbeautied lives behind, attune  
In heart, as one, with all they hear  
Of music's unranked universe.  
The music swells, and steals the fear  
And want from lives, for one, swift, free,  
Fulfilling moment raised to majesty.

## SECRET

*Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51*

Today!  
And no one knew!  
The heaps of disappointed snow  
Ran blackened streams,  
And children laughed to see  
The windsman's sword rend wide  
A ragged sky.  
Poor earth stood cold, her gown  
A bare and shabby thing, her hair  
Uncombed and grey.  
No brightness stirred, no warmth,  
And yet I knew!  
Just one green shoot pushed out  
from in my heart,  
And spring was there!

## RETURN

*Ellen Cavanaugh, '51*

Our day of love has ended long ago.  
Once by the side of the gold and azure sea,  
We drank in summer's air, untouched by woe,  
And every gull wheeled round for you and me.  
But now, bleak days, I pace the shore alone,  
Oh, how I dread the seagull's lonely cry;  
My saddened heart joins in the eaves' low moan,  
Since you have gone, I only long to die.  
Yet well I know that dreary March is only  
The windy prelude of rare April's spring,  
And that this shore that now lies bleak and lonely,  
Shall soon be gay with birds that wheel and sing.  
If all sweet things return, then it must be  
That you, all-fairness, will come back to me.



---

## THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

---

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

---

In Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus is a naughty old rogue who lurks about the stalls at country fairs, stealing a ribbon here, a spool of thread there, a bracelet, or a paper of pins. He tosses his trifles into a sack and goes about the countryside selling them. What we offer here are literary trifles—just thoughts gathered here and there. Every person is, whether he knows it or not, like Autolycus, a "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

\* \* \*

### *Money's a Meddler* (Autolycus)

I once heard, in a rather mediocre popular song, the following Baconian lines, "Money is the root of all evil; take it away, take it away, take it away." These words fastened themselves upon my brain like little green leeches. I thought of my piles of money lying lumpishly in the cellar, and

realized I had been a fool. I decided to rid myself of this contamination forever. Putting my fortune into a small popcorn bag, I climbed to the summit of a lofty Boston building, and threw my long green to the winds.

Surprisingly enough, there was an immediate furor on the street below. People were killing each other in a mad effort to seize a few bills. I watched them smilingly, secure in the knowledge that I was above such puerile exhibitions. But the police, unfortunately, do not appreciate humanitarianism and transported me rather unceremoniously to the city jail on a charge of disturbing the peace. Since I have no money with which to pay my fine, I have languished here several days, keeping myself amused by playing bridge with the mice, who have won forty pieces of cheese from me.

After hours of patient thought, I have decided that I was a bit hasty. Of what use is my getting rid of the root of all evil when other people are watering theirs? There must be a just way, and I have discovered it. All the money in the world must be gathered into a huge pile in the wastes of Siberia and burnt. Then we will institute a world-wide system of barter. This system will immediately work wonders in economics. Old clothes that one hasn't worn in years can be bartered for useful commodities. Men, instead of burying their Christmas ties in the back yard, can trade them for cigarettes and monkey wrenches.

\*       \*       \*

My system will slow down the break-neck speed of American living. Because of the time spent in individual haranguing with the bus driver, it will take three hours for the bus to get as far as Kenmore Square. My system will also benefit health. Instead of carrying a pocketbook when

going in town housewives will drag huge burlap bags filled with goods to barter. This will develop the muscles and increase the life span.

Everyone agrees that the modern world has advanced as far as it can. My system will set us back four hundred years and we can begin all over again. As soon as I am released from this forced vacation, I will put my plan into action. Meanwhile has anyone a hack saw they'd be willing to exchange for a slightly used mink?

*Jeanne Bourgeois, '52*

\* \* \*

*Art with a Capital A:*

Gold frame is all I understand, My mind was made for two and two; I cannot see a busy street In orange blots on field of blue. This square suspended in the air So crookedly must be the sun; This brownish lump? A man of course, Home plodding when his work is done. How very great must be the mind That's learned to paint a purple sneeze! Alas, I'm crude: I like that art Where cows are cows and trees are trees.

*Jeanne Bourgeois, '52*

\* \* \*

*Hail to the Noble Clichés:*

All hail to crimson (cliché) sunsets! All hail to rippling (cliché) streams; Hail twinkling (cliché) stars and fleecy (cliché) clouds and hail young Loves' sweet dreams (cliché, cliché). To casters of these cliché spells, Sink gratefully to your knees; They leave our minds (cliché erased) for other things Much weightier than these.

*Marie Sally, '52*

\* \* \*



## *Pinning Up the King's English* (Autolycus)

For six centuries now, ever since Chaucer took quill in hand and started to write in what was neither Anglo-Saxon nor Norman French, in fact ever since English has been English, writers have been wasting time and good ink spelling out what they mean. Now efficiency is the keynote of modern living. We all recognize the benefit of making better cars to get us to work faster, so that we can get more time to draw up better blue-prints to make better cars to get us to work faster, so that . . . Where was I? Oh yes, efficiency. Well, I have devised a system whereby certain letters may be omitted from words to put business correspondence, news, and even creative writing on the assembly line.

\* - \* \*

Take the word geese, for instance. Where do geese get off, hogging three whole e's when all they need is one? Ges. There now, that wasn't so hard, was it? And the possibilities are overwhelming. Of course it can be argued that not all words have three e's. In fact, there is so much in that argument that in the interest of greater speed for better writing, I sat myself down halfway through this, and devised an even better system which uses modern advertising for its basis. You have all seen signs which read: PRESSING WHILE U WAIT. Why not omit more than repeated letters, why not leave out vowels altogether? For the most part, they're a bunch of parasites anyway. Think of the startling and terse effect of the following headline: BD BYS BRK WNDWS! (All right—BAD BOYS BREAK WINDOWS) Wll, thnks I, ths s gd systm, s why nt mk t wrk vrywhr? Wht r y cmplnng bt? Y cn rd ths, cn't y?

*Marion Misch, '52*

## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Meaning of Fatima.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. 183 pages.

Father Martindale's book on Fatima is not, as one might expect, a reiteration of an already thrice-told tale. *The Meaning of Fatima* is in no sense a story book. It is rather more suited to one, who knows the Fatima story, than to one, who is introduced to it in this book. Here is found an authentic analysis, produced after precise investigation of first-hand evidence, of all that has been said of Fatima to date. In *The Meaning of Fatima*, Father Martindale has penetrated beyond the externals of the story, the setting. The words and opinions of those concerned is the essence of the story of Fatima, the meaning of it to the world. Father Martindale is chiefly concerned with proving the authenticity of what our Lady meant to reveal to the world, rather than how she appeared, or how the children told the story. The apparitions of our Lady at Fatima were not primarily for the sanctification of three peasant children, but intended as a startling lesson to shock the world of men into the realization that "amendment of life" and "advance toward holiness" are the only important matters in life.

The introduction presents a precise summary of the nature and scope of private revelations, such as Fatima. In this section Father Martindale makes it evident that when ecclesiastical authority approves any special cult, which is based on a human story, the approbation is concerned with the dogmatic essence of the "revelation", and not on the way it is described. That is why the subject of this book is concerned more with the content and purpose of the apparitions, than the better known circumstances.



An exact, quoted account of each of the visions is presented, based on the distinct and separate testimony of each of the children. The investigation into the background and characters of Lucy, Jacenta, and Fransica prove again the simplicity and "ordinariness" of these peasant children. The effects of the visions on the children, and their almost superhuman tenacity in holding to their story, despite the efforts of civil and clerical officials to disturb them, attest to the supernatural basis for their story.

Apparent discrepancies or variations in what the children told after the apparitions are explained and substantiated by Father Martindale. Lucy mentions that at first "the Lady" did not say, "which" one she was. Later, she asserts it was our Lady. Father Martindale cites that in Portugal, "our Lady" is never called simply "our Lady," but given some further designation "our Lady of Sorrow," ". . . of Mt. Carmel". Thus Lucy wanted to know which "Lady" was appearing, that is, under what title. Again, Lucy speaks of her vision of hell, describing all the conventional symbols of the place of damnation. It is debatable whether Lucy really saw these things as she described them, or if she put into the imagery she knew, a vision that was humanly inexplicable. Lucy says of herself, ". . . it was rather the sense that came to me and I put what I understood into words".

The Epilogue is the heart of the matter of *The Meaning of Fatima*. In it Father Martindale presents a fine appreciation of the purpose of Fatima, which he considers is most essential in the story. The principal message of Fatima is the conversion of sinners, and the return of souls to God. The chief means our Lady asks men to employ to attain these ends, are through devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the prayers for the conversion of Russia.



*The Meaning of Fatima* is not a delightful text but an informative one on this all important matter. It is a well done, studied critique of what we already know of Fatima. It presents a challenge to look more deeply into what we know, until we understand the center of the story, its meaning. It is a clear statement of the case that the world must understand that wars are not economic affairs or a matter of frontiers, but of sin. The world will be saved only when it realizes the meaning of Fatima, that God sent her, who is the holiest of creatures, to warn men of the enormity of the sins they are committing. Our Lady has told us the way to salvation, through repentance and the rosary.

Mary D. Ailinger, '51

*Helena*, by Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 247 pages.

In his preface, Evelyn Waugh states his purpose in writing *Helena*. It is to retell the story of Saint Helen and the finding of the true Cross. The legend of Saint Helen has been added to and subtracted from for centuries; the facts of the search for the true Cross are now either traditional or legendary. With the findings of history and archaeology and his own creative ability, Evelyn Waugh has recreated that rather chaotic period of time when emperors usurped power, killed for power, persecuted the followers of the new religion, Christianity.

Evelyn Waugh, admittedly, has fictionalized the life of Saint Helen. Around the bare data of her life in England, where her Father, King Coel, ruled supreme, he has woven the story not of a girl lost in the mists of history, but of a child, charming and appealingly human in her thirst for knowledge, and her profound love of hunting over the English countryside.

The account of the love and marriage of young Helen and the ambitious Constantius paints the cold, calculating, yet pitiable character of Constantius. Helen suffers great hardships and loneliness because of her husband's insatiable thirst for power. She is forced to give him up to Thedora, daughter of Mazimian, for a political marriage. She sees her son, Constantine, sent away from her for education in power politics; she retires into private life which dissolves by her appointment as Empress Dowager.

Evelyn Waugh's description of Rome shows this danger-spiked, chaotic-centered city: a city of traitors, assassins, politicians riding roughshod over every obstacle to their preferment. The characterizations are strong, vibrant, ruthless, dynamic, timeless. Evelyn Waugh satirizes the small brains of the *great men* who abandon reason to act by the prophecies of fraudulent soothsayers and quack fortune tellers.

The quest of the true Cross by the physically weakened but spiritually robust Helen is pictured by a strong-willed, rather cranky old woman, who surrenders to no difficulty in this search which, for her, is the Will of God.

Evelyn Waugh not only tells Helen's story, he does it with three-dimensional characters who live before us, working, fighting, and achieving their end. The dominating figure is always *Helena*.

*Barbara Spence, '52*

*Belles on Their Toes*, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 237 pages.

*Belles on their Toes* is the sequel to *Cheaper by the Dozen*. It is the story of the Gilbreth family after the death of Mr. Gilbreth. It is primarily a story of Mrs. Gilbreth who took her husband's place both at home and in the business world and thereby enabled the family to stay together.

Many sequels are disappointing. If the first book was excellent the impossible is expected of its offspring. This book is good but it is not so hilarious as *Cheaper by the Dozen*. Dynamic Father Gilbreth, with his original often drastic but result-bringing methods of child-raising, is missing. Mr. Gilbreth was a much more dominant figure than his wife, but Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey do succeed in giving a colorful picture of their mother. In this book the personalities of the older children are developed more completely; they are not just one of twelve.

*Belles on their Toes* represents light reading in one of its most enjoyable forms. It brings forth smiles and chuckles. One of the best passages in the book is the descent of Mother and the five younger boys on to a New York department store. The items to be bought were five suits, fifteen neckties, twenty suits of underwear, twenty-five pairs of socks, twenty shirts, and five pairs of shoes. Each boy was to choose his own clothes, but first they had to be approved by the next youngest who would receive them as a hand-me-down.

Aside from its value as amusement this book has practical worth. There is a good deal of common-sense psychology used by Mrs. Gilbreth, for example in the treatment of boyfriends. Also, the book teaches that teamwork and self-reliance can defeat heavy odds.

Louise Crowley, '52



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Published quarterly, during the academic year—November, February, April, June—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



# THE ABYSS

*Marylou Devlin, '52*

SOMEHOW she seemed so completely alone in the middle of the noisy, pushing, five o'clock crowd, pouring out of the subways and scurrying up the stairs, hurrying home after a busy day. The first thing you noticed were those big, black eyes, wistful you called them, and then you saw the black hair, shining from a recent shampoo and slightly curling at the ends. But you would always go back to those eyes. She wasn't what you could call a pretty girl, perhaps you just noticed the way she moved in and out among the laughing groups, busily talking over the day's happenings and the night's promises, but she spoke to no one.

She walked slowly up the stairs that led to the outgoing bus terminal. Not hurrying like everyone else, because she had no place to hurry, except to her small three-room flat where she would pick at a salad or a sandwich, listen to the radio or read, and finally go to bed. She did this every night. It was a routine so familiar to her that she could do it in her sleep. Often the monotonous events of her dull life did creep into her dreams and she'd wake up in the morning determined to change, to become a part of the life that was constantly going on about her. She longed to laugh and joke the way everyone else did, but she never seemed to be able to force herself into becoming a new person.

She was one of those girls you might see at any time in any city. The girls who have no family and come to the

bright lights of the glittering metropolis, armed with a grim determination to be a smart, sophisticated career girl with a luxurious apartment and a closet bulging with the latest in fashion. But there were always a few who were too timid to push themselves into the social world. They just drifted along for awhile with a forced smile and clenched teeth. Lacking enough courage to get ahead, they finally sighed and slipped into obscurity, wandering in a darkness they themselves had created. Old maids some people call them, perhaps just lonesome strangers would be a kinder term. However, this girl had not yet fallen under the category of an old maid but she was approaching the point where she was content in being alone.

She reached the top of the stairs and turned left, heading toward the spot where the Grove Street buses came in every fifteen minutes. She was ten minutes too early and stood on the fringe of a small group, patiently waiting. Her eyes roamed over the crowded terminal, perhaps vainly searching for a familiar face. Her glance was caught by a tall, blond man dressed in the uniform of the United States Marines. She noticed the way he stood, so erect and proud. He kept gazing nervously at his watch and had just looked from his wrist for the fifth time in three minutes when their eyes met. She was the first to withdraw and she suddenly became extremely interested in the point of her shining pumps.

He continued watching her for a minute, almost as if he was trying to make a decision. She was aware of those piercing brown eyes and glanced nervously at her watch. Finally he picked up his overseas bag and came toward her. She waited, expecting him to speak; and he did.

"Please don't be offended, I know I'm not doing this prop-

erly but I am in a very awkward position and I need someone to talk to," his voice was deep and yet gentle. She recognized immediately a note of pleading in his voice.

"I'm sorry, I don't believe I know you." She saw her bus pull in and moved toward it.

"I know I'm a complete stranger and believe me I don't wish to annoy you. I watched you standing here and somehow I knew you'd listen to my story. Please don't be angry." She did not answer, but she had stopped and was looking at him. "My name is Roger Garland," he continued, "and I'm in desperate need of a friend."

He stopped short, waiting for her response. His eyes glistened and his mouth was twisted into a position that denoted genuine anguish.

"My name is Jane Austen," she held out a gloved hand, very timidly as if testing him. "I'd like to help you but my bus is going to leave without me if I don't hurry." She tried to withdraw her hand but he held it tighter.

"Please, if you'd only listen for five minutes I'll gladly call a cab to take you home." He waited and when she did not move he went on, "I've never done anything like this before and if my problem wasn't so great I'd never have the nerve to do it now." He was so disturbed she could scarcely keep a smile from curving the corners of her mouth. He saw this and quickly released her hand. "You will listen?"

"I guess I can miss one bus, I'm not in a great hurry anyway." She was smiling now. He took her arm and led her to a vacant bench. They sat down and he took out a leather case, offering her a cigarette. She declined and he chose one for himself, lighting it he settled back and began to talk.



He told her briefly about himself and his life in the Marines. Then he took a deep breath and began pouring forth his story.

He had been overseas for two years and during that time he'd received, with every mail, letters from a girl he'd met six weeks before he was shipped out. They were letters so full of love and proved so comforting to a young man who faced death at every step that he had finally written asking her to marry him. She had accepted. He wrote to his parents telling them of the girl and his plans for the future. He was shipped home shortly after this and headed straight for Detroit and the girl, stopping only long enough to call his parents long-distance and telling them he was bringing his bride-to-be home. When he arrived at the girl's home it was to find she was already married and had been for six months. She called them "morale letters."

At this point in the story he was interrupted by a few sympathetic words from the girl seated beside him. He shrugged them off. Unknowingly she had rested her hand on his and he reached down to pat it. She quickly drew it away, around the strap of her purse. A Grove Street bus pulled into the stall but she did not even glance at it. He lit another cigarette and proceeded.

After he had found that the girl he intended to marry was someone else's wife he returned to his hotel to call his parents and break the news. Before he had a chance to speak they had spilled out their plans for his homecoming. They had hired the main ball room of a prominent hotel and invited three hundred friends and business associates to the engagement party.

"I'm the only child and naturally Mother and Dad would want to fuss." He took a deep drag of the cigarette and

flipped it neatly into the gutter. "I just didn't have the courage to tell them what had happened so here I am. No girl and the family is expecting me any minute. It's six o'clock and the party begins at eight. I don't dare tell Dad, and Mother would never forgive me for disappointing all her friends. So I'm stuck and I don't know what to do." He paused, waiting for her to speak. She said nothing and he suddenly grabbed both her hands and said, "Are you busy tonight?"

"You mean you want me t-t-to masquerade as your f-f-fiancee and go with you to the party tonight?" She feigned outrage but she couldn't blot out the tiny sparks that danced in each corner of her dark eyes.

"Would you? I could never thank you enough. I'll see that you're home early." He waited for her final acceptance. "It will be easy, I promise."

She hesitated, but a slight pink tinge spread over both cheeks and gave her away. She tried to pull her hands away, but only for a moment. A wonderful feeling of being wanted surged in her and in a minute they were both laughing, the laughter that accompanies a secret shared by two friends.

"How will I ever be able to go through with it?" she said.

"I'll tell you on the way." With this he picked up his suitcase with one hand and grabbed her arm with the other, pushing her toward the exit sign over the main door.

Once outside he called a cab and while on the way downtown he planned everything, down to the last detail. Suddenly she sat up straight.

"What shall I wear? We don't have time to go to my house and I can't wear this awful dress." The tears sprang



to her eyes as she realized that everything was spoiled now. She would have to go home to her sandwich and her radio. But worst of all she might never again see this man who had won her complete confidence in such a short while.

But he was not to be defeated so easily. He spoke to the cab driver and they pulled up before a large store. He asked the driver to wait and in a flash he had propelled her out of the car and through the large glass doors into the store. He walked swiftly and with certainty towards the department where evening wear was sold. She was lagging behind, walking as if in a daze. She remembered the hundreds of lunch hours she had spent wandering through this very store, stopping now and then to touch the rich velvets and satins, or caress the delicate laces. She just couldn't hurry by them now. She felt a tug at her sleeve and she followed him into the formal attire department. Before she knew it she was twirling before him wrapped in yards and yards of frothy pink lace. It reminded her of a strawberry soda.

"Wrap it up. Charge it to Mr. Garland." She vaguely remembered these words when they were once more seated in the cab, driving directly into the heart of the city. He talked a little but she could only sit with her arms clasped about the neatly wrapped box and nod in agreement or smile if she thought he said something that was funny. She was really living now.

Within a short time she had snapped out of her stupor to find herself standing before a large mirror with the hem of a pink gown swirling about her sandaled feet. What was she doing here, she thought. This was insane. She could never go through with it. She began to take off the silver slippers. She was starting on the second shoe when something stopped her. For two years she had been a nobody, a bookkeeper



in a tiny shop. Her life loomed before her full of empty years and loneliness. How many times she had shied away from a friendly hand or an extended hand and overcome with fright hurried to the protective refuge of her three rooms. Here was a chance to change her whole life. A chance to break out of the shell she had so unconsciously but steadily enclosed herself in. With stiff fingers she rebuckled the sandals and for a second time stood before the mirror. She would be a different person tonight. A gay, sophisticated girl with all the right answers at her fingertips. Instead of backing into a corner as she always did she would dance and laugh and maybe even capture the heart of the young Marine who had seemed so much like a little boy in his uniform. She pirouetted before the glass and was bent in a deep curtesy when suddenly a sharp tapping on the door brought her quickly back from her dream world.

A young man entered the room carefully tailored in a flawless evening attire. He came toward her with a cocktail glass in each hand and as he offered one to her she felt a sharp pain in her throat, almost as if she had swallowed a needle. She recognized this man as the young Marine who had touched her heart with pity only a short while ago. And now he stood before her, a stranger. He seemed older somehow, more sophisticated and sure of himself. Not only had he changed his clothes but his personality too, it seemed. She shook her head, refusing the glass, and he turned to the mirror to adjust his tie, drinking the cocktail first in one gulp. He was completely unaware of the girl who stood beside him swathed in frothy pink.

"Are you all ready for the big entrance?" Even his voice was sharper. "Can you remember everything?"

"I am Constance Cranmore. I live in Chicago. I gradu-

ated from Perham Country Day School and later the Academy Moderne. I have an older brother who was killed at Wake Island—" she hesitated, groping for the next words.

"Your mother was the former Lillian van Epp," he filled in for her.

"Your mother was the former Lillian van Epp," she repeated, sounding like a record that obediently plays when someone touches the switch. "I mean my mother," she stammered. "Oh, I can never go through with it." She ran her hand through the wave that curved over one eye.

"You have to go through with it," he was gripping her by the shoulders. "We've come too far now."

She tried to draw away from him but he pulled her toward the door. The rest of the night was a nightmare. She shook hands and smiled repeating over and over the carefully prepared speech until she had said it so often she forgot how to say anything else. Somewhere during the evening she had met his mother and father. They had withdrawn from one the laughing groups and were on their way to join another when they collided with her. Feeling duty bound they chatted with her for a few minutes; it seemed an eternity to her. They had quickly left her and dissolved into another circle of friends. She didn't even know if she had said anything to them.

"My name is Constance Cranmore. I live in Chicago." The words spun around in her head until she was dizzy.

For about ten minutes she drank punch and danced with a man who had appeared to her in a bus terminal and to whom she had so willingly, even eagerly offered her help. He had seemed so in need of it. She thought at last she had found a friend she could trust. Someone with whom she shared a secret that had seemed so thrilling a few hours



before. Now her cheeks burned with shame for being such a fool. She knew now that he had not needed a friend but a dummy who would rescue him, not his mother, from a horrible social embarrassment on his first night home. She hated Constance Cranmore and longed for the security of her own small flat where she could once more be just Jane Austen, bookkeeper.

Everyone around her was flushed and gay, perhaps from generous servings of champagne. She watched her pretended fiancé kiss a little blond and she shuddered. She was all alone, alone in a crowded, brightly-lit ball room and she was completely miserable. She would always be miserable wherever laughing groups gathered to talk and enjoy themselves. If this was society she hated it.

Suddenly she knew she had to get out. She ran to the coat room and tore her coat from the hanger, at the same time picking up the box which contained her old clothes.

In a few minutes she had changed, leaving behind a crumpled mass of pink lace that was to have been her admission to a shimmering new world.

If you had passed by her then, as she stood on the sidewalk not knowing which way to go, you would have been certain she was the average business girl, dressed in a tweed coat and sensible black pumps, so highly polished the lights from a nearby sign seemed to dance on each rounded toe. But if you looked closer you would have seen two large, black eyes brimming over with bitter tears of loneliness and disappointment.



## CLASS ODE

*Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51*

PRAYER: *O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the expected of the nations and their Saviour, come to save us, O Lord our God.*

### O EMMANUEL

Rise up! Go forth! The parting waves have clashed  
Together now beneath the Hand of God.  
Our Egypt lies behind and all the faltering days  
Of trial are gone as sanded plains that stretch  
Into the past. Our journey ends.  
Together we have found the twisted path  
And borne the brambled way, the doubter's climb,  
The ignorance untravelled; lost the chains  
Of immaturity's long night: for Sinai speaks  
And we obey; as children led by one  
Unceasing light, to free ourselves and loose  
The blackened bondage of His multitudes.  
Rise up, their Chosen Ones, the line of God,  
Receivers of redemption, seed of truth,  
Receivers of eternal nourishment, and sent  
By one command that thunders down the halls  
Of time: to bear that name to every cornered heart,  
Emmanuel, O our Emmanuel!

## OUR KING AND LAWGIVER

Our feet have left their print along the sand.  
Our desert lies behind us, and before  
The ever-widening rim of sky  
Holds out our future's promised land.  
Our eyes have held Thy visioned cloud by day,  
And we have walked the sunlight, knowing God.  
By night the pillared fire of Thy truth  
Shut out the darkened menace circling there  
And lit the single flame that flared our path.  
Our hands have touched the cold, bare gold, the god  
Of stricken men, and turned again to clasp  
Thy Decalogue in stone.  
The leaders Thou hast sent have struck the rock  
And we, undoubting, drank and found His Word  
Was life; and thirst lay in ungiving sand.

## THE EXPECTED OF THE NATIONS AND THEIR SAVIOUR

We walk, Thy Chosen Ones, our travel marked  
And burned with Thy command: "Go forth, go forth"  
Thy armor fast against our purposed hearts,  
Thy words emblazoned on our arms, Thy sword  
The enemy to godlessness, to doubt,  
To right that quakes among the phalanxed spears  
Of error wed to self.  
The nations stand again in Egypt's yoke  
And plaguing vengeance cannot loose the bond  
Of welcomed slavery.  
Inflame in us the Voice that bore in fire  
A Moses-heart, enkindle us to lead  
Thy cross-claimed people Home.

## COME TO SAVE US O LORD OUR GOD

Come Saviour, waited by a wanting world  
And walk in us. Speak out through our poor cries  
And hear the fruits of our time's expectations.  
Rise up with us, our God, Emmanuel!  
Rise up; and let us rise against the sand,  
Against the parching waste of truthless wandering.  
The boundaries of our right, our fertile land  
Lie clear for us. Rise up and lead us still  
That we who hold Thy strength within our hands  
May lift it and ignite the blinded ways  
And bring a chorus brimming with Thy praise  
In multitudes to find Thy Promised Land;  
That we who know Thy Heart may journey well,  
Our hearts in God, and God with us,  
Emmanuel!

## CAVALIER

*Joan Butler, '52*

I catch a rainbow by the tail  
And ride on it above the trees  
Along a winding, sun-specked trail,  
Through violet lanes and cotton seas.

While leaping flames of joy I feel  
My rainbow steed bids me beware  
For fear the envious sun may steal  
The colored ribbons from my hair.



## AGNES REPPLIER

*Ellen Cavanagh, '51*

SAINTE BEUVE'S praise of Mme. de Sévigné might well be applied to Agnes Repplier. "She had a knowledge of the world and of men, a lively and acute appreciation both of the becoming and the absurd."

Essayist, biographer, wit, "stylist among stylists," Agnes Repplier was one of the most radiant lights of literary America for more than sixty years. This astonishing lady of letters, called a direct descendant of Addison because of her skill at social criticism, had a breath-taking knowledge of literary and historical lore. Her essays are filled with the unusual, the out of the way, so that they become almost anthologies of lost, forgotten, or unfamiliar customs and manners. She was as intimately at home among the Scottish hills with the feuding Claverhouse and his swash-buckling Cavaliers, as she was toiling patiently with Junipero Serra under the warm California sky or rambling with her favorite Horace about the banks of the Tiber. Well may we ask with Mary Ellen Chase, concerning this remarkable woman, "Has she read all her life and forgotten nothing?"

Her enormous reading in history did more than satisfy her romantic interests and her endless intellectual curiosity. It taught her that man has always faced difficulties similar to ours. History stirred her as it stirred Henry James and Carlyle before him. It is astounding to watch her breathe life into the most routine chronicle. *To Think of Tea*, for example, is not only a monument to that "most humanizing of beverages" but also presents to us a goodly company of

great poets and men of letters, stout smugglers, adroit politicians, complacent bluestockings, and intriguing unknowns. In *Eight Decades* we find a little piece called "The Headsman" which is an excursion through the curiosities of the high Middle Ages. Miss Repplier tells us here of the proud dynasties of royal executioners and the dark tales which the peasants whispered. Typical is the story of the young mother who went with her child to visit at the home of a Headsman. The great sword, hanging on the wall, swung and cleaved the air, "thirsting for the child's blood." The old Headsman begged the mother to let him but nick the child, that the sword might be satisfied. The horrified mother refused and fled from the house. Twenty years later, continues the story, that little girl, then the lively Mme. de —, mounted the scaffold and bent her neck to the keen blade.

Agnes Repplier moves easily among these tales and traditions. In fact, she is at home anywhere but in her own time. Born and bred in Philadelphia, her field was not contemporary America but the literary history of another day. Particularly was she drawn to the Romantic Age, or what she called her "happy half-century." This was the time of Johnson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Lamb, and Jane Austen, as well as of Hannah Moore and Maria Edgeworth. This was the period dearest to the essayist's heart, the period she knew and loved the best. This was the time to which she turned again and again for inspiration in her essays. There is, for example, the article on "Allegra," a beautifully told account of Byron's pathetically appealing little daughter. To this period also belongs the essay "When Lalla Rookh Was Young," where Miss Repplier pokes gentle fun at the old romantic days when Moore's Lalla Rookh took



all hearts by storm and the splendour of the Orient fired all Europe.

Agnes Repplier's knowledge of English literature was far from limited to her "happy half-century" as she proves in *Cakes and Ale* with her exquisite descriptions of Elizabethan lyrics. "Why we may drink nothing stronger than tea and Apollinous water all our lives; yet nonetheless the mad music of Elizabethian song will dance merrily in our hearts and give even to us our brief hour of illogical, unreasonable happiness."

Agnes Repplier has been called "first and foremost a social critic." Surely she is in her element then in the volume *Books and Men* where she uses the past with telling effect to evaluate the present. The first piece of this volume, "Children Past and Present," carries the reader in a leisurely survey of the care and upbringing of children through the ages, contrasting the harshness of yesterday with the excessive laxity of today. She tells the woeful tale of the upper class sons of England. At Eton they were starved, frozen, and flogged. "Such was the daily life of the scions of England's noblest families, of lads tenderly nurtured and sent from princely homes to win their Greek and Latin at this fearful cost." Then there are the poor little children of France. When from Augustine the daughter of the Marquise de Montmirail came faltering some childish evasion, "the ten-year-old sinner was hurried, as an outcast from her home, to spend six months in a convent." Another piece in this volume is "What Children Read." This offers a plea for the rich, ripe books of a bygone day, the books that children used to read, and a hearty denunciation of the "Dotty Dimple and Little Prudy" nonsense of today.



Perhaps Miss Repplier's most typical essay was that about Agrippina, her beloved cat. She herself stated that she adored this piece. She was afraid to pick it up lest she waste time re-reading it. This was one time in her life when she did what she wanted to do. Although she had owned more than one cat down through the years, Agrippina was the nearest and dearest to her heart. In the foreword to *The Fireside Sphinx* she writes of the immortal kittens of literature, gamboling about in the Elysian fields. She admits Agrippina to this august assembly and begs the little puss not to forget her.

"Nor, though Persephone's own Puss you be,  
Let Orcus breed oblivion of me."

Miss Repplier's finest piece of prose and the finest example of her gifts in literature is "Horace." It is perfect in its serene dignity, unhurried in tempo played upon by alternate light and shadow like those alluring nooks to which Horace retreated to his day dreams. Agnes Repplier breathes life into the Roman poet, transforming him from a name into a man, one who loved his liberty more than luxury and pleasure; whom the world has cherished these many centuries. In this essay Miss Repplier points out no deliberate moral but with an artist's skill vindicates the social virtues anew.

Finally, her most delightful work is that dedicated to her own Catholic people, *In Our Convent Days*. The author was pleasantly surprised that this little volume which she expected to be read only by those with her own religious background, was taken to heart by the entire world. But no matter what the essayist's theme, throughout her sixty-five years of publishing she has captured whole and beautiful the fine spirit and flavor of the Catholic faith.

# THE INNER LIGHT

*Janet Stewart, '52*

“IT’S still the most beautiful spot on earth,” smiled Dick as he gazed fondly at all the familiar landmarks of his home town. Twilight shadows were creeping slowly down the hills and filtering into the peaceful town.

Every night on his way home from the newspaper office Dick stopped to watch the sunset. As the last glow of the dying day faded from the sky, steel stars would peer out at him from nothingness and a great brown owl would flutter across the dark street to take up his post as sentinel in an old dead pine tree.

Oakdale was not what might be called an orderly settlement. Some of the old folks would tell you that Oakdale just grew but the more practical settlers would point to the wealth of timber stretching from the outskirts of the town to the snow line of the mountain peaks ten miles away. To imagine that the little village was laid out in any special manner would be to labor under a false impression. Streets, stores and houses defied analysis. The main street wandered aimlessly out of the woods on the Northern boundary of the town, wove in and out among the houses, and degenerated into a cart road at the southern end. The main buildings, general store and post office, gas station, school, church and newspaper office were entirely lacking in grace and symmetry, but had remained through the years proud monuments to the skill of their builders.

Perhaps, by now, you think that Oakdale seems to be a very uninteresting and perhaps uncultured place? To young

Dick Martin who had just returned from studying in the East, the clear, fresh beauty of this rustic setting had become the inspiration for several stories. Of course, his pretty wife Alice shared all his dreams of becoming a famous writer. Why, the first time she laid eyes on Oakdale she had fallen in love with the sleepy old town.

Rousing himself from one of his private little day dreams, Dick pulled his top coat around him against the chill winds of evening and started across the field toward his house. A little dirt road shot off the main road and after taking a particularly vicious turn, lost itself in a labyrinth of shrubbery. It was to this short street that Dick hurried. Behind the abundant growth of foliage, well screened from view, stood a small, weather-beaten house; a cheery light burning in the window.

Dick ran up the walk and swung open the door. "Hello, Alice, I'm home. Any mail for me?"

Alice came in and kissed her husband. Her bright young face was flushed from the heat of the kitchen. "There are three letters from publishing houses, dear. I hope that they are encouraging."

Dick pulled his heavylensed, horn-rimmed glasses out of his coat pocket and tilted the lampshade so that it threw more light on the letters.

"I'll say these are news-bearers! I have two very good offers for my story album and a third offer of a contract with a magazine in the East."

A shadow crossed his face as he thought of all the work to be done at the newspaper office. He wished that his father had run things in a more orderly fashion. Since his death, Dick had been trying to run the paper, set type, read copy, and do just about everything from digging up



news to delivering the finished news sheet. He had had little time for writing but he had managed to write a few short stories evenings after closing the office.

"Did you stop in to see the Doctor on your way home?" asked Alice as she served supper.

"No, I never even thought of it. Those headaches haven't been bothering me much lately. I guess they were caused from lack of sleep or something. I used to get them when I was in College and once in a while at the Newswriters' School."

"You know, Dick, the fresh air out here isn't a cure-all for everything. I think that you should see Dr. Barker. Maybe you need a change of glasses."

He got up and put an arm around his wife. "Don't you worry, darlin', I'll get around to seeing Doc Barker one of these days. These glasses have been distorting things lately. I'm afraid all the night writing I do has strained my eyes. A new pair of glasses is just what I need."

Several weeks later, Alice tiptoed into her husband's study and found Dick hunched over his typewriter. As she came into the room, he looked up with a frown.

"I think we should have a stronger bulb in this light. It's pretty hard working long stretches at a time. By the way, would you change the ribbon on this typewriter while I dig up some more pictures to illustrate my story."

Alice looked curiously at the bright light and then bent over to change the ribbon. She read several lines of beautiful description before she thought to notice the type. Each line was etched in a clear, black print. She turned to question her husband and discovered that he was rummaging through a drawer.

"Hang it all, I should have gotten these glasses changed.

I can't read a blessed thing. The lighting in this room is atrocious. Will you run out and get me a couple of aspirin, dear. My head is splitting."

After fixing Dick a snack and bringing him some aspirin, Alice retired for the night warning her husband not to stay up too late.

Early the next morning, Alice arose and prepared Dick's breakfast. When he didn't get up at the usual hour, she let him have an extra half hour's sleep. Finally, when he showed no signs of stirring, she decided she had better go in and call him. She walked softly into the den and found it flooded with sunlight. After throwing up the window she called Dick, chiding him for his sloth.

"What do you mean calling me in the middle of the night?" he said a little sharply. "Why it isn't even light out yet."

Alice stifled a cry and went over to the couch.

"Alice, I can't see you!" Suddenly brokenly he exclaimed, "Alice,—the light—has gone out!"

"What is light?" she asked evenly. The effort it cost her was only revealed in the death-like pallor of her cheeks. "What is light to love like ours, dear! Love alone is light."

"Light is everything," he breathed hoarsely. "Darkness is death, a living prison. Life without light isn't worth living. What beauty can I find in darkness?" Then, like a child from whom some toy has been taken, his wrath gave place to a realization of his wretchedness and he murmured brokenly, "I—I—cannot see."

Alice winced, but braced herself courageously. Like help sent from on high, came a quotation from one of his favorite poems.

"God was good to make the night.  
Mortal eyes made blind by light,  
In the darkness oft' times see,  
The beauties of Eternity."

She quoted softly and slowly, expressing the verse as he himself had taught her.

He was not cheered by the words. As he thought of the sunset's crimson glow and the bright flowers outside the window, the printer's frame in the shop and the white sheaves of paper which contained his very spirit he cried out, "There are no beauties in an eternity of darkness. There is no God for the blind." With a convulsive sob, he buried his face in his pillow.

Days and weeks of bitterness passed. Dick accepted the verdict of the doctor that his was a permanent blindness brought on by eye strain and probably added to by a severe case of scarlet fever. The cheery cottage took on an aspect of gloom. Dick shut himself up in his den and lapsed into a moody silence. He saw few visitors and usually excused himself before the visit was over on the pretence of being tired.

Alice waited on him tenderly. He was too full of self pity to notice the sharpness in his voice when he spoke to her.

"What time is it? I suppose Tim Martin will be in later to see about the set up of Sunday's paper."

Alice came in from the kitchen with a large vase of flowers. She set them on the table and went over to sit on the arm of her husband's chair. "Why don't you type up the copy he sent over? After all, you don't need your sight to type. You know what a mess Tim will make of the articles unless someone types them up." She inserted the paper



into the typewriter, breathing a prayer that Dick would take an interest in his writing again.

"I suppose I had better set the stuff up," he said gruffly. "Come over here and dictate it to me."

He began to write again. The typewriter keys tapped out the bitter story of his great personal loss. The white sheets were filled with the morose and lonely lines of an artist who is lost in the mist of self pity. At last the manuscript was completed and Dick gave it to Alice to proof read and to criticize.

"You don't like it," he challenged, reading disapproval in her silence.

Should she tell him how self centered his story was, how bitter, how lacking in any faith, in any ideal? It would be so much easier to compliment, to spare him, to sympathize with him. She started guiltily and banished the latter thought from her mind.

"No," she faltered; then confident that she was right, she hastened to explain, "It isn't that the work isn't good, Dick. The style is clear and the wording most expressive. The only thing wrong with it is that the whole theme is poisoned and warped by your own self-pity."

He snatched the papers from her angrily, "What kind of a theme would you suggest that I write. Maybe you'd like me to write about sunlight and flowers. When my sight was taken away, my talent went with it. How can you write about faith and light and loveliness when you are blind?"

"Other people have done it. You seem to think that no one else in the world ever lost their sight." She paused for a moment and then played a trump card. "You say that your one great talent has been taken away from you. I say

that that talent remains. Your story is proof of that. It is your inner blindness that hampers your spirit. Remember, Dick, Homer was blind. Listen,

"God doth not need  
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best."

"*He* was blind, too. But did that stop him from expressing beautiful thoughts. The blindness is not in your eyes alone. It goes far deeper than that. The blindness is in your soul. You have loved the beauties of nature. That's why you love Oakdale. You still have the images of familiar sights in your mind. Nothing has changed outside. Take these descriptions and put them into words, and as you write, look into the heart and spirit of each familiar scene. There you will find a solace for this canker of bitterness which is eating your heart away." Alice turned and left the room, her eyes brimming with tears. It was several weeks before Dick sat at his typewriter again. During this time, he walked in the garden, traveled down the familiar dirt road and wandered across the field that led to the newspaper office.

One clear, cold night he started back to the house just as the new moon was peering over the mountains. For the first time in many months, he felt the old thrill as he stood, his head lifted as though to survey the landscape. From somewhere near at hand, he heard the whir of wings and he waved his hand at the bright-eyed owl that he knew was watching him from the old tree.

At supper that night, he remarked how good everything smelled and complimented his wife on her cooking. Alice smiled a wan smile. The atmosphere of tenseness and strain had taken its toll on her but she always went about the daily

tasks in the same bright, capable manner. She spent as much time as possible describing things to Dick and helping him to get used to walking in the dark.

For several weeks Dick worked on a new story. Each time he came to meals he seemed a little brighter. By the time the last page had been typed he seemed to be his old self again.

"I'd like you to pick out some illustrations for this story, Alice. I won't be needing them until I'm sure I have a buyer."

"Aren't you going to let me read it first, Dick?" she asked in a surprised tone.

"Now, Alice, I promise you that this story is nothing like the last one. If it goes into print you can read it then. If it doesn't, I'll just have to write a better one. You'll just have to wait and see."

The first cold days of Autumn were heralded by a blast of frosty air which swept the crimson leaves across the narrow roads and blew mischievously under the overcoats of the men flapping them smartly against their legs.

Dick hurried up the walk with a letter in his hand. "Alice, where are you?" He stuffed the letter into his pocket and headed for the kitchen. "Will you please dig out a picture of a pretty girl—ahh—let's see—I guess she had better be wearing an apron and—ahhh—I want a copy of *Paradise Lost* to be in her hand instead of a cook book." He smiled, pleased with his idea.

Alice shrugged her slim shoulders and looked at her husband quizically. A copy of Milton instead of a cookbook, hey. What kind of a story could he have written. "I hope this blindness hasn't affected his mentality," she laughed.

It wasn't long after Dick had sent in the finished manu-



script of his story that a group of citizens and two reporters from the neighboring city's newspaper arrived at the Martin's snug little house. A very puzzled Alice admitted them and then went in search of her husband. When he came in, the committee of townspeople introduced themselves and the reporters announced the reason for their presence.

The town alderman, spokesman for the group explained, "Mrs. Martin, we have a surprise for you. We have all watched you work to help your husband return to a normal way of living despite his great handicap. As a tribute to your devotion and tender care we would like to present you with this award." He turned and motioned for the Rev. Bradfield to give Mrs. Martin the tiny medal for outstanding citizenship. "You see," he continued, "Your husband has brought our small community into the public eye by his many fine stories. His last story has been awarded a special newspaperman's trophy for extraordinary feeling and expression. I would like to present you with a leather folder containing this story which is nothing more than his tribute to your untiring love and devotion. His story is called, *Love's Light*. I am sure that every member of the town joins us in congratulating both of you. May you both enjoy the companionship and understanding which has produced two miracles. We can reward in a material way your accomplishments but there is a Power Who has shown Himself in the brightness of the Inner Light which shines forth in both your lives, whose reward is love itself."

Alice looked up silently into the calm face of her husband and knew that in the darkness he now saw "The beauties of Eternity."

# CHALLENGE

*Norma Halliday, '51*

A hollow lies deep in nocturnal calm  
Where lustrous tendrils twine their green array,  
Over darksome sword whose velvety soft arm  
Reaches over tenebrous shades in damp decay.  
The mossy growths cling close in black recess  
To hide in sunless nooks their prettiness.

But yonder rise tall rampart's dreary waste,  
Their flinty cliffs top pines that pierce the sky,  
The towering trunks in rocky crags firm braced  
To hazard blustrous gales that wail on high.  
The raw winds temper woodland's rugged lord  
That stays the winter storm's harsh cruel hoard.

The fertile home that nature gave so free  
To lowly ferns in mossy verdant bed  
Can aid them not to reach the majesty  
Of noble pine in stony harshness bred.  
The challenge of the raging world's attack  
Endows a strength that softer creatures lack.

# TO AN OLD LOVE

*Marie Sally, '52*

And what was our love but a little green pipe,  
Snug in your pocket whole workadays through,  
Till some moon-windy eve, you'd pipe and I'd hear,  
And down through the fields I'd come dancing to you.

Oh, higher than high  
And truer than true,  
The pitch of your piping  
When I'd come to you.

Over the bogs the will o' the wisp  
Would shine on the paths with his little blue light,  
Till there would be you in the crook of a tree.  
We'd kiss and we'd chatter through half of the night.

Oh, higher than high,  
And truer than true.  
The pitch of your piping  
When I'd be with you.

But I once idly said in the midst of a song,  
Come home, be my husband, and pipe by the fire.  
You jumped to your feet and ran wailing away;  
And all my way home I kept sinking in mire.

Pipe higher than high  
And truer than true  
Wherever you pipe,  
I'll come dancing to you.



# HERO WORSHIP A LA PEDRO

*Nancy Foster, '53*

PEDRO WITHINGTON was an oddity as is seen now and then in this life. His head was larger than normal heads are. His eyes smaller, and greener than normal eyes. His stature was that of a dwarf. His voice was scratchy, raspy, and sandy. He was an actor.

Perhaps that surprises you. You ask: "An actor, with that appearance, that voice, and ye gods, that name." Well, you see, his mother was Spanish, his father English. The father, Cedric Withington, was an innocuous little man, who yet had trunks full of English pounds. He had no occupation. He traveled extensively. He finally arrived in Spain where he met and fell in love with Rosita Carlot Frasquita Maria Fernandez, who insisted on naming their son Pedro, after an ancestor who was a water-boy at Granada. Cedric died and left his son the trunk of pounds. Rosita died shortly after, Pedro was left alone. As he grew up in Spain he could speak the native tongue, and also the English he garnered from his father's tight-lipped gems. After his parent's demise he decided to visit the land of his paternal ancestors. So he packed the trunks, boarded a ship and sailed to what his father always called "Jolly England." The first glimpse Pedro had of the white cliffs of Dover brought a lump to his throat and tears to his eyes. His whole queer being trembled with the impact of his love.

The first thing Pedro did when he was settled in the family manor at Yorkshire was to feed his undernourished knowledge of the mother-tongue. By dipping lightly into one

of the trunks he procured the services of one of the greatest scholars then living in England. At least Robert Wallington Esq. told Pedro that was who he was. For a considerable fee he found his way clear to dignifying Pedro with his services.

Strangely enough the pupil soon garnered a prodigious vocabulary under this distinguished tutelage. His background became beautiful, for Pedro's great simplicity and faith could not fail to reach even the wondrous Wallington. He found himself giving freely—well, not quite, of his time and his services to instruct the willing pupil. He also found himself affected by Pedro to such a degree that once in a while he would read aloud to him so that he might have the ineffable pleasure of hearing the words fall thunderingly from the great bass tones of the majestic Wallington's face. One day was placed in Pedro's hands a copy of Shakespeare. Having surpassed his tutor, as so often happens, he was ready for, and introduced to the Master. He dipped into the trunks deeper and deeper until his library was reputed to hold the most extensive collection of the life, the works, and the background of the Master to be found in a private library. Pedro's little body could scarcely contain his soul, it shivered, and trembled, and grew because of the sublime beauty of the Master's language. It wept over Lear and Ophelia; it laughed with Falstaff and the Porter; it smirked over the defeat of Shylock. Pedro ate, drank, and slept the Master.

One day Pedro was seated in the great hall of the manor reading. He had dismissed the distinguished Wallington, because he quickly realized that nobody could take him farther in the pursuit of words. Wallington left with a goodly supply taken from a trunk, warning Pedro of the disaster involved in his dismissal. Pedro was seated in front



of a crackling fire, when suddenly he began to squirm in his chair, his eyes filled with tears. The book he was reading dealt with the theatrical background of the Master's time. If an actor were not to the particular liking of the discreet discrimination of the Elizabethan audience, the manager of the theater could remove the offending thespian by simple means. With a large hook in hand, he would step onto the stage, secure the hook in the actor's neck band and unceremoniously yank him off-stage. Not only could it be done—it had been done. Pedro's soul was wrenched for those sad souls of long ago, and he said to himself in his new tongue, "Man's inhumanity to man."

Soon after this Pedro once more dipped into a trunk and came up with enough pounds to establish a traveling Shakespearean theatre. By means of ads in the London papers, Pedro gathered around himself most of the actors in the fair city who were "between jobs." They turned out to be a motley crew, but to Pedro's soulful gaze they were beautiful. They were ready and willing to bring the Master to all the people of England. Soon they were traveling up and down the coast, playing in town and hamlet, city and shire. They met with little success. Pedro always played the leading role, his soul ready to burst from the confines of his little body. It poured out of his small mouth, winging its way to the audience on the lustrous words turned suddenly indistinguishable by the raspy, sandy voice. Often-times the sheer horror of the performance drove the audience from the theatre. Pedro thought that like himself, they could not contain their emotions but unlike him were ashamed of the fact.

Pedro was happy, happier than he had ever been in his life. Finally, he felt they were ready for London. He hired



an obscure little theater in the city. The first night found a full house fifteen minutes before curtain time. Let it not be thought that *Pedro Worthington and His Shakespearean Company* had not a reputation. The audience was extremely gay, laughing and chattering in anticipation of what the curtain would bring forth. They had heard of the most unearthly performances given elsewhere. At last, the lights dimmed, the curtain rose on the scene of a ship at sea. A tempestuous noise of thunder was heard. When Prospero appeared and first spoke, the audience broke into uncontrolled snickers and snorts. This situation grew progressively worse act by act, until Prospero, his voice sounding more ghastly than usual, began to intone

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision——

The theatre was now in a state of bedlam. The audience roared with laughter punctuated by jeers and hisses. The manager gesticulated violently to Pedro. But Pedro, his soul lost in the words did not hear. He was oblivious of all save the words of the Master. The audience continued to rock with hilarity. The manager shouted from the wings. Finally, realizing that he simply had to get Pedro off the stage, he dashed about, looking for some means of attracting his attention. At last he stumbled on a trunk full of props. Sticking out of it was a shepherd's crook. He grabbed it frantically, stepped out onto the stage, hooked Pedro about the neck, and pulled him bodily into the wings as he shouted for the curtain to be dropped. It was, thus closing out the deep throated guffaws of the audience. Pedro ran to his dressing room, groping frenziedly for the door. His

heart was beating so madly, so wildly, that finally when he dropped into a chair it broke, and his sob-wracked little body was stilled. Pedro Withington was discovered. His soul has gone aloft to rest maybe in the arms of The Master.

## CANDLEMAS

*Joyce Cooksey, '52*

Lady, the candles gleam upon your shrine  
In memory of that sun-illuminated morn  
When the temple our souls' Light was borne  
In meek fulfillment of the law's design.  
The wax and wick in melting flame combine;  
So, in the likeness of your Christ, newborn,  
Yourself transcending, of your own self shorn,  
The mother heart and maiden soul entwine.  
What love was this that so possessed your being  
That in Him it was utterly consumed?  
Most pleasing holocaust, the firelets spring,  
And bow like stars before you in the gloom.  
Teach us, who come always to bless your name,  
This bright, celestial mystery of flame.

# AVARICE

*Marguerite Kiley, '52*

“THE doorbell! At last! In a little while you’ll be a wealthy woman, Elvira. All right, I’m coming. Good mornin’ Mr. Preston, grand day.”

“Good morning, Elvira, beautiful weather, but thunder showers forecast for later.”

“I hope not. Won’t you come in?”

“No thank you, I can’t stay. I just wanted to drop off this envelope for Mrs. Low. You’ll see that she gets it?”

“Certainly, I’ll take it right up to her.”

“Thank you, Elvira, and give her my regards. How is she today?”

“About the same. She’ll be sorry that you couldn’t come in to see her.”

“Tell her I had an important meeting with one of my clients but that I will be in to see her at the end of the week. Good bye.”

“Good bye, Mr. Preston and thank you.” “He’s gone the old coot. As if I didn’t know what’s in this envelope. Yes, thank you very much Mr. Preston; you’re making me a wealthy woman.” Elvira shut the door and chuckled to herself, hugging the bulky envelope.

“Maam.”

Elvira swirled around, “Oh it’s you, Dora. Well, don’t just stand there. What is it?”

“Cook wants to know what time you want dinner, and if Mrs. Low will be down.”

“Don’t cower so, Dora. Dinner will be at the regular



time and tell cook to have something special. This is a day to celebrate." Elvira turned on her heel and still hugging the envelope pushed open the pantry door. Suddenly she turned, "Oh, and Dora, if Mr. Peter Atkins comes call me at once in the usual way."

She went on into the long pantry. She stopped in front of the refrigerator, opened it, and took out a bottle of milk. She gently put down the envelope, took a glass and a flowered china plate and placed them on a small black and gold tray. She poured the milk into the glass and began to put small ginger cookies on the plate. The pale light coming in the shaded windows etched the deep hollows in her cheeks. Elvira was small and round. Her colorless hair was pulled back from her sharp pointed face and hugged her head in rigid waves from crown to the nape of her neck where it was tightly bound in a bun. Her eyes were sharp and bright.

When the cookies were precisely arranged, Elvira took up the envelope and tray and went slowly up the circular stairs. She opened the door into a sunlight yellow and organdy room. She shut the door quietly behind her and went over to the bed putting the envelope down on a chair.

The woman in the bed whose round soft face was wreathed by white hair moved a little and opened her eyes. "Oh it's you, Elvira. I must have dozed a little."

"I thought you might like a snack when you woke up, dear, so I just brought these cookies. Here let me fix your pillow. That's it, sit up and I'll put this tray across your lap."

"Thank you, Elvira, you're always so thoughtful. I don't know what I would have done all these years without you."

"Thank you, Laura. Can I get something else for you now?"

"No, Elvira, this is fine, just sit with me for a while and talk."

"How are you feeling now?"

As Elvira spoke she went over to the window and looked out. She wiped a speck of dust from the sill with her apron and pulled the shade down a bit to cut the warm glare of the sun. She thought of course she doesn't know what she would have done all these years. Without me she couldn't have done anything. She owes me a lot and I'll see that I get it. She turned and said, "There now, that's better, makes it cooler in here. I asked you how you are feeling."

"Oh yes you did didn't you. Well you know, just about the same. I feel so miserable all the time, now it's my back and now it's my stomach. You know I just never feel well these days." Laura Low sniffled.

"Now, now, my dear, I'm sure you will be better again and in your garden soon. The roses are just full of color." Elvira put her arm around the frail woman in the bed. She thought, you sniveling old woman, how much longer must I take your whining complaints. You may never see your roses again and then they will be my roses.

"I don't know, Elvira. Once when I was a young girl, I saw an old, old lady sitting in the sun, just sitting doing nothing, useless and helpless, and I thought, I shall never be old, I will always stay young and run in the garden and along the road in the sun and wind. But Elvira, I am old and I am useless and helpless and I would love to run along the road but I can't. I can't."

"There, there, you aren't useless or helpless. In fact, tonight I think you will be able to come down for dinner if you want. So you see there's something for you. Useless and helpless indeed." While Elvira spoke she thought, indeed

you are helpless, but you are far from being useless as long as you have all that money.

"But that's how I feel just staying here all the time. I would be so lonesome without you now that John has gone. John was such a good man, but then you know don't you Elvira."

"Yes, he was a wonderful husband to you my dear," Elvira assured her as she thought, and he left you so much.

"Elvira, do you know I remember our wedding day. Oh dear, it was so long ago. It was a beautiful day and I was twenty, and my hair was the color of this tray, and I was so very much in love. The whole world was full of sunshine and spring and the sun was never so bright as on that day. The air was so clear that you could see the church tower way down in the valley from my window and the smell of the sweet grass and clover was in the air. It was my wedding day. Will you take this tray, Elvira? I'm finished with it."

"Oh, I'm sorry, here let me have it. I'll put it over on the bureau out of your way." Elvira carefully picked up the tray so as not to spill the half finished milk and she set it on the bureau. Not this story again, she thought. Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it. She straightened the pale yellow blanket on the bed and sat down again.

"Thank you, Elvira. Now what were we talking about?"

"You were telling me about your wedding day."

"Oh yes that's right my wedding day. It was just perfect, warm and bright. Spring was in the air, or did I say that, I don't remember, any how I awoke early that morning, and I lay there for some time with the bright sun streaming into my room and the breeze rustling my curtains. I felt all warm and cozy. I felt like hugging myself without know-



ing why. All of a sudden I remembered, today was my wedding day, and I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. All the birds were singing, and I danced around the room throwing my arms and legs about wildly. I could do that easily then, now I can barely walk across the room."

"You can't expect to be the same now as you were sixty years ago, you know."

"If only I could be a little like that. If only I could."

"It's not nearly as bad as that, Laura. You do very well. After all, you haven't been well for some time, you know." Elvira spoke softly and thought, I wonder if I should wait until she asks me if Mr. Preston brought the envelope, or if I should bring it up myself. Oh, she'll never remember it and I want to finish this business today. As soon as I get a chance I'll mention it. Oh, how I have waited for this day. All that money, mine.

"... Mother came in and looked at me." Laura's words broke into Elvira's thoughts, "and she said 'Laura, stop at once. Today you must become a woman and act as one. Remember it is a serious thing, this getting married.' And then she put her arm around me and we both cried, she because her little girl, to her just a baby, was becoming a woman, and I because I was so happy and frightened. Then there is just a blur in my memory and the next thing I remember I was in my gown and veil standing before the mirror in my room. Everyone had left for just a moment and I was alone with a strange girl who looked at me from the mirror with dark scared eyes, magic eyes that glowed from inside. I loved that gown. It was white satin and had a hoop so wide that I could not walk through a door the ordinary way, I had to go sideways. Where is my wedding gown Elvira? Could you get it for me?"

"It's right in that chest, you wait a moment and I'll get it." Elvira got up and crossed to a large carved chest. As she opened the cover, the smell of cedar filled the room. She moved some silky garments and from under them she pulled a large box. Who would believe that it would take so much foolishness to get wealthy, she thought. "Here it is," she said. She put the box across Laura's knees.

"Oh, yes, my wedding gown," Laura said as she opened the box, "how yellow it is. Oh, dear, it was so beautiful. How it has faded and grown shabby, just as I have. It cost my father over four hundred dollars and now look at it. Hold it up against you, Elvira. Let me see it."

"It is still lovely, see there it is." Elvira held up the gown and stood back so that Laura could see it. Four hundred dollars she thought, for one dress, why if I paid twenty I would feel like a millionaire. Soon I'll be able to pay any price I want.

"Do you see that lace, Elvira? My father and I went to Europe especially to get that, and we bought it in Brussels. Oh what a time we had in Europe. We went to Paris and Madrid and oh so many places. Just see how that lace is still as white as it was the day I stood in the back of the church with Papa. Poor Papa, he was so nervous. I just stood there with my veil flowing around me and I wondered if John would be there. I suddenly got a horrible feeling that he wasn't there. My knees began to shake and then I felt so much like crying. What a silly girl I was. John was worried about the same thing. He was afraid that I wouldn't be there. By the time the wedding march began I was a bundle of nerves. One by one the bridesmaids disappeared down the aisle, just blurs of lavender net, then we were moving slowly step by step. A whole sea of faces were

staring at me but I kept looking for one. He didn't come, he didn't come, I thought, when suddenly there he was, smiling, and my arm slipped into his. My wedding day was perfect. John, poor John, was a good man. It was so easy to be happy when he was around. He's been gone such a long time."

"Not so long Laura, only five years. I'm sure that he is still with you in his love."

"Has it been only five years, it seems so much longer. Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. It was the year the war was over and that was 1945. He died that fall."

"I didn't remember. You are always right Elvira. It just seems like such a long time. Sometimes I hear a step on the stairs and I wait for him to open my door and smile and say 'It's a wonderful day, Laurie, come on out for a walk, and I'll give you the world set in platinum', but it's never he."

"You mustn't think about him so much, it isn't good for you."

"I know, but I can't help it. You knew my Carrie didn't you Elvira?"

"Know her, didn't I bring her up."

"She's married now you know, has a fine son. I'm a grandmother."

"Laura, Carrie and Bill were killed in an automobile accident sixteen years ago. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, that's right, they were. I still have Peter though. He's such a fine boy, my grandson Peter."

That Peter, Elvira thought, he's the one's who's caused me all this trouble. Mr. Peter Atkins with all his fine manners, pleasing his grandmother with his ways. Well I've



taken care of him. Some fine gentleman is going to get a surprise."

"He's a fine boy, Elvira. Oh that's right now I remember, he used to be such a fine boy, so thoughtful and kind, but that was a long time ago. He hasn't been here to see me in such a long time. He used to come every few days. He's all I have now and he never comes."

"You have me, Laura, you know that."

"Of course I know it and I am very grateful, you shall see. Doesn't Peter ever call any more?"

"No, Laura, he hasn't been here for some time now," and to herself Elvira said "I almost thought she was going to ask about the envelope."

"Hasn't he even tried to find out how I am?"

"No, Laura, I'm afraid he hasn't."

"Is he well? You don't suppose that something could have happened to him do you?"

"Nothing has happened to him for you to worry about. I didn't want to tell you but he has been seen with some rather bad company lately."

"Elvira, no. Doesn't he know that I cannot tolerate evil ways? He doesn't drink does he?"

"I'm afraid so."

"My John never touched drink and he made millions. To think that Peter would become so evil. It must be the Atkins blood from his father. It surely did not come from my Carrie."

"I'm sure it didn't, Laura."

"I just can't understand why this has happened. He was always a lovely child. There was something I meant to ask you, now what was it. It was something about Lawyer Preston."

"About Mr. Preston?" Elvira said. At last, she thought.

"Yes, now what was it. I'll think of it."

Just as she finished speaking, the door to the room opened and Dora said in a small voice, "Excuse me Mrs. Low, may I speak with Miss Elvira?"

"I'll be right out, Dora. You go down stairs and I'll be with you in a minute. Will you mind if I leave you for a moment, Laura?" said Elvira as Dora went out closing the door behind her.

"Go ahead, I'll be all right. Just put the dress here across the bed and I will try to remember what it was that I was going to tell you."

"I'll just close these French doors before I go, the wind seems to be coming up strong." Elvira went over to the French doors and stepped out on the terrace for a moment. Little gusts of wind blew some dust around her. "It looks like we are in for a storm," she said, "the clouds are very black over behind the house."

"Oh, Elvira."

"Don't worry now. I'll be back before you know it. The storm won't come up for a little while." Elvira went over to the door, opened it and said, "I'll be right back." She went out and closed the door softly behind her. As she hurried down the stairs she thought, so he is here again is he. I should have known he would come today. Well, Peter Atkins, I will take care of you immediately in more ways than one. She reached the bottom of the stairs and said to Dora, "Where is he, Dora?"

"He's in the library, Maam."

"Very good, you may go." Elvira stood for a moment outside the library door, then she opened it and stood in the doorway. "Good afternoon, Peter," she said. "How

nice to see you again." She closed the door quickly and went towards him with her hands extended.

A tall young man in his early thirties dressed in a well cut blue suit, a grey and black check tie stood up as she came in and met her extended hands with her own. His black hair was cut close to his head. He smiled and said, "Good afternoon, Elvira, you're looking well today."

"I feel very well today, Peter, how are you?"

"I am very well too. How is my grandmother?"

"She is not much better than she was last Monday when you called and worse than she was when you came last week, or the week before that."

"Oh, no. I'd hoped to hear better news. I wish that I could be home here with her all the time but I must travel so much for the company that I only can come once in a while."

"Yes, I know, Peter, and I'm sure your grandmother understands."

"May I see her today. Every time I come it seems that she is sleeping or has been given a sedative or something."

"I am afraid you will have to be disappointed again, Peter. You see her heart is getting weaker and weaker and she spent a bad night. I have just got her to sleep. I'm sorry."

"I don't want to waken her, of course, but I would like to see her."

"I'm sure you would and I know she wants to see you. Perhaps if I called you some day later this week you could come again."

"I'll be out of town for most of the next two weeks, but as soon as I get back I'll come again. How will that be, Elvira?"

"Fine, Peter, I am really very sorry that you haven't been



able to see your grandmother, but when she wakes up, I will tell her you were here, just as I always do."

"Thank you, Elvira, I don't know what Granny would do without you. Oh, by the way, will you please give her these flowers? Tell her that I'll be back soon, and that I love her."

"I'll do just that, Peter, and what is more, I'll tell her what a wonderful grandson she has." The two had moved out of the library and were standing at the front door.

Peter put on his hat and said, "Well goodbye Elvira. I'll phone to see how she is. If you need me I'll be in Detroit, the office will give you my address. Gives her a little kiss for me will you?"

"Yes, Peter, goodbye and have a safe trip." Elvira watched him go down the walk and drive away in a long black convertible. Goodbye and good riddance, she thought. He has cars and money and I have none, so why shouldn't I have some too. I'll keep him from getting the old lady's money. "Dora, come here."

"Yes Maam."

"Throw these old flowers away, they are almost dead."

"But, Maam, they're still fresh."

"Dora, do as you are told, throw them away."

"Yes Maam. Maam who is Peter Atkins?"

"He is a friend of my cousin, and I will thank you to mind your own business."

"Yes Maam."

Elvira went back up the stairs and into the bedroom. "Here I am, Laura. That didn't take long. It wasn't anything important, cook wanted to know what time to have dinner and if you would be down. You know it's rather hard to break in a new maid and a new cook at the same time."

"You do so well, Elvira. I don't know what I would do without you. Oh, yes, I remember now what I wanted to ask you. Did Lawyer Preston come today?"

"Mr. Preston? Oh yes, he did come this morning."

"Did he bring something for me?"

"Why yes, Laura, he did, and what is more I forgot all about it what with training new servants and heaven knows what else on my mind."

"That's all right, I sometimes forget things myself. Where is the envelope?"

"Right here on this chair. I put it here when I brought you the milk and cookies and forgot to give it to you. Here it is."

"Thank you, Elvira. Elvira, my dear, how long have you been with me?"

"For forty-five years."

"Imagine for forty-five years. You have spent most of your life helping us, caring for us. I don't know what we would have done without you."

"I've been glad to do it, Laura. You and John were like my own family."

"Do you know what is in this envelope?"

"No."

"This is my new will."

"A new will?"

"Yes, Elvira, a new will. You know that in the old one you were taken care of very well, but I have decided to change it and leave everything to you. That is why I had Lawyer Preston draw up a new one. Here it is and it only needs to be signed."

"But Laura, this cuts off Peter without a cent. I can't let you do that."

"Why should he get my money now that he has taken up an evil life. Why should he have more money to waste on drunken friends?"

"Laura, I can't let you do it."

"Nonsense, Elvira, I have made my mind up, the will is here, and I want to sign it."

"Oh. Laura, I don't deserve it."

"You have been such a comfort to me, Elvira. I want to die knowing that my money will be appreciated and well-earned."

It certainly will, you can bank on that. I've worked hard to get this money, Elvira thought. "I just don't know what to say," she said.

"Elvira, was that lightning?"

"O yes it was, the storm came up faster than I thought."

"Please draw the curtains and shut the windows, Elvira. I'm so afraid of a thunderstorm."

"Yes, I will. Nothing will hurt you." Elvira quickly went to the windows and shut them, then she drew the long drapes over them and lit a small bedside lamp. "There we are."

"About this will, Elvira, I want to sign it now before I forget it."

"There is no hurry, we can do it anytime."

"No I want to do it now, my mind's made up."

"We need two witnesses."

"Two witnesses? Do we? Oh dear."

"I could get the maid and cook, but then there's no hurry."

"The maid and cook, get them and bring them to be witnesses."

"But the storm, Laura, you don't like to be alone."



"I'll be fine if you hurry back."

"I don't like to leave you alone, the storm is getting worse."

"Go get them at once. I want to sign this will."

"Yes, Laura, but I'll be right back."

Just then a heavy clap of thunder rocked the house and the wind and rain rattled the French doors. Elvira opened the door into the hall and the draft caused the French doors to open sending the curtains in a wild orgy of wind and rain. Outside the thunder roared, the lightning blazed. Laura screamed, "Elvira", but Elvira was gone.

As she walked quickly down the hall and stairs Elvira thought, At last, at last all that I have planned and schemed has worked out. In a few minutes I will be a rich woman. It hasn't taken too much. I've had to lie a little and cheat a little, but it has been worth it. Money is worth anything. She went into the kitchen where the cook and Dora were preparing dinner. "Come with me quickly," she said.

"What's wrong, Ma'am?"

"Nothing is wrong, don't ask questions, just come, both of you."

"But my roast . . ."

"Never mind your roast, hurry!" She rushed out of the kitchen and up the stairs followed by the gaping pair. Outside the thunder roared endlessly and the lightning flashes threw the three shadows against the wall. Just as they reached the top of the stairs, the air was filled with a terrible crackling and a blinding flash, and immediately the house was shaken by the roar of the thunder. From inside the room came a shriek. Elvira and the terrified servants rushed into the room full of wind and rain.

"Laura!" Elvira screamed as she ran over to the bed. She

leaned over the still form and gasped, "Laura." She felt for the pulse in the limp arm. She took the unsigned will from the clenched fist and crumpled it up. She turned to the servants cowering in the door and slowly said, "Laura is dead."

## WEATHER WISE

*Marie Sally '52*

Tahitians plait their huts of straw,  
Heedless of sudden hurricanes.  
New England watches weather vanes,  
Built stout for winters bleak and raw.  
Bring on the oak beams and the stone  
Hasten, my love, the snow falls soon:  
When straw of southern huts lie strewn  
Our love will brave the wind alone.

# STAINED GLASS GLORY

*Joanne Spurk '53*

THE development of the art of stained glass has furnished man with one of his richest sources of pleasure and inspiration. Its history began about the middle of the eleventh century when windows that were both colorful and pictorial were placed in the lights of Augsburg Cathedral. A most important example of early stained glass is a window of Tree of Jesse design at Chartres, which dates from the twelfth century. The glass of these windows, which preserve the early Romanesque styling, is a quiet harmony of blues, pale greens, whites, browns, and yellows with no effort toward the jewel-like quality that was achieved in the thirteenth century and which is popular today. The glorious windows that were produced in "the greatest of centuries" proved garnered treasures that were to serve stained glass designers as a standardized form centuries later.

In the fourteenth century, as the new spirit of Franciscan naturalism crept into all art and literature, the windows grew higher and wider and the tracery more intricate, for the glass painter abandoned the fixed types of early Gothic art for the living things before him. Because the Hundred Years' War and the Black Death brought poverty and misery into the glassman's shop as well as elsewhere, there was a definite waning in the talent and power of the fourteenth century craftsman, but the few masterpieces of this period have qualities of design and color that suggest great traditions, such as the Passion window of Strasbourg Cathedral, which is serene and cool in frosty whites.



The label of the fifteenth century bears the implications of hard times, but also some refinements in material and design that bespeak a little wealth. The figure of Saint Thomas Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, England, well represents the work of the period, while at the same time respecting ancient traditions in a simplified fashion.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries witnessed a downfall of architecture and the related crafts, but the philosophic historians who occasionally mention this, fail to appreciate the spiritual significance in Christian art of the craftsman's effort to please his rich and powerful donor, with his nervous unrest and his roving eye.

Roger Frye might have been thinking of the stained glass artist when he wrote these words:

It is impossible that the artist should work for the plutocrat; he must work for himself, because it is only by doing so that he can perform the function for which he exists; it is only by working for himself that he can work for mankind.

Today to most Americans stained glass windows mean picture windows, yet the difference between picture windows and masterpieces in stained glass is startling. True stained glass compositions are jewelled designs, wrought in glass, lead, iron, and light. Just as in medieval times, they must be created by men who are artists and also, at the same time, mastercraftsmen, citizens, and worshippers of a very active world. One of the few scenes of true stained glass beauty in New England is the church of Saint Michael in Lowell, Massachusetts.

The designer has incorporated the charm and grace of European glass in fashioning these windows. Their beauty cannot be accurately paralleled to the beauty of any single thing. It is a unique beauty excellently compounded of the

loveliness of a Raphael Madonna, the activity of a Chopin polonaise, the power of a Shakespearean drama, the glory of a July sunset, the encouraging hope of a soft breeze, and the midnight brilliance of a million silver stars scattered across the heavens.

Most of the scenes portrayed are taken from the life of Christ. These constitute the centers of the windows, while above and below are small medallions, the upper symbolic, and the lower, a pertinent historical representation which together stress the theme of each window.

One of the most fascinating qualities of this, as of all true stained glass, is the manner in which the light which is transmitted acquires the colors of the glass; another is the ever shifting response of the windows to light variations which continuously occur from changes in time of day, weather, and season.

When the golden sun directs its shafts upon the sparkling glass, the radiant beams of light are captured and transformed into a rainbow of shimmering glacial blues, tender greens, kingly purples, and flaming reds which glow in color harmony. The melting beauty of the whole is brought forth by cooling whites which emphasize the splendor of the dignified colors. In the soft light of evening, or on a cloudy day, the effects of shade and subtle shadow lend the quiet air of mysterious beauty, for in this light, staccato stabs of gold become molten, the icy blues adopt a lustrous low tone, and the reds become like smouldering embers.

The great and majestic center window above the choir loft is a superb exposition of symmetrical design, proudly exhibiting two hundred fifty two cadences of blue enhanced by burnished golds and vibrant crimsons. It exhibits a variation in styling. It is divided into two main sections



and the entire background is a field of limpid blue stencilled in delicate pattern.

Surmounting the bottom panel is the shining symbol of Christianity, the cross. Below this, outlined by an arch of rich golden tone, are the three familiar symbols of the Divine Redeemer, the letters "I H S", the sacrificial Lamb, and the long stemmed "P" crossed by the "X" and flanked by alpha and omega, the beginning and the end.

This wealth of spiritual implication can be even further appreciated during the mid-morning Mass on Sunday when the voice of the choir is raised in hymns, because at this hour sunbeams make a playground of this window and it almost seems to join in the psalm of praise as the crystal blues respond in the shifting tones of a stirring melody.

A twinkling galaxy of colorful stars sprinkled like glittering gems upon a bolt of soft blue velvet hovers above Gethsemane in the canopy of the skies. This is the backdrop of the Agony in the Garden, represented in one of the windows in the west wall. This window so beautiful in lesson, presents a performance at the close of every sunny day which reveals the secrets of the beauty of a stained glass window. As the sun sinks westward, the diminishing activity of the reds can be easily discerned as Christ's flowing mantle of crimson gradually deepens in tone. The mossy rock is transformed slowly to the depths of the green of the leaf of a woodland violet, and the vault of the sky is mystical in its quiet blue accentuated by the tiny stars.

Dominating the church from high above the main altar and preaching Calvary's sublime sermon from its lofty station, the window of His love responds gently to the pervading northern lights, which render to it the quintessence of enchanting loveliness. This grand window portrays the



characteristics desirable in every stained glass composition. While effectively admitting light it subdues it and presents to the eye a pleasing and interesting picture, and to the soul the sermon of Christ's boundless love. The lesson is accented by the colors incorporated in the window. The soft emerald of the mantle of Mary of Salome symbolizes the hope eternal we have in Him. The crimson of the garment of His sorrowful Mother represents the tide of His life's blood shed for us. The purple folds of Magdalen's gown fall exhibits the regal purple of the King, the somber purple of the penitent. The blue of the nightly depths of the encircling heavens outlines the adorable body of the redeeming Lamb.

Accented by a representation of the institution of the Holy Eucharist at the Last Supper on which Calvary's scene is surmounted, this picture completes the perfect story of the Divine Lover giving His Body and Blood for the food of our souls.

From the 11th century creations of the stained glass windows to those which grace the church of Saint Michael, the story of stained glass, which has contributed much to the enrichment of the human mind, gloriously celebrates the true spirit of art.

# ALLEGORY OF CREATION

*Helen Hennessy, '54*

Remember now the first day—  
Day.

*And God said—Let there be Light.*

How was it first I saw the bright  
Nimbus around you  
And knew  
Daylight, and  
Is this heaven, then, to see the nimbus  
Always?

*And God said—Let there be Seas.*

How did you bring the ocean from  
My frozen rocks?  
In what billows did you teach my stillness motion  
Within the revelation of your ocean?  
Is this depth, then, heaven ?

*And God said—Let there be Earth.*

How did you know I had not seen  
The warmth of blue and green  
Until you showed me?  
How had you realized the void  
Of self-created blindness?  
Is this new world the new heaven?

*And God said—Let there be the Sun and Moon and Stars.*

To blaze and shine within us!  
What vagrant ray  
Coursed the gap between us,  
Bridging, linking, locking—  
O importunate knocking  
Of my heart to be heard, cease never!  
Heaven-stars, shine forever!

*And God said—Let there be Fishes, Beasts, and Birds.*

In what words  
Can thanks come? My world of green and blue  
Lived now—and my love grew  
In the beauty of iridescence  
Under white spray; and it flowered in music.  
Heaven, are you complete?

*And God said—Let us make Man.*

Your final gift to me—myself.  
But not alone. In the generosity of love,  
You gave yourself. In the infinity  
Of Love unshared  
We live now.        Surely, heaven here!

\*        \*        \*



*And on the seventh day . . .*

Where is the fire-joy?

Where are the seas, the stars?

Beyond what invisible bars

Have they escaped? In barren rest and silence

Have they disappeared? and heaven,

Once given,

Taken by violence,

Through what impalpable gates has it vanished?

If I could know

The harsh end, why could I not forego

The deceiving beginning?

Where was the winning?

My will in Thine dissolving.

But remember, now, remember the

Day.

*And God saw that it was good.*

---

## THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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### *Bostonese:*

Boston has long been famous for her baked beans, scholars, historical monuments and culture. Her people feel themselves bolstered by legends of traditional prudence and common sense.

When Mr. Kascovitch demands the five thousand dollars that his property is worth, and the buyer says to him, "Typical Yankee shrewdness!" Mr. Kascovitch feels a thrill of pride. This is a certain solidness about being a New Englander, rather like that of standing on a firm rock in the midst of quicksands.

But all our culture and learning is threatened by one small thing: our accent here in our stamping ground, everyone speaks the same way, so the atrocity of our accent is not noticeable. But in other states, we are constantly being ridiculed and humiliated by people who note in our accent vestiges of the speech of Old Millie, digging clams on Cape Cod in 1796.

\* \* \*

When a Bostonian in New York says innocently, "Where did you park your car?" and is greeted with "C-a-a car! Isn't there any *r* in the New England alphabet?" he cannot maintain his self-respect. At first he is rebellious and says "I'll talk the way I want!" But after a while he surreptitiously begins to put an *r* in his words, and soon is pronouncing the forbidden letter openly.

Something must be done. Either we must conduct compulsory *r* classes, where the pupils will be drilled in words like car, horse, yard, etc., or we all must make a special individual effort to correct our speech, and heal Boston's Archille's heel.

*Jean Bourgeois, '52*

### *Of Such Stuff Dreams Are Made:*

Her secretary was a dark, earnest young man who tried hard to please her. She liked him. She knew that she had given him a wonderful opportunity by making him her private secretary. She knew that he had what it takes, he would go far, and she would be the one who had started him on the road to success. He turned from the desk and walked out of the office.

The top of the desk was neat and efficient looking. So was the woman behind it. Her black hair was parted in the middle, pulled back against her head, sleek, wound in a bun at the nape of her neck. The dark-rimmed glasses accentuated the picture of a compact, refined, adequate woman. She wore a suit of grey pin-stripe, feminine, but business-like. The sign on the glass-covered desk said, JANE MALLORY, EXECUTIVE PRESIDENT. The clock on the wall said exactly 10:45. Immediately the office door opened and the board of directors—all men—walked



in, respectful of her insistence upon punctuality. The conference began with no delay behind closed doors. The doors did not open again for three and a half hours, while the press sat waiting. The next day every newspaper bore the blazing headline—JANE MALLORY RESURRECTS DEFUNCT CORPORATION.

\* \* \*

The banging of the front door aroused Jane from her sleep. She looked at the clock, its fluorescent hands shining in the four-thirty shadows. Her mother's call to come down stairs and set the table waked her completely, and she could hear Frankie's voice starting in once again

—Put your dreams away—

*Nancy Foster, '53*

\* \* \*

*Verse Flings:*

### SENSELESSNESS

What good is there in abstinence  
If meat is no delight,  
If there are no rejoicing teeth  
To glory in a bite,  
If savory meaty smells produce  
No tremor in the brain  
A vegetarian cannot  
Pursue Friday's pain.

\* \* \*

## THE PLUM

We have etched a wrinkle  
On our ripened love.  
Noon has shone too hotly,  
Baking moistened mauve.

I had a thought of autumn,  
Summer was too soon.  
Sweet preserve can never come  
From a practiced prune.

*Marie Sally, '52*

\* \* \*

## BALLAD OF THE BULGE

O strum a sad tune on the mandolin  
For the size forty lady who could not grow thin.  
Mourn on the flute for the soul unquiet  
Who cherished her chocolates, and ruined her diet.

A dirge for the diet that came to nought!  
(By plump white fingers that candy box sought.)  
O cry for a cause that is noble, but lost,  
Since slimming on sweets is a fate star crossed.

*Marian Misch, '52*

## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Twenty-fifth Hour*, by C. Virgil Gheorghiu. Translated by Rita Eldon. New York: Alfred A. Knoff, 1951.

The subject matter of *The Twenty-fifth Hour* is not pretty nor entertaining. Brutal murder, suicide, mutilation, rape, torture, never are. This book is a shocking indictment of a society gone mad. It is the vehicle for a message whose import is tremendously important. The words of the book seem to shriek at the reader a description of the death agony of a society which is "beyond salvation", and this society is our own.

Mr. Gheorghiu's book is terrifying. Whether or not one accepts his fundamental thesis that "Society is now created for technological, rather than human requirements", with a resultant loss of belief in the intrinsic value of the individual, one cannot but feel the salutary shock that such a book must have on the serious thinker in the world today.

There is no flicker of joy nor hope on the book. Mr. Gheorghiu, a Romanian well versed in philosophy, feels our technological civilization is already doomed. A startling revelation to Americans is the fact that a sincere and well-informed European like Mr. Gheorghiu does not see the Russo-American struggle as a war between two distinct and opposing societies and ideologies, but rather as a revolution that is typically Western, ". . . a struggle between two classes of the same society." Russia is simply "the most advanced branch of Western Technological Civilization." This concept of the situation is almost incredible to Americans. For this reason alone, the book can be read with profit by every thinking American. *The Twenty-fifth Hour* offers



a key to a better understanding of what unspeakable horrors millions of Europeans have suffered in slave labor camps, and what they are still suffering today.

*The Twenty-fifth Hour* is not an ordinary novel, even in form. In fact it is a novel in name only. Mr. Gheorghiu makes little pretense of using the fiction form as anything but a flexible vehicle for his message. The long philosophical discourses on the state of our society are put in the mouth of one of the characters, Traian Koruga, a writer, who proposes in the story to write a book called *The Twenty-fifth Hour* about just this subject. It takes little perspicacity to realize that Traian is the mouthpiece of Mr. Gheorghiu.

The style is cool and crystalline. No doubt the translator, Rita Eldon, deserves much credit on this account. There is an objectivity about the most horrible scenes of the book, a detached air about the direct prophecies, that proves more effective than violent denunciations. This quality contributes immeasurably to the emotional effect of the book which is fear, sheer fear. One feels Mr. Gheorghiu's burning sincerity. The broken homes, the twisted minds, and tortured bodies, the degrading concentration camps, the beasts in human forms, the innocent victims pictured in this book are real. They have their counterparts in Europe and Asia today. Although the reader insists desperately to himself that America is different, that it cannot happen here, he finds it difficult to feel convinced.

*The Twenty-fifth Hour* lays bare a society which is rotten and then implies that there is no soul in it. Mr. Gheorghiu's solution is that the rebirth of human and spiritual values ". . . will probably come from the East, from Asia," where the power of the spirit is strong. The need for a re-evaluation of our society has been growing more evident by the

minute. Mr. Gheorghiu's solution may be questioned. He seems not to have confidence in the vigor and potentialities for effective action of the Christian spirit in the West. The power of the spirit in the East has always turned in upon itself, and degenerated into a form of negativism.

Mr. Gheorghiu's book fills a crying need of the times, bringing a clear and reasonable condemnation of our technological civilization to the public by means of a novel instead of an involved philosophical treatise, that would be read by an erudite few. *The Twenty-fifth Hour* has already occasioned a great deal of controversy, and will no doubt arouse more. Its impact on the reader is immense, and in this reviewer's opinion salutary. *The Twenty-fifth Hour* is not for those who want escapist literature. It faces four-square the shocking reality of our society today.

Joan Butler, '52

*Yeats, the Man and the Masks*, by Richard Ellmann. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1948.

Skillfully blending his talents for scholarly research into Yeats's abundant output, careful insight into the unusual temperament of the poet, and an earnest and quite successful application of psychology in correlating the man, the mask, and the growth of the poet, Mr. Ellmann has portrayed clearly and enjoyably the many complexities of a most intriguing literary figure. His masterful handling of a difficult subject makes for pleasant though occasionally challenging reading. There are passages dealing with occultism and esoteric Yeatsism where we fairly plunge into the battle of wits with courage and determination, to emerge victoriously flushed and, though uncertain of the thorough-



ness of our accomplishment, assured that we have pierced somewhat the aura of mystery surrounding much of Yeats's symbolism.

The life of Yeats is an enchanting revelation of a perpetual psychological struggle. The shy uncertainty, the lack of self-reliance, the fabulous dreams of refuge that held sway over the poet wrestle with his determination to reconcile dream and reality, the mask and the man.

Yeats's unique love for the beautiful Maud Gonne, his tenacious adherence to his ideal of beauty, the undaunted nationalist spirit which colored his entire life, and the late marriage that so deeply influenced his literary career anchor us more firmly to reality as Yeats, viewing life through the eyes of the poet, takes us on a journey that often seems a purely mystical adventure.

In discussing the profound influence on Yeats of occultism, of the Theosophists, of his spiritual rebirth through the order of the Golden Dawn, Mr. Ellmann surveys the phenomena encountered impartially, interested only in their effect on Yeats as manifested in his literary work. Undoubtedly Ellmann was purposely cautious to avoid expressing personal opinions of credence or disbelief, but the lay reader, prompted to scoff at first, longs for a more trustworthy opinion than his own regarding the authenticity of such fascinating phenomena that enjoyed the devoted interest of a brilliant scholar and poet.

Yeats's lifelong struggle with himself is cleverly reconstructed and correlated with his poetic growth, thus clarifying somewhat the basic meaning of his symbolism. Mr. Ellman's concise and enlightening explanation of Yeats's doctrine of the masks reveals the crux of the poet's development. Because of his internal battle between reality and



appearance, Yeats felt compelled to strive throughout life to achieve harmony between spirit and matter in his work as well as in his life. His development of the symbolic method, even when perfected, reminded him that he had had recourse to it partly because of shyness. Yeats was never satisfied that he had accomplished the unity, harmony, and sincerity he desired in his work, perhaps because he never achieved these goals in his philosophy.

Mr. Ellmann has given us a deep insight into a strange life, a scholarly and conscientious interpretation of facts, an unbiased and thoroughly human presentation of a great literary figure, whose active life was itself a mask, William Butler Yeats.

*Jean Whalen, '51*

*The Trials of a Translator.* By Ronald Knox. New York: Sheed & Ward.

In a book which succeeds in being both scholarly and entertaining, Monsignor Knox attempts to "answer the question which naturally suggests itself to the uninitiated: 'What, nine years to translate the Bible! Fancy taking as long as that!'" After agonizing with Monsignor Knox through a handful of the etymological conundrums which he had to solve, most people would find themselves wondering how any human being could satisfactorily translate the Bible in ninety times nine years.

The problem which peculiarly faced Monsignor Knox was how to make the Bible "outside reading." He asks a leading question: "When did you last come across one of your friends with a Bible open in front of him?" He believes that all but a few scholarly people find our present

official form of the Bible tiresome to read because the expression is not in the idiom to which they are accustomed. Unless the Bible can be read as the vital story which it is, in a language which is alive and kicking, most people will just give up reading the important book and go on to something else.

The word "idiom" runs like a thread throughout the book. A translator's trials, says Monsignor Knox, lie mainly in the fact that a good translation must be in the idiom of its prospective readers—not slang; although he says that often a slang expression would convey its meaning perfectly, he wants his version to be dignified and also completely comprehensible to prospective readers of 2150. What he means by "idiom" is: How would Pontius Pilate, for instance, have phrased his words if he were speaking modern English? Most translators, he says, satisfy themselves by translating the Bible word for word and word by word, heedless of the lack of force this artificial English will convey to the reader. Monsignor Knox presents in this book a few examples of the difficulties which beset him in his difficult task, some in answer to criticisms which he has received, some in answer to criticisms he never will receive. He gives us the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew words for a particular verse, and then his own English equivalent, presenting his defense for his translation.

It is a new experience to be allowed to step into the mind of a translator of the Bible, especially when it is such a humanistic and lucid mind as that of Monsignor Knox. Since the book is a collection of essays and lectures, there is some overlapping of subject matter. But the reading of it leads to a deeper appreciation of the Bible and of Bible translators, particularly when they are as enlightened as Monsignor Knox.

*Marie Sally, '52*



*Roman Collar.* By Edward Roberts Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1950, 251 pp.

Monsignor Moore affirms that his purpose in writing *Roman Collar* was to answer queries such as one particular person put to him: "What does a priest do anyway? I know that he says Mass in the morning. I know he hears confessions at various times. He is always at Church weddings . . . at the bedside of the dying. So far, so good. But what does he do the rest of the time?" In an autobiographical pamphlet that grew to be a book Monsignor Moore adequately answers these and similar questions.

This priest of God who has occupied the limelight in much of the national news of the past generation and who has had contact with many important people in all walks of life is in a good position to answer such questions. In parish work, through eighteen years as a member of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York and later as a pastor of a busy metropolitan church, Monsignor Moore can write of a busy life well spent. He takes his readers into the front parlor and parish homes of St. Peter's parish where he is assigned immediately after his Ordination and thus treats with simplicity and sympathetic humor the typical events in the life of a young assistant priest and the people with whom he comes in contact. After four years at Saint Peter's Monsignor Moore was assigned to a staff position on the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York. During his eighteen years there he was actively engaged in work with Catholic youth, was instrumental in forming the New York regional C. Y. O., with the Catholic Boy Scouts, as well as with Federal Housing and the organization of the Catholic motion picture review panel, the Legion of Decency. In the narrations of his various activities Mon-



signor Moore gives an interesting glimpse at his acquaintance with such important personalities as Harry Hopkins, Fiorello La Guardia and Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt. The cycle being completed, after firmly establishing his division of the Catholic Charities, Monsignor Moore "retired" to the pastorate of the same church where he went as an assistant in the early years of his priesthood. There, catering to the spiritual needs of thousands of metropolitan workers, he established the famous *Barclay Street Institute* where Catholic Action and information for all those who seek to learn the truths of the faiths are the keynotes of activity.

Father Moore writes in a familiar style. It is regrettable, however, that he pays so very little attention to the literary rule of unity. His continual regressions and anticipatory remarks spoil the continuity of his story. It is regrettable, also, that he allots so much space to the technical aspects of his sociological work and to impertinent biographies of relatively unimportant persons.

*Roman Collar*, despite its literary defects, is a book that should have a wide appeal. Students of sociology will enjoy its presentation of and viewpoint on current problems; seminarians, priests, and boys who are thinking about a religious vocation will enjoy reading of how one priest applied the vow of obedience in his own life. All laymen who have wondered in the past will find the answer to the query: "What does a priest do with his time?"

Mary Baran, '52

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Published quarterly, during the academic year—November, February, April, June—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



# THE FEARFUL HEART

Mary E. Sullivan, '52

WHEN Kensington Heights became a more fashionable district in which to live than the old chestnut-shadowed avenues around the park, it was only natural that within a short time the thoroughfare crossing the base of that select area would also undergo a change. It took less than two decades for the Union Street that I knew as a child to be transformed from a halfway respectable cluster of boarding houses, basement cobblers, and corner store bakeries to the gleaming row of store fronts with huge shiny glass windows, and wide sidewalks. Yet even if it is cleaner now in its self conscious attempt to imitate the sophisticated suavity of the Boston stores, and glows like Christmas every night with its new florescent street lights, I must confess that in the days when a few straggly elms struggled for life through the choking cobblestones and the rubbish cans stood like so many abandoned derelicts washed up in the gutters and the yellow glow of the street lights after dark was as unobstrusive as candle flame, I liked it better. Kensington Heights at that time was to us simply *The Hill* where we went sliding in the winter, played Cowboys and Indians in the summer.

The wreckers have levelled them all, now. When I lived at Aunt Nellie's the street was lined with dull red brick houses close together and separated only by narrow strips of green lawn jealously protected by stout iron fences. They jutted their brick steps into the skimpy hems of sidewalk as if they were trying to establish a more secure toehold on their environment. Some of the houses nearer the center of town hung out fancy names, like "Crest Manor," or "The

Aberdeen Chambers," or simply the dignified shingle, "Guests." However, our part of the street accepted the unvarnished terms of boardinghouse and advertised chiefly by reputation or a dusty card in the front bay window lettered "Room To Let." There a person could get a fairly comfortable room, invariably with a white iron bed, and two meals a day for no more than eight dollars weekly. My aunt's establishment was unique in that she catered solely to "Gentlemen Roomers," having no patience at all with the foibles of her own sex. No matter how much the feminine demand for lodgings or how scarce her gentlemen clients might be, her maxim that "One woman in a house is more than enough," went unbroken.

I suppose a cross section of our boarders would have shown them to be what some uncharitably term common, but to me they were fascinating. Some appeared and disappeared with the recurring seasons. Brawny construction workers would stay for the duration of a job. Then in a few weeks be off on the trail of another, heading for such exotic sounding places as Schenectady, Denver, and Pittsburgh. Then there were the railroad men, and clerks, bakers, and tailors. These stayed longer; although she was used to it, Aunt Nellie would be despairing that a body hardly got on to the way one of them wanted his eggs cooked and he'd be giving his notice and be gone in a week.

There were some, however, who it seemed had lived there forever. They were members of that lonely race or cast so common in an industrial town, having no family to take them in, who are apparently quite content to work out their existence in the privacy of one room, share a bath, and gamble year after year on the uncertain quality of the daily bread prepared in the boardinghouse kitchen. Barker Hilton was one of these. Of all the people I came to know during



my childhood sojourns at Aunt Nellie's, my recollection of him is the most vivid.

He was a tall man, extremely thin, with a long sad face which might have made people think that his was a gloomy nature if they didn't look close and see the impish gleam in his brown eyes. I think he must have worked as a mechanic for his everyday clothes were quite coarse and his blunt fingernails clean only on Sunday. My aunt refused to answer any of my questions concerning any of the roomers because she said it was a child's way to mix things up and cause hard feelings. This of course only added to the mystery and made me more curious than ever. Once she told me that Barker worked at the "yards," but I was given no further explanation. I was not bothered, for what Barker was at that time was hardly so interesting as guessing with the other neighbor children as to what he had once been. In spite of his overalls, greasy slouch cap, and battered lunchpail, we recognized in his bearing almost instinctively that he more than any of the other lodgers on the street was a fabulous character.

All of the children worshipped him. Every evening at six o'clock when he rounded the corner on to Union Street he was met by a pack of screeching children. Swinging one of us high upon his lean shoulders, a parade looking for all the world like the march of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, would progress from the corner to our front door. The reason for his popularity was not so much that he had a way with children, or that he understood us. Actually he was one of us. He had never grown up to the point where he no longer wanted to play. If we played parade, Barker was always ready to lead with a broomstick. No one enjoyed a game of *Hide and Seek* more than he if it were played in the back alleys in those bewitching hours just after sundown. Boys and girls were changed by the shadows to alien



and menacing forms slipping silently from one black doorway to another, exploding into screams of excitement as each rushed to capture the yellow circle of streetlight shouting "My goal, my goal!" On summer nights when we crowded the steps he delighted in telling us weird stories. After I was tucked in bed their memory would keep coming back making goosepimples rise on the back of my neck. Other nights we would be entertained by odd little verses, and snatches of song that he told us he remembered from the days when he was a gypsy.

The very fact that he is the only roomer I ever dared to call by his first name indicates how close he was as a companion. When Aunt Nellie would scold me for being impolite calling my elders by their christian names, he would croon to her in his soft calm voice, "Tosh, Mrs. Macartey, the child means no harm. I'm just a poor fellow, let 'em call me as they likes. Kinder makes me feel at home." And so the matter would be dropped for the time.

Barker was not a native of the town. He had taken a room at Aunt Nellie's shortly after she bought the house and turned it into a rooming establishment. He never referred to his life before coming to Union Street, unless it was to concoct some extraordinary story that none of us believed, about being an Indian Prince or a retired pirate. Quite by accident I discovered the truth one day when I burst into his room without warning. An automobile had crashed against a lamp post outside and I did not want Barker to miss the thrilling spectacle of the wreck. My excitement was so great that I forgot to knock and thrusting the door open I pushed into the little room almost colliding with a worn hassock carelessly thrown in the middle of the floor. I had been to his door many times before but had never ventured to step inside, and he had never invited me. What I saw now made me stop short.

Most of the rooms in our house were quite barren and colorless in their furnishing, bed, chair, dresser, table, and that was all. The roomers must have been satisfied with the stark simplicity for they seldom attempted to change anything. But Barker's room was different. Behind his bed was a huge poster that took up most of the wall space. It was emblazoned with great red and blue letters. In the center of the picture was a beautiful lady in pink balancing on the back of a white horse. The other walls were hung with photographs of groups of grinning people in bizarre costumes. Barker was seated on the floor, tailor fashion. In front of him was an open trunk from which spilled folds of gayly colored spangled materials. I had surprised him. Dropping a stack of newspaper clippings into the trunk he looked up sheepishly. By the way he ran his fingers through his sparse gray hair I knew he was embarrassed.

"Jumpin' Sassafras girl," his tone was soft when he recognized me as the intruder, "you pretty near scared me out of my skin boundin' in here like a jackrabbit! What's all the matter anyways?"

His brown eyes twinkled beneath his grizzley brows and I knew he was not angry at the interruption. Still I could not speak but just stared at him openmouthed. He saw my confusion and knew the reason. He chuckled and said,

"Well now, Mary, what do you think of my nest? Not bad for an old bird, eh? Look at the pictures if you like. They're all good honest people in spite of their appearance, and that I can swear, because I once knew 'em all."

I was dumbfounded. I looked at the pictures, and I looked at him and stammered,

"G-G-Gosh Barker, they all look like circus folks. Were you . . ."

His laugh rang like a bell in the narrow room.

"Good for you Mary, girl, you're a smart one, ain't you?"



On to my secret before I get a chance to tell you."

His expression changed to one of extreme gravity and he whispered to me so earnestly that I could not be sure whether or not he was fooling.

"Promise you'll not let on. I wouldn't want it blabbed all over the whole neighborhood that old Barker was nothin' but a circus performer. Folks hereabouts is so respectable that there's no tellin' what they'd have to say. Besides it's a man's way to have some secrets, isn't that right?"

I agreed with him heartily and crossed my heart hoping to die if I should ever betray his trust in me. But my curiosity could not be held in check and I asked if he really had been in the circus. It seemed too wonderful to be true.

"Was Barker in the circus? Why Mary, I was the circus. Bozo the head clown of the Milvern Circus, that was me, what do you think of that? Course I wasn't the star, but I was the best clown that you'd ever see, that I was."

He leaned back holding his knees and laughed again as though it were a tremendous joke. With a magnificent gesture he motioned me toward his trunk.

"Here now, have a look at my costumes. They're a little yellow now but see if you don't think I was the best dressed clown in twenty states."

My reason for visiting him was forgotten, I was so fascinated by the bewildering pile of curiosities stored in that battered trunk. I spent more than an hour examining the treasure and learning the significance of each item. There were masks and rubber noses, trick neckties, and complicated props, and a remarkable tuxedo that concealed an American flag, a lone string of rubber sausages, with a special pocket for a concealed pigeon. There were stacks of mementoes, programs, ribbons, and more and more photographs. Barker explained the reason why he had held on to each over the years.



From then on we were better friends than ever. I soon realized that the big top had been the one grand passion in Barker's life. How he loved to talk of it, and how eager I was to listen. I started planning to become a trapeze artist, or a bareback rider when I grew up. The stories he could tell were inexhaustible of his days on the road, and his climb from waterboy to the envied position of head clown of the circuit.

Barker sat in his rocker pulling on a foul smelling pipe and blew the smoke meditatively toward the ceiling.

"Mary, I don't believe I ever told you of my really great act, the one that gave me my name in show business, did I?"

It wouldn't have mattered whether I had or hadn't. Barker's stories were never boring no matter how many times they were told, so I squatted at his feet in order that I might not miss one word or gesture, or expression. He put his pipe aside, lifted his feet onto the hassock, and folded his arms across his chest.

"It took me more'n a year to work it up, the best clown act the public ever seen if I do say so. I got the idea during our stand at Cedar Bluffs back in '26. Saw some young fellers trying to balance themselves on a rail fence, and they kept slipping and I couldn't help thinking how funny they looked, funny as clowns you might say. So anyhow I got this idea that I might be able to work up an act on the high wire somehow, and so I got to work and perfected it. Just after the highwire artists got through their exhibition, Cedar and Baker, it was in fact, I always came running out of the audience saying that I was going to kill myself. So I'd make a run for the ladder, and Bill Cedar would try to keep me off, but of course I got away and climbed to the top. Once I got out on the wire the fun really began. I'd start a teetering and atwistin' like as though I was sure losin' my bal-

ance. I'd let myself slip off and just catch myself with my foot when the audience would think sure I was done for. Jumpin' sassafras, I wish you could a heard 'em scream. I laugh to think of it. I really gave 'em a thrill for their money. The high point came after everybody realized I wasn't just a looney but a real performer. Two hundred feet above the ground without a net, I did the Charleston on that bloomin' wire and ended it all up with a triple flip that had mothers fainting in the aisles. That was an act, by golly it was."

His eyes glowed with the remembrance of his past glory. Then I saw his expression darken. Picking up his pipe again, he sighed "And it was that act that did me in, too."

I think he had forgotten that I was there and he reminisced in a voice as soft as though he was talking in his sleep of the great crowd that was there, how he had quarreled with the manager for more pay and had climbed to the wire distracted and angry.

"They always say in the circus," he said, "to leave your troubles on the ground. Well that day I didn't and, took a fall."

"Oh, Barker, and you had no net." I could see and hear it all: the screams of the crowd, the panic that seized the other performers as they saw him lose his footing and plummet to the ground.

"And that was the funniest part of all, for I got up and walked away. I should have been dead but I walked away. I was bruised bad but I'd not a bone in my whole body broken. After that I lost all my courage. There wasn't a power here or above that could 'a made me set foot in that ring again. I just went cold at the thought and I never performed afterwards. I got a feelin' that if I ever did that triple flip again, I'd be a goner, so I never tried."



The room had gotten quite dim as he finished for it was after six o'clock. I said I thought I'd better go before Aunt Nellie called. As I slipped out of the room I saw his face clearly silhouetted in the window. He was silent and did not even turn to see me go, but nevertheless I could see it even in his profile. He was reliving the whole experience and he was afraid.

One evening a few weeks later I was sent across town to pick up a bundle at Aunt Nellie's seamstress'. It was getting dark and chilly and rather than take the long way home by the sidewalks I took the liberty in the semi-twilight of cutting through vacant lots and over fences until I dropped into our own back alley. I was just about to turn in at our back door when I heard someone whisper my name. The voice was as unmistakable as the familiar, "Mary, girl, look here!!"

Above me standing on the top edge of the wooden fence dividing our house from the alley was Barker. He doffed his hat to me and scampered along the edge as spry as a chipmunk.

"What are you doing up there?" I demanded.

He bowed low but he did not lose his balance. "Were this a fine springy wire, I'd give you a show that would do the old town proud, but if you'll set up there on that orange crate I'll do what I can for you under the circumstances."

I could see his eyes shining with laughter. I settled myself upon the crate and gazed upward. He began to hum a dance tune and before my eyes tap-danced along the top of the fence. Then he simulated the roll of drums and I watched breathless with expectation as he braced himself and then sprang into the air. He snapped his body up sharply and did a backward flip, landing on his feet and imitated a blast of trumpets. It was a wonderful moment. I could not contain myself and kicked my feet against the orange crate



and applauded until my hands were sore. As solemnly as if I had been a whole audience, Barker bowed low again and murmured softly, "I thank you," and dropped lightly to the ground. We walked to the house together in silence. I went in the back door and he went around to the front. As he left I heard him whistling.

That night I was sent into the boarders dining room with a second bowl of mashed potatoes. Barker was talking when I pushed through the swinging door. The others were silent and hanging on his every word. I put the potatoes on the table and hurried from the room. I stood in the hallway a few minutes and listened at the crack in the door to the soft voice rising and falling with animation.

"The best act I ever had though was one that I got the idea for when I was in Cedar Bluffs back in '26. I seen these two fellows tryin' to balance on a fence. Well, they kept slippin' off an' I couldn't help but think how funny they looked——," And I ran back to the kitchen so Aunt Nellie wouldn't be tempted to ask what kept me so long.

## THE GULF STREAM

*Marie Sally, '52*

A most enduring lesson  
That I have learned to love  
Is from the Gulf of Mexico  
Whose stream flows from the south,  
  
Vivid with gay green Florida,  
And asking nothing more  
Than to caress the grayness  
Of some New England shore.

# LIFE IN ENGLISH A

*(A play in not more than one act)*

*Sally Cunningham, '52*

Dramatis personae

Instructor, English A ..... Professor Posolute

Permanent fixtures in English A ..... Miss Betelgeuse

Miss Acturus

Miss Vega

Miss Supernova

Miss Sirius

Miss Aldebaran

Outcast from English D ..... Miss Jones

*(The stage is set with a desk on the right, and seven smaller desks and chairs arranged in a row on the left. A lectern stands downstage to the right of the large desk. As the curtain rises Professor Posolute is seated at the desk. He rises as the students enter, and stand by their chairs. He scans the roll. Finally he seems satisfied.)*

Prof: Be seated! *(Students sit. Enter Miss Jones.)*

Jones: I'm sorry, Professor, but would you mind awfully if I came to this section today? You see, I . . .

Prof: All right, Miss Jones. How do you spell that?

Jones: J-o-n-e-s, Professor

Prof: Very well. You may sit at the end of that row. *(Miss Jones seems a trifle confused; eventually she finds her place.)*

My dear young ladies, today we are studying a type of folk ballad commonly referred to as "nursery rhyme" or "Mother Goose poem". Do you have any questions on the lesson? Anything you did not understand?

Aldebaran: Professor, I didn't quite understand the author's purpose in writing this poem on page 114. *(Mad*

*scrambling through pages as everybody in the section opens her book to the poem in question.)*

Prof: Just what didn't you understand, Miss Aldebaran?

Aldebaran: Well, Professor, I had some difficulty in determining precisely what the poet meant.

Prof: Well, let's see what was intended here. (*Reads*)

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

What did you get from reading that poem? (*Glances at section roll as everyone eagerly anticipates answering this question.*) Miss Vega?

Vega: I think it was a very subtle and interesting travesty on human nature after the manner of —uh—Swift or Pope.

Prof: Where did you get that, Miss Vega?

Vega: Well, Professor, here in the last two lines in particular, (*she reads*)

And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

I got in that passage a satire on the natural bent of man to follow after woman, and at the same time, an expression of the futility of such action, as the man never actually surpasses her, but always follows her. Uh . . . the comparison with the lamb, I thought, was very poignant. Here, the author uses as symbol a white lamb in order to convey a creature who is the exact opposite; that is, he is saying one thing, and meaning the opposite as Sophocles did in *Oedipus Rex*.

Prof: That's a very good conclusion, Miss Vega. You have gone very deeply into the author's purpose in writing this poem. Has anyone anything to add to this? (*Hands fly up.*) Yes, Miss Acturus?



Acturus: Sir, I agree with Miss Vega that the purpose of the author in this poem is to satirize human frailties, but I disagree in regard to the symbolism adopted by her. Superficially, that is what it seemed to me, but on deeper scrutiny into the poet's purpose, I find it actually a *reductio ad absurdum*, an ironical travesty, if you will. It represents the human desire for material things in the first line by the use of this lamb, and in the second:

Its fleece was white as snow,

*(Stops to smirk, as she has given this line from memory, however, receiving no admiring glances, she continues.)*

the poet brings forth the human regard for wealth as something to be desired by the use of the word *white*. And in the final two lines, he points out that the desire for material things is always with us, whether we know it or not.

Wherever Mary went,

The lamb was sure to go.

*(Pauses again for admiring glances, thinking she has quoted the last line correctly.)*

Prof: You have a point there, Miss Acturus; I hadn't thought of that. Have we answered your question, Miss Aldebaran?

Aldebaran: Yes, sir. I believe that the interpretation is essentially the one expressed by Miss Acturus. At any rate, that's what I thought when I read it, but I wasn't sure.

Sirius: Professor. *(Awaits recognition.)*

Prof: Uh . . . yes, Miss Sirius?

Sirius: What do you think this poem represents? Classicism, romanticism, or realism?

Prof: Well, let's have the class opinion on that. What do you think, Miss Sirius?

Sirius: *(Beaming with joy, as she had wanted to express*

*her opinion anyway.*) Professor, I think it is classicism. It is written in the same definite style as all the other poems of this group. It expresses no particular sentiment, keeps apart from all emotion. The characters are not well drawn, they could be anybody. Why any old lamb could be the one in this poem. I believe the only adjective applied to the lamb is *white*, and no adjective is used with Mary. Indeed, throughout the entire poem, one finds the classic mode. As a matter of fact, I believe this was written during the neo-classicist period.

Prof: Well now, I would question that opinion. It did not strike me as classicism. Does anyone agree with me on that point? (*Evidently everyone agrees, as seen by the flurry of rising hands.*) What do you think it is, Miss Betelgeuse?

Betelgeuse: Professor, I think this poem is definitely an example of romanticism. As Miss Acturus and Miss Vega pointed out, the poet is using a lamb, and a girl to represent an idea. That is, he is presenting his own uncontrollable emotion, his own feelings about this idea, and does so very skillfully. The emotion in this poem is very apparent and very touching. I disagree also with Miss Sirius' impression that the lamb and Mary could be any characters. Rather, I find it is quite definitely the opposite. The *Mary* of this poem is one of the most clearly defined I can find in any of the works of this author. Although no specific adjective is applied to her, a great many are implied, which make her character all the more interesting. She is represented as a rather beautiful young lady, as exemplified by the fact that her only known possession is a lamb whose fleece is "white as snow". Thus, we find she is of the purest character although rather wily, as shown by the way she leads this poor lamb around. She also has a light and flighty mind, for in the



second part of the poem . . . (*pauses significantly so that everyone in the section may know she is familiar with the part not in the book*) we see that she has absentmindedly allowed the lamb to come to school with her. She seems to me to have a rather quixotic personality, and no doubt she would be quite intriguing to psychoanalyse. Now, as to the lamb, I find he plays a distinct part in representing an idea, but has little other clearly expressed personification. He, or she, is more or less a phantasmagoria. (*Once again a pause to allow the section to recover from the impact of the last word.*) And of course, as in all romanticism, we find the love of animals, nature, and all outdoors expressed.

Prof: That's a fine analysis, Miss Betelgeuse, but I don't think you have the right idea. Of course, it's not too obvious at first just what type of literature is found here. Does anyone think she has the correct answer? (*Hands fly up.*) Miss Supernova?

Supernova: Professor, this poem is almost perfect symbolism. As Miss Acturus and Miss Vega said, the poet is expressing his own thoughts by the use of specific symbols. He combines some elements of romanticism and classicism, and for that matter, of realism, for nothing is more realistic than the idea first expressed, that of man chasing after woman.

Prof: Quite right, Miss Supernova, quite right. I believe Miss Betelgeuse and Miss Sirius touched on that idea, but didn't quite get it. The symbolism should be apparent to anyone who has gone deeply into the poet's purpose.

Sirius: But Professor . . . (*Awaits recognition.*)

Prof: Yes, Miss Sirius?

Sirius: Sir, that couldn't be symbolism.

Prof: What gives you that idea, Miss Sirius?

Sirius: Because we haven't studied that yet.



Prof: Nonetheless, Miss Sirius, I believe that we can feel justified in calling this poem an example of symbolism.

Aldebaran: Professor, has the authorship of these poems ever been definitely established or are we in the dark about them, as in the case of Homer and the Iliad?

Prof: Well, Miss Aldebaran, I really don't know other than what was said of the author in the introduction to the poems. Does anyone know whether the identity of Mother Goose has ever been determined?

Orion: Professor, I remember reading somewhere that there actually was a lady known as Mother Goose who lived in Baltimore in the eighteenth century. She ran a dame school there, and used to recite these rhymes to the children in her school. Then other schools heard this, and either made their own rhymes, or used her poems, and gradually the work spread, largely by word of mouth, from one nursery to another, and finally they were collected and put in a book.

Prof: That is something I hadn't heard, Miss Orion, though it sounds very likely. Well, let's see: our time is almost up, and everyone has recited except Miss Jones. (*Miss Jones has been sitting dumbfounded all this time, mortally afraid she would be asked a question.*) Have you anything to add to our discussion, Miss Jones? (*All eyes turn on Miss Jones who is too struck with horror to speak. She sits staring for a while, then frantically ruffles through the pages of her text in hope of finding some magic sentence to quote.*) Well, I'll help you a little. What do you think of this poem?

Jones: Uh . . . I think it's a pretty good nursery rhyme.

CURTAIN

# THE FAR BETTER THING

*Jean Burgeois, '52*

IT was a somber, wintry afternoon. Margaret Dent sat in an armchair by the window, watching the children glide swiftly on the pond across the street. Within the house all was silent, except for the soothing strains of music that issued from the radio. Her husband, William, lay stretched out on the couch; his opened book slipping perilously from his hand.

Margaret sighed deeply. I really should pack Mark's things, she thought. If he's going to catch the seven o'clock train, he won't have much time. He won't be home again before Christmas. She suddenly felt very lonely and depressed. Although her son's college was only one hundred miles away, it seemed an insurmountable distance. She had never gotten used to the separation; Mark and she had always been an exceptionally close mother and son. The words of "Deor's Lament" returned to her from the far distant past: "All things pass; this too will pass." Another year and he'd be out of college, home with her for good. If it hadn't been for his father, Mark would never have gone away. She couldn't understand William's insisting that the boy board at school.

"It will do him good", he had said. "He can't be tied to your apron strings forever."

This was the only time the quiet William had ever insisted on anything; and he had his way. Mark went away to school, and Margaret resigned herself to the loneliness which had never abated in three years.

The clock on the mantle showed four-thirty. Margaret rose heavily from her chair and smoothed out her skirt.



She lit the lamps and drew the curtains to shut out the invading night that would soon swallow up her son. The strains of the "Moonlight Sonata" began to fill the room and she hurried to turn off the radio. The piece always brought back memories of every sad event in her life. She was anticipated, however. The strains ceased suddenly, and she hesitated, startled. The rasping voice of the announcer broke in on the music.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just received word that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. The United States forces were caught totally unprepared, and all is havoc in that area. This sneak attack means war!"

Margaret stood paralyzed. War! War! The word seemed one she had never heard before. She kept repeating it loudly, as though sampling its taste on her tongue.

The announcer's voice awakened William. He sat up sleepily, brushing his thick gray hair away from his eyes. Looking around for Margaret, he saw her staring fixedly at the radio; then the words issuing from it sounded in his ears.

"Defense . . . Immediate mobilization . . . Lives lost . . . Pearl Harbor in flames. . . ."

"Margaret, what's happened? What's he talking about?"  
She didn't move.

"Margaret!"

"Oh, William, the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. We're at war!"

"Why the bow-legged little monkeys!"

"And all the boys will have to go—our Mark too."

"Well, don't jump to conclusions! They may be able to iron it out peaceably."

"No, no! He says we're at war, and they're starting the draft right away. We'll be bombed. We'll all be killed!"

She began to sob hysterically. William stood helpless.



He had never seen her like this. Mark rushed in suddenly. His handsome face was pale in the lamplight.

"Have you heard the news! The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor!"

His mother ran to him and threw her arms around his neck.

"My boy! My poor boy!"

"We'll all have to go. They're starting the draft immediately."

"No! No!" She clung to him.

"Now don't everybody get excited. I'll get dinner, Margaret. You're in no shape to do it", William said quietly.

The good hot food helped Margaret considerably. After dinner she was more like her old self.

"You might not get called for quite a while", William said over his coffee. "I don't think they'll take the boys out of college."

"Of course they will, Dad. They'll take anyone and everyone. I'll have to live in dirty barracks with a lot of guys from the wrong side of the tracks, and learn to shoot a gun and fight in the mud and slime . . ."

"Oh no, I won't let you go!" Margaret clutched his hand tightly.

"Listen, Mother, I don't want to go any more than you want me to. But what can I do? I can't become a conscientious objector."

"But you've never been strong, dear. You couldn't stand it!"

"Do you think they care for that? Besides, I had a physical last month, and there's not a thing wrong with me, worse luck."

"Isn't there anything we can do?" Margaret said. "If I could only think of something."

"Listen, Margaret", William said angrily. "Every mother in the country feels the same way you do, but our country's at stake."

"But they have others, and he's my only son! It isn't right! If there were only some way . . ." Her eyes brightened suddenly.

"Mark, they don't take the clergy. If you went into the priesthood . . ."

"I'd never be able to get out!"

"Oh. Well, what about the monastery! That's it! If you're a monk you can come out any time. The Trappists! They're a severe order. No one could say then that you took the easy way out."

"No! I won't permit it!" William banged his fist on the table. "I won't let my son use religion to save his own skin. What a cowardly thing!"

"I don't care! I'll die if my boy goes! I'll die if my boy goes!"

"Dad, you know if I go in, there's a mighty slim chance of my coming back. And Mother needs me. I'm the only one she's got. If I can stand it in a monastery you can't say I'm taking the easy way out."

"I can bear it if you can, darling." Margaret cried. "This war can't last much longer than a year."

"It isn't right. It isn't right", William said stubbornly.

"But William, he's my only son. If the others had lived it would be different, but he's all I've got. He's my whole life!"

William looked at his wife, and felt his heart slowly soften with pity. He never could bear to see her unhappy.

"All right, then. But mark my words, no good will come of this."

"Good, Dad! I'm glad you're not going to stand in the way. After all, who'd take care of the business after you,

if your only son got his head blown off." He had never looked so handsome, Margaret thought. His young face was aglow with excitement.

"Listen, Mother. I'll go back to school for a month so it won't look too sudden. Then I'll talk to the priest and make all the arrangements."

"But do one thing for me, son", Margaret said. "Go as far away as you can. I'll never come to see you. It would break my heart. I know that if I were to see you even once, I'd die. I'd rather mark time remembering you as you were than see you with", . . . her lips trembled, "your hair all shaved off, or whatever it is they do." Mark put his arms around her jubilantly.

"It won't be for long. As soon as the war ends, you can come for me, and I'll fly out of that place so fast they won't see my feet for dust! Hey! It's nearly quarter of seven. Give me a lift to the station, will you, Dad?"

"Oh dear! I completely forgot to pack your things."

"Never mind. Throw some stuff in a bag, and I'll be off. The Pennsylvania Railroad waits for no man!"

\* \* \*

The war years dragged slowly. To Margaret, they were merely a period of suspension until the day came when she could begin to live again. She wrote to Mark frequently, long letters containing every trivial event in her life. Mark could not write back, so she could only conjecture the hardships he was enduring. She read numberless books about the Trappists. They had to rise in the middle of the night; and her Mark loved his sleep. They ate no meat; how Mark always enjoyed a good steak. They kept perfect silence; and Mark was such a good conversationalist! They worked in the fields all day; and Mark had such beautiful hands. Many times she was tempted to go to Gethsemane, and visit him, but she remained true to her word. She was like a child



tempted to open a Christmas gift before time, but resolved to wait and savor its beauty on Christmas Day. At times, she felt twinges of guilt when she saw the blue and gold stars displayed in windows, but she helped the Red Cross and knitted socks for the soldiers, and felt that she was doing her bit. Often, when her loneliness grew unbearable, she would go to his room, and touch the things that he loved. At those times, she felt herself to be in silent communion with him. She often looked at the album filled with pictures of him; Mark at six months; smiling widely with toothless gums; Mark in his first Communion suit, a small white angel; Mark at high school graduation, his face expressing a "life is real, life is earnest" sort of resolve. She cried in the night, silent tears, with face muffled in the pillow so that William would not hear.

For five long years she waited patiently, and at last the war ended. Margaret was cautious. She waited two months, so that no one would gossip, and then left with William for Gethsemane. The long drive was beautiful in the Autumn. They crossed state after state of glowing yellows, and cheery reds, but Margaret saw nothing. Her thoughts were with the boy in the monastery.

"I never enjoyed anything so much as when I wrote him we were coming", she told William enthusiastically. "Of course there may be some red tape before he finally gets out, but I wrote him to tell his superiors that his father has a very bad heart and he's needed at home. It isn't really a lie, William, you do have a heart murmur."

At last they reached Gethsemane. When Margaret saw the spire of the church her heart began to pound heavily.

"Let's not even go to the guest house", she said. "Let's go right up to see him. I can't wait a minute longer."

The doorkeeper led them into a long, rather bare waiting room, and went to summon Mark. Margaret sat at the edge of her chair, twisting the large tourmaline ring on her

right hand back and forth. At last the door opened and Mark stood there silently. He had grown much older; his face was browned by the sun, and the robe he wore made him appear extremely thin.

"My boy!" Margaret flung herself into his arms. She did not even remember William, standing there awkwardly, until Mark pushed her away gently and embraced his father. Margaret clung to his arm.

"How thin you are. A few good home cooked meals will make you feel like a new man! Oh I can't wait to get you home. You can stay in bed for a week and I'll bring you all your meals. I had your room all done over; it looks handsome. How soon can you get out?" Her voice lowered suddenly.

"Can we be overheard?"

"No."

"We didn't want to come the minute the war ended because it would look, well, suspicious."

"Yes, I know."

"How soon can you leave?"

"Mother, Dad, sit down. I have something to tell you and I don't quite know how to say it."

"What is it son?" Something in his face filled Margaret with a vague alarm.

"Remember how you used to read me 'A Tale of Two Cities' when I was a child?"

"Of course. How you loved it!"

"Well, the only words I can think of to express my decision are Sidney Carton's. I love you very much mother, but I'm not leaving the monastery because . . . there were tears in his eyes, "'Tis a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done, 'tis a far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

*(This story is founded on fact. Names of persons and places are changed.)*

## HOPE

*Helen Docherty, '53*

All Nature yields in silence to your sway  
As crisply frosted air breathes on the day.  
The elms surrender beauty-tinted leaves;  
The mists enshroud the land which cold bereaves.  
My heart alone disdains your mournful reign  
Which ushers winter's ice-encrusted chain.  
Though stormy whip-winds, too, may lash and sting,  
My heart awaits its zephyr-maiden, Spring.

## PANTOMIME

*Mary Cornwall, '53*

The stage is set for autumn's pantomime.  
Now mincing breezes enter, keeping time;  
Like dancers in a graceful minuet,  
They glide along a rippling rivulet  
They pause beside an aster, ever proud,  
Unscented, purple, now in sable shroud.  
Their final nod, brown crumpled leaves has tossed  
Around the grassy stage, and beckoned frost.

## CONFINEMENT

*Ione Malloy, '53*

Could you not see behind the mask I wore  
The silent tears that bitterly implore  
Compassion? An eagle in a dove  
Immured, I cannot be as great as my love.



# INTERNATIONALLY SPEAKING

Virginia Reeves, '52

ONE beautiful morning last summer, there was much excitement around Pier #8 at the port of Montreal. Handkerchiefs were waving wildly, and rainbows of entwined ticker tape formed the last link between the people on board a great white ship, and their friends on the pier below. Yes, it was the usual commotion surrounding the departure of an ocean liner, but this time, I was on board! I, with one of my college friends, was sailing for Europe.

People have asked me why I wanted to go, and what I "got out of it." How could I answer their queries in a phrase, in a few perfunctory sentences? To say that it vastly broadened my horizons sounds trite and academic, but I search in vain for any other words to convey my feelings about such a tremendous experience.

We saw Westminster Abbey, the Eiffel Tower, the Colosseum, and all the other musts to which the tourists flock, but by keeping our eyes and ears open, I think I saw and learned a lot more. For the first time we were conscious of the full import of *one world* wherein all men love and laugh, and hope. Wherever we went on Sunday morning, we heard the same Mass and were one with the people, united in the universal love and worship of God. We began to realize that all men strive for economic security, and they educate their children in the hope that the next generation will be just a bit more prosperous than the last. They sing "Stardust" or "Goodnight, Irene," although they may pronounce it "Bon Soir, Lilli," and they dance the waltz or the rhumba to the accompaniment of a smooth orchestra.

Over and over we asked ourselves with increasing amaze-

ment why there are always wars, why men fight and kill one another in bloody battles. They cannot hate one another, for they are too much alike. Can it be that it is the leaders of men who cause wars? And if so, why do we allow such men to lead them? Unanswerable questions! Language difficulties, while never insurmountable, were frequently frustrating and often amusing. By employing a few basic words of a language, we managed to make ourselves understood by shopkeepers and in asking directions. We enlarged our vocabularies by reading signs and advertisements whose meanings were fairly obvious, although occasionally misleading. In Switzerland, we had passed a sign reading "Hotel Eingang" many times before it occurred to me that this was not the name of the hotel at all, but merely pointed out the front entrance. A few words acquired here and there often came in handy. From signs under the windows in European trains, that warn "Do not lean out the window," we learned this priceless bit of French, German, and Italian. On one occasion, some internationally-minded Italian soldiers, undiscouraged by our refusal to let them into our compartment, finally gained entrance into the next one. Leaning out their windows towards ours, they continued to try to make our acquaintance. Remembering the three little words from under the train window, I admonished most firmly, "E pericoloso sporgersi." Whereupon, convinced that we knew Italian and were simply not interested in conversation, they promptly withdrew.

We scrupulously obeyed the dictum, "When in Rome . . .", and learned to eat in the European manner, which consists chiefly of the keeping the fork in the left hand, leaving the right hand exclusively for manipulating the knife. It was a little awkward at first, but after some practice, we found it much more efficient than our continual shifting of the fork from one hand to the other. Understanding the foreign



customs and traditions, we gradually came to respect and admire them, but there is one tradition which I cannot fail to include because of the singular piety and devotion it expresses. It chanced that we were on the train from Florence to Rome on the evening of August 14. Glancing out the window, we saw a number of fires burning brightly in the darkness. They became more and more frequent until they formed rows and patterns of fiery light. Our curiosity aroused, we asked a dining car waiter just what it all meant. We had the feeling of coming very close to something beautiful and precious when he explained that the Italian peasants perform this ritual every year on the eve of the feast of the Assumption in order to light Our Lady's way to Heaven.

Returning to the question of what I actually "got out of" the experience of traveling, I think I learned more about European history, geography, and culture than I ever thought possible. Seeing firsthand the sites where so many ancient, medieval, and modern historical events occurred has made interesting and indeed vital the causes and effects of these events. This impetus to further knowledge after an inviting taste may be a rather delayed cultural awakening, but at any rate, it is a result of travel abroad.

All the things we saw were not so pretty or uplifting. I cannot forget the sight of hundreds of war orphans, all dressed alike, being transported from one institution to another. Another vision of children covered with sores, victims of poverty and diseases, still haunts me. Around these children were Communist signs and appeals, and we wondered how they could fail to be taken in by Communist promises and propaganda. I hope that someday, there will be enough international understanding so that these children, and thousands like them, will be able to freely emigrate away from countries where there is not enough land to go around,



to places where is yet room to cultivate the land and attain at least a minimum standard of living. Perhaps world government is the answer; but somehow, we will have to learn to share our land of milk and honey with those who were not so fortunately born. For traveling has taught me one most important lesson: in our *one world*, we must put aside provincial convictions and prejudices, and learn to think on an international level. If we are to survive in the struggle against Communism, we will have to learn to understand other peoples and teach them to understand us.

## THE WEB

*Barbara Heard, '53*

Concealed in dark, damp greenness of the forest cool,  
The cunning spider plies its subtle skill;  
Around and around with dew-like gossamer spool  
It weaves a flawless frame of web at will.

So ably with an artist's eye and part  
It draws its silken thread in deftness lent  
By Heaven, to form a masterpiece of art  
And snare a hapless fly with Fate's consent.

## MISTS

*Dolores Burton, '53*

Where drowsy flowers nodding gently seal  
Their sweetly perfumed petals over their breasts,  
The mists at twilight softly walk the fields  
And spread gauze blankets upon earth's low nests.  
They move across the land, strange patterns weave,  
Till golden spears of sunlight pierce them through.  
Then from their couch of grass they rise to leave  
The fresh and fragrant imprint of the dew.

# LIFE ON DRURY ROAD

*Barbara Spence, '52*

I REMEMBER the days when we were all together, the O'Leary family of 49 Drury Road. Everyone has his memories of the "good old days", and our little white house almost burst its shingles with the activity that a family of five can produce.

Pa was a big, handsome man—"the pride of County Cork", they used to call him. He could usually be heard bellowing out his noisy, notorious, off-key version of "McNamara's Band" or sharing his contagious laugh with anyone within earshot (which covered an area of approximately a half a city block).

Mother was his opposite. She was a small, attractive colleen with sparkling blue eyes and a tinkling laugh the likes you've never heard. She had a magic touch when it came to cooking, and she was the only person I ever knew or heard tell of who could get the best of my father in a bargain. The fact is, he never knew she controlled him. Ma was a diplomat.

I was the oldest, and after me came Eddie and Margie. Margie was the baby of the family, and was somewhat spoiled by Pa.

We always had something doing. The house never rested quietly on its foundation, but almost seemed to hop about merrily like a frivolous robin. I forgot to mention that Pa was unpredictable. Actually, that is the understatement of the age. We could expect anything from him. More than once I have wondered why he wasn't investigated by some Congressional committee for sabotage or espionage or subversive activities. The little white house on Drury Road



provided enough mystery and excitement to keep the gossips buzzing for years, but somehow the gossips preferred being a party to the activity than merely talking about it. The merest suggestion from Pa that a little help would be appreciated in erecting a ten foot root beer barrel or in digging a vegetable garden a block long always produced an army of volunteers.

Oh, I remember many wonderful experiences, like the time Eddie got wedged in half-way up inside the chimney and Pa had to work all day to get him out. Such a day you've never seen! Pa had the fire department down and all sorts of apparatus strewn all over the house, inside and out. Orders were barked to and fro, and all sorts of strange people invaded our little palace. When the young prince was finally freed the air fairly sputtered with sobs, apologies, warnings, and relieved laughter. This little adventure won Eddie the popularity crown among the neighborhood urchins for quite some time. Don't you think he didn't keep that crown polished to show it off to advantage at every opportunity.

Of all the experiences I remember, the most unforgettable was the day Ma took a holiday. She hadn't wanted to take a holiday, but Pa had suddenly stated that she needed a day off. Ma knew Pa pretty well, and so she protested.

"Dan, I can't possibly take a holiday. How could you ever manage with the children? Besides, I don't know where you ever got the idea that I need a holiday?"

"Oh, now, don't try to hide it, Katie. I know you're tired and can use a day off. And what is there to manage? It'll be easy. If I need anything, and of course I won't, but if I do happen to need anything, Mary'll be around."

"Dan O'Leary, you don't know a thing about cooking."

"Is that so? They used to say I was the best cook in ten miles. My corned beef and cabbage is like nothing you've



ever tasted. Now, it's all settled, Katie. A day at your Aunt Margaret's will do you the world of good."

And so it was settled and Ma was sent off to her Aunt Margaret's house. Poor Ma. She went off with awful forebodings.

The minute we put Ma on the bus things started happening. We went out to play, and everything went along just fine for about an hour. We could hear Pa singing McNamara's praises with his usual gusto. Everything seemed perfectly normal, when suddenly the bottom dropped out of everything and the serenity was shattered. Nobody had been watching Margie very closely, and being four years old and very rambunctious, she naturally took advantage of such a golden opportunity to play barber and practice on herself. When I finally noticed her she had sheared all the beautiful curls which had been such a trial for Ma to train. It wouldn't have been so bad if she had just cut them off, but her carefree spirit had got the best of her, and she snipped unmercifully until just a shadow of hair remained on the front part of her head, while she retained the lovely long curls which were out of her reach on the back of her head.

I took one look at her and screamed, "Margie. Oh, no! What have you done? Oh, Pa, Pa, look what Margie has done to herself. Ma will be heartbroken when she sees her. She didn't want to go in the first place, and when she sees Margie's hair she'll collapse."

"Just forget your mother. She needed this holiday. Margie, why did you cut your hair? If you weren't just a baby I'd spank you hard. You get in the house and go to your room until I tell you to come out."

I brushed her hair, but it didn't help much. She was sorry, and started to cry, and so Pa had to relent and let her help

him get lunch ready. She set the table, and several of our dishes were broken.

Lunch was a very informal affair that day. In fact, informal isn't even the word for it. After Pa said grace Eddie literally dove into the soup. You'd never believe he had ever learned table manners, because he kept them well hidden that day. Margie was still remorseful, so we had almost no trouble from her.

After the dishes had been washed and put away (this time I took the responsibility myself), Pa gathered us together and proposed that we go to town to shop for dinner.

"I'm goin' to give you all a real treat tonight, my little ones. Dan O'Leary is going to cook his own special corned beef and cabbage. And we'll get a jug of apple cider for a treat."

We were all very excited, and the two little ones jumped up and down in glee. Nothing like this had ever happened before. Poor Pa didn't know what he was letting himself in for. It turned out to be everything that I expected. The children asked question after question on the way to town, and Pa answered every one of them, now and then adding little stories to keep them quiet.

When we drove down the main street of town Eddie and Margie started jumping up and down again with excitement. This was definitely an occasion. After finding a parking place we all piled out of the car, and I took a minute to straighten the children's clothes, which had begun to look a little rumpled. Then Pa herded us all into Mr. Kertzman's grocery store. For a full minute the little ones were quiet, just looking around in awesome wonder at the shelves of cans, bottles, and boxes. Then Eddie spotted the candy and ran over to inspect it more closely. I could hear Pa ordering the meat and vegetables, and I added a few suggestions, such as salt and bread, and kept myself very



busy keeping Eddie in tow. By now Margie, too, had spotted the candy, and promptly started to pull various kinds from the counter. I ran over to her, put the candy back, threatening to tell Ma how naughty she had been if she didn't behave from then on. I found it very hard not to laugh at her. She looked ridiculously funny with her hair sheared.

"Mary, can I ask Papa if he'll buy us some candy?"

"All right, Margie. You go over and ask him."

"Papa, won't you please buy us some candy?"

"I guess so, baby. What kind do you want?"

"Those long ones with the red and white stripes. See, over there."

"I'll take some peppermints, Mr. Kertzman. Mary, where's Eddie?"

"Eddie? He was here a minute ago. Eddie, Eddie, where are you?"

"Over here Mary. Look at me. Whoopie!"

I ran to the back of the store and there he was, swinging back and forth on a pole on the top of the shelf. He was being a fireman.

"Eddie O'Leary, you come down here this minute."

"I'm a fireman. Look at me."

"If you don't come down here this minute I'll do more than look at you."

"Gee, a fellow can't have any fun any more."

"If Pa sees you you won't have any fun for quite some time. Come on, now. Pa's almost finished shopping."

"Pa, did you get the cider?"

"Oh, and I'll have a jug of apple cider, Mr. Kertzman."

"What's this? Oh boy, peppermints. Gee, Pa, you're swell."

"Well, I guess I have everything. You children go out and get in the car. I'll carry the groceries out."



"Come on, Mary. Come on, Margie. I'll race you to the car."

"Oh no you won't. You act like a gentleman, or you won't get any candy or cider."

On the way home we all sang, and I must say if our songs lacked quality we had plenty of volume. We were loud enough. I still remember how people smiled and turned to watch us as the O'Leary family riding down the street shouting the praises of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" or recounting the story of "Molly Malone." I imagine we were quite a sight to behold: Pa at the steering wheel bellowing in his tremendous baritone, Eddie beside him waving to anyone and everyone, singing very ably, and Margie and myself in the back seat, hair flying in the breeze, with our small feminine voices all but drowned out by the men. Even the car added to the picture. It was a large La Salle, complete with genuine leather upholstery, oversized headlights, and a convertible top, which Pa usually put down in order that we could enjoy the sun and fresh air. Consequently, we usually arrived at our destination looking casually wind-blown.

Well, when we arrived home we all went into the house. I made the children change into old clothes and sent them out to play with a warning that they keep out of mischief or I'd bring them in the house again for the rest of the day. Then I went to help Pa put all the groceries away in the pantry.

"You can go out now, Mary. Keep an eye on the little ones, and I'll start dinner. It'll take quite a while because it has to cook slowly. "

"But Pa, don't you think you'll need my help?"

"Of course I won't. There's no work to cooking when you know how. You'd be of more help to me if you'd

see that Eddie and Margie stay out of mischief. 'Too many cooks spoil the broth,' I always say."

"Okay, Pa, but if you need me, I'll be outside."

I kept the children busy playing games until they became tired of them, and then I told them stories. We had all been introduced to the family leprechaun when we were smaller than Margie, and we had come to love him very much. I told them stories that Ma and Pa had told me about our little leprechaun, and they sat spellbound. When the shadows crept along the ground and it was growing dark, we went into the house where we found Pa humming away, very busy and apparently very happy. But you should have seen the kitchen and the pantry. It's a good thing Pa didn't do the cooking very often. Every pot and pan that we owned was in use either on the stove or lying unforgetten in the sink. Several bottles and boxes of spices were strung out on the shelf above the sink and vegetable peelings were piled in an untidy heap on the table. Pa was literally surrounded by a huge apron, and he stirred and tested the contents of each pan with great care and diligence. This meal was going to be his masterpiece, and he was sparing no energy to make it perfect.

"Pa, that smells delicious. When will it be ready?"

"Oh, in about a half an hour, Mary. It tastes even better than it smells. Just wait until you taste it."

"I'll clean some of this mess up."

"Now just let everything alone. I'll need to use those again."

"Well, at least let me wash the dishes and pans. You can't use them when they're dirty, and they're in your way."

I cleaned the kitchen up and put things back where they belonged. By the time I had done this, set the table, and got the children ready for dinner everything was finished. We went into the dining room and Pa said grace. All eyes



were riveted on the food, which certainly looked and smelled good. And, what's more, it was good. I don't know about Eddie and Margie, but I had rather doubted Pa's culinary talents. I needn't have, because the dinner was delicious. Pa was the proud father, master, and prize chef all rolled into one, and under his jovial leadership we laughed and talked all during the meal. The apple cider added to the festive air, because we usually drank milk or tea. Cider was usually reserved for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

After dinner Eddie and Margie went into the parlor while Pa and I did the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. Then Pa and I went in and we all grouped around the piano and sang. Ma usually played for us, but I played that night. We had a wonderful time. We always did when we sang together.

About seven-thirty Pa broke it up and told Eddie and Margie that it was long after their bedtime. I helped Margie get ready for bed, and she asked Pa to tell them a bedtime story. He consented. We all settled down in a circle around his chair while he told us one of his incomparable stories. We were still sitting like this, listening with undivided attention when the front door opened and in walked Ma. We all jumped up and ran to meet her.

"I missed you all so I had to take the early bus home. Margie, what happened to your hair?"

"Oh, Ma, isn't it awful? She was playing barber, and when I wasn't watching she cut all the curls she could reach. I knew you'd be heartbroken."

"Oh Margie, how could you? You had such beautiful long curls. Just look at you. Oh, don't cry, baby. It's done now. Monday I'll take you to the barber and we'll get your hair cut short all around. It'll look real cute honey. Well, what kind of a day did you have? Tell me all about it."



"Ma we've had a wonderful day. We went shopping with Pa, and we got this candy at Mr. Kertzman's store. Here, have a piece."

"Thank you, Eddie. So you went shopping. Did you all behave?"

"Oh, they were fine, Mama. And you should have tasted Pa's dinner. We had corned beef and cabbage, and cider, and was it good. You'll have to cook some again soon, Pa, so Ma can have some."

"I'll do it again soon, Mary. Well, Katie, did you enjoy your holiday?"

"Oh, it was very nice to visit Aunt Margaret again. I had a good time, but I missed you all. Aunt Margaret sends her love to all of you. I've got all kinds of news. Do you remember Cousin Peggy?"

"Isn't she the lady who visited with us a week two years ago?"

"That's right. Well, she's getting married next month. She's marrying a nice boy from New Jersey whom she met at Aunt Mary's house. Dan, you and I are invited to the wedding. And Uncle Joe is going to sell his house and move to the country. He has bought a farm, and he and Martha and the boys are moving very soon. I do hope they'll like it."

"Of course they will, Katie. Joe always did like the country."

"My goodness, I completely forgot about the time. Come on, Eddie and Margie, it's past eight o'clock. You've got to go to bed now. It has been a long day for you, and I'll bet you're both tired. Mary dear, would you tuck them in bed, please. I'll be up in a few minutes."

"Goodnight Pa. It was a swell day."

"Goodnight, Papa."

"Goodnight, little ones. Go right to sleep, now, and we'll have another big day tomorrow."

That was what life was like back in those days. Everything we ever did was a lot of fun. I can still remember that day as though it were yesterday. Our family always had wonderful and very memorable times. Growing up was a lovely experience for all of us—always exciting, always unpredictable. Ma and Pa had a rare ability for appreciating the little things in life, and they passed it on to us, teaching each one of us to have a good time simply by making the effort, and to enjoy the things that God has given us.

## TOPSY-TURVY

*Mary R. Sullivan, '52*

Green flowers grow in fields of white,  
And red stars dot the blue.  
A silver sparrow stops to alight  
On a bush of brilliant hue.

A Christmas tree and daffodils  
Are blooming side by side.  
The noonday sun peeps round the hills  
At a moon-face full and wide.

And the sun and stars shine every day,  
And the roses never wilt;  
For that whole strange world is there to stay  
On Grandma's patchwork quilt!

# THE HARE COMES THROUGH

Marie Sally, '52

WHEN Harriet got there, Miss Warren was pinning little paper automobiles to the bulletin board on the part of the map that said START.

"Why, hello, Harriet," said Miss Warren. "Would you like to help me?"

"I'd better return my books first," said Harriet. "Then I'll come back and help you."

She walked over and laid them very carefully on the desk. *The Orange Book of Fairy Tales*, *The Green Book of Fairy Tales*.

"Are you glad that school's out, Harriet?" asked Miss Burns at the desk.

"I s'pose."

Miss Burns smiled as she watched Harriet bounce back over to the bulletin board. Chubby, serious Harriet! On dreary rainy afternoons when their eyes began to grow drowsy from mending books in the overheated and deserted library, and the door would suddenly open, the librarians all would look up and say "Harriet" to each other and smile. On scorching summer mornings, when the idlers of the world were sunning themselves on the beaches, there would be Harriet, pushing her damp curls back from her forehead, and pining rapturously over the section in the bookcases marked "Fairy Tales".

Holding four thumbtacks firmly between her teeth, Harriet climbed to the top of the library ladder to hang a big sign on the bulletin board. "Travel with Books", read the sign, which still smelled of paste. "Join our Summer Reading Club. Who will be our Champion Reader?"



"Can we sign you up as our second member, Harriet?" asked Miss Warren when Harriet clambered down from the ladder. "Connie Johnston, she's in your grade at school, isn't she? was in this morning and gave me her name. But you're second."

Gravely, Harriet unpinned one of the little automobiles and wrote her name on it with Miss Warren's pen.

"Now we will pin your car where the road begins on the map. We'll see how far Harriet goes into the lovely lovely world of books. Every book means another mile, you know."

How she goes on, thought Harriet.

"Here's a copy of the club's reading list; you use it to help you find the right books."

"Thank you, Miss Warren. Are there any fairy tale books on it?"

"Oh, there're all kinds of books on it: dog stories, horse stories, fairy stories, stories about girls and boys in other lands."

"I think I'll go and pick some out now."

Harriet found that she had read most of the "Books for girls eleven years old" on the list. But after looking over those she had not read, she lovingly chose two of which she knew well, just for this time, and brought them to Miss Burns to be stamped.

"I don't see why you shouldn't win the Reading Club Contest, Harriet," smiled Miss Burns.

Neither do I, thought Harriet, but she said to Miss Burns, "I guess I should try to win, anyway."

She trotted out of the library, waving goodbye to Miss Warren. After she had gone to the First National to buy some oranges, she walked slowly up the street towards home, balancing the brown grocery bag on one arm, and in the other hand holding one of her books, which she read en-

chantedly, bending her head down to flip the pages over with her nose.

She was reading about Rapunzel whom she loved and pitied greatly, locked up there in her dingy tower room, the only pleasure in her life being the handsome prince's evening visits, the prince who climbed by Rapunzel's long golden hair into her window. Though the witch finally discovered the friendship between Rapunzel and the prince and tried to destroy them, they were at last married and . . .

"Fatty, fatty, fatty, fatty!"

"Fatty Harry, who's she gonna marry?"

Oh, there were those old boys yelling at her again, little Bobby Belasco and George Conlon sitting on the sidewalk playing marbles, and yelling at her. How could they be so foolish?

"I'm not fat." She stated it as a plain simple fact.

"You are too fat. You are too."

"I'm not fat!"

And she believed it, too. Even though she and her mother had to go shopping for her clothes in the department of the store called "Chubby Shop"; even though, in the health examination at school, the number of pounds she weighed had been more than any other girl in the room, except Irene Walley, who was really fat; even though little boys yelled things like this at her, she knew, in her heart, that she was not fat. She knew that she was really slim and lightsome on her feet, and that she could step right into the place of whatsoever princess or goose girl she should choose, to be the bride of an ogre-fighting, unicorn-fighting prince, to whom she would be married with pomp and splendor.

They were still yelling "Fatty" at her when she was far off down the street, but she was drowned in her book again by this time, and finally they stopped.



"Now, Harriet, please put those books down, and dust the living room for me, will you, dear?" asked her mother when she trudged up the stairs into the kitchen.

After Harriet had spent an hour slowly but surely dusting the living room, she made herself a glass of lemonade and took it, with the books, out to the screened-in front porch and lay down on the couch to read. A tall green elm just outside the porch was bright against the hazy blue sky. Harriet was always glad they lived on the second floor, because that made the tops of the trees so much nearer. This one was so close she almost felt that she was really in it, sitting among the leaves, a fitting place for her meditations.

Her brother, Joey, who was eight, and his friends were playing baseball in the street below, but their shouts seemed far away. Harriet lifted her eyes, looked into the tree, and thought of the beautiful glittering avenues in the world of the Twelve Dancing Princesses, of the ivory jeweled palace in which they made merry, of invisible cloaks, and magic potions.

June became July and summer began in earnest, but Harriet's daily routine never changed. She went to the library and to the First National. Sometimes she would pick some flowers for her mother in the back yard, standing there for minutes at a time deciding whether to cut the pink phlox or the purple. And she read constantly.

Once, when she was wheeling her smallest brother, Philip, out for a walk in his stroller, she decided to go in a different direction up where all the new little white houses were, all standing in a row and looking the same.

On a big tar driveway, six girls were playing hopscotch. When Harriet came closer, she saw that one of them was Connie Johnston. It was nice to see Connie. She hadn't seen any girl in her grade all summer. She lived farther away from school than anybody.



"Hi, Connie," she cried, pushing the stroller close up to hopscotch game.

"Oh, hi, Harriet," said Connie, continuing to hop down the squares.

Connie's friends looked at Harriet curiously.

"I could play hopscotch with you, Connie."

"Seven is too many."

"This is my little brother, Philip."

"Oh."

"Can I stand here and watch for a while?"

"Sure."

Harriet watched Connie hopping. Connie was so slim and pretty, her brown braids tossing on her shoulders, her little limber body twisting about. Suddenly Connie stopped.

"Harriet, you belong to the Summer Reading Club, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I was second to join. Miss Warren told me you were the first."

"I'm about ten miles behind you on the map, I guess. You know, my father said he'd give me a bicycle if I win. He likes me to do things like that."

"They're going to have nice prizes at the library, too. I'm reading *Swiss Family Robinson*."

"What's it about?"

"Well, it's about this family who live on an island."

"Oh tell me the whole story. Maybe I'll read it."

It was very flattering to have Connie listen so wonderingly to her recital of the story. Harriet felt good with a sort of glow inside her when she said goodbye.

"Why don't you call for me so we can go to the library together tomorrow?" Connie shouted after her.

"All right," answered Harriet.

The next morning she had to wait in the living room of Connie's house while Connie dressed and ate her breakfast.

When they finally reached the library, they rushed over to the bulletin board. Harriet's car was still ahead of the rest, but a car belonging to a boy named Jim Coakes was in between hers and Connie's. Connie shrugged.

"I don't know what I'll do, Harriet. I really need a new bicycle, and I don't think I'll ever get it if I don't make my father think I'm smart enough to win this thing. He's always talking about how I should read more. All I get for Christmas is books, books, books. And I don't really like to read. You do, don't you, Harriet?"

"I love to."

"Listen, Harriet, I have an idea. Maybe you could give me *Swiss Family Robinson*, and I could say that I read it, and that would put me at least another extra mile ahead. You're way up in front, Harriet. You won't miss this one book. You can even say you read it sometime later. D'you think I could have it now?"

Harriet handed her the book. "We'd better stop whispering. Miss Warren's looking at us."

"Oh, thanks, Harriet. This is an awful big help to me."

"Well I like you, anyway, Connie, so I don't mind. You really seem like a good friend."

In a few minutes Harriet heard Connie over at Miss Warren's table, telling in a few words the story of *Swiss Family Robinson*, so that Miss Warren would be sure she had read it.

Harriet went over and told Miss Warren the story of her other book.

"Don't you usually take two books out, Harriet?" asked Miss Warren.

"I didn't this time" lied Harriet ready to bite her tongue off for lying.

On the way home Connie told Harriet how much she wanted her to win the contest.

"You know I think I'll get the bike even if I come in second."

Connie wanted to stop in at the drugstore to buy a candy bar. There was a comic book rack in the corner, and Connie ran over to it.

"Look, Harriet, have you seen these?"

Harriet hurried over to see the comic book Connie had snatched up. *Story Comics* it said on the cover.

"I've read so many books this way," said Connie. "It's very easy. They make books into funnies. Half the books on the Reading Club List are here. Look: *Treasure Island*, *Oliver Twist*; oh, everything's here. Why don't you buy one, Harriet?"

"I'd rather read the real books, I think."

"Oh, that's stuffy. It takes so much time."

"I'd just rather. But I think these comic books are nice, Connie."

Connie bought a copy of *Story Comics* and a chocolate bar. Harriet didn't have any money with her. All the way home, Connie ate the chocolate without offering Harriet a piece.

Heavens, I can't blame her if I was too stupid to bring any money, thought Harriet, and didn't look at the chocolate.

After that day, Harriet called for Connie every morning, and they went to the library together. Sometimes Harriet even played hopscotch and jackstones with Connie and her friends in the afternoons, Philip sitting to one side in his stroller.

Once Harriet brought Connie home to supper. They had carrots for a vegetable. Connie said that she hated carrots, and Harriet's mother had to cook some of the green peas that were for the next day's supper. After supper



Harriet told Connie about *Little Women*, which Connie hadn't time to read.

After Connie left, Harriet's mother said to her, "Harriet, I am very glad for you to have a friend, but do you really think that Connie is the very best kind of a friend?"

"Oh, Mother, I just love Connie," Harriet burst out. "She's the nicest friend anybody could have!"

Harriet couldn't read quite so much as usual, because she spent a great deal of time with Connie, and when she was at home she had chores to do. But still her automobile was moving ahead on the map, and she was glad. She was anxious about Connie, though, and tried to help her. A new bicycle is a new bicycle, whether it's yours or somebody else's, thought Connie.

By the middle of August Connie's car was just a mile or two in back of Harriet's. Connie was beginning to be very excited. One afternoon she said to Harriet, "Oh, Harriet, if anyone else but you were ahead of me, I'd do everything I could, no matter what, to get into first place. But I wouldn't hurt you, because you're my friend. Even though if I don't win first prize, it may mean no bicycle."

Harriet was very thoughtful at home that evening. If Connie came in second and didn't get the bicycle, it would be a terrible shame, she thought. But yet she wanted to win, herself. She wasn't champion in very many ways, and Connie was. Connie could jump rope and play softball better than anybody else. And everybody always said how pretty Connie was and gave her a lovely smile. Connie had enough. What a way for her to talk about Connie, who had been such a kind friend to her all summer, being kind to her for no reason at all, except kindness. Connie had even said she was willing to give up a new bicycle so that Harriet could win. How was that for friendship? But Harriet would not be

outdone. She would give up the championship for the bicycle, even though it weren't hers. She could probably ride on it, sometimes.

The day after her decision Harriet went to the library with Connie as usual, but didn't take out any books. On the way home Connie asked her why.

"I'm sick of reading," replied Harriet.

"Are you really, Harriet, are you really?" said Connie.

"All I feel like doing is to tell you stories of books I've read before. I don't mind talking, but I don't feel like reading."

"Then you can tell me all the stories you want. I'm sick of reading, myself. But, Harriet, what about your chance to win the contest?"

"Oh, I'm not worried about that."

"Well, if you feel that way, maybe we can go tomorrow and get out books you've read before; then if you tell me about enough of them, I'll bring them back, and maybe we'll be tied for first place."

A week before the contest was over, the map was taken down from the bulletin board and put in a secret place so that the winner would be surprised. Before it came down, Connie and Harriet were tied. The two little paper automobiles had difficulty keeping on the road, now that they were side by side. Connie had to stay in the house a few afternoons that week, to help her mother, she said.

Harriet, elegant in pink taffeta, arrived at Connie's house on the day of End-of-the-Contest Party to find that Connie had already left. She ran until her face was pink and steaming, but she couldn't see Connie ahead of her.

When she got to the library, Miss Warren said that Connie hadn't come yet.

She must have gone somewhere on the way, thought Harriet.



"Well, Harriet, how did you enjoy the club?"

"Oh, Miss Warern, I loved it. I really felt as though I were traveling all summer long, I read so many books about so many different things. Thank you very much for starting it."

"You're welcome. I was disappointed not to see you here this week, though. Where were you? Connie came regularly every day. She read more this week than she ever has before."

"I didn't know that. I didn't think she was going to bother this week. Are you sure?"

"Oh, here's Connie now, Harriet."

Connie, looking very cool and pretty in a yellow organdy dress, was at the door with her mother.

Harriet called out, "Hi, Connie!", but Connie didn't hear her; everybody was making so much noise.

The party began right away, and Harriet went over to her mother who was with some other women. The first thing was the announcement of the winner's name. Miss Warren stood in the middle of the room, holding some white packages, the prizes. Miss Burns held the map with its front turned toward her, ready to hang it up when the winner was named.

Miss Warren said, "I am happy to announce the winners of our new Summer Reading Club contest. The child who has traveled the farthest through Bookland this summer is Constance Johnston, who will receive for her prize a copy of Anderson's *Fairy Tales*."

Everybody clapped. Well, my goodness, thought Harriet, I'm glad she won. Really, I'd rather have her win than me, because now she's sure to get the bicycle."

Miss Warren went on, "Miss Harriet Burke is our second prize winner and will receive a copy of *Black Beauty*; Mr. George Coakes is third prize winner and his prize is a copy of *Handcraft for Boys*."



After she had gone up for her book, Harriet pushed through the crowd of mothers and children to find Connie.

"Oh, Connie, aren't you glad?" she shouted.

"Of course I'm glad," said Connie impatiently.

She sounds cross, thought Harriet. What can be the matter? Maybe she thinks I'm mad about the books she read this week.

"Connie, I don't mind not winning at all. I wanted you to win all along. Can you come to my house for supper tonight?"

"No, I have to go home."

"Do you think you can come tomorrow night?"

"I don't think I'll be able to come for a while. I have other friends, you know."

"I know it, Connie. Well, I'll call for you tomorrow."

"You'd better not call for me tomorrow, because I'll be busy riding my new bike. And don't think you're going to ride it, either."

"Connie, what's the matter with you?"

"I'll see you sometime, Harriet. My mother is calling me now."

Harriet went over to the section of the bookcases marked "Fairy Tales" and began to study very seriously the titles of the books.

## SECOND MEETING

*Mary R. Sullivan, '52*

All the links I had welded in bands of resistance  
All the plates I had forged in the armor I wore,  
In the duel of love, vanquished by love's resistance,  
Broke, and shining and singing, they fell to the floor.  
Within the bright circle of shimmering rings  
Defenceless and joyful, I waited the consummate thrust . . .  
What cruelty worse than enlightenment brings,  
When the uplifted sword blade is sheathed in the dust.

# EDITORIAL

## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENTS

DEAR STUDENT:

For you, the fall is a time for beginnings: new courses, new friends, new clothes, new activities. The freshmen face the whole unknown of college, the sophomores their new majors, the juniors their biggest year socially, and the seniors the extra-special problems of what to do after graduation, and how to do it. But there is one thing you all face in common, and that is extra-curricular activities. Cynicism seems to be in style just now, and maybe many of you don't want to bother with a flurry of meetings that "don't get you anywhere." So let's take a closer look to see what they are all about.

You registered during your Freshman Week, and sat through days of lectures. You heard about clubs, student government, and inter-collegiate organizations. You were introduced to class officers, and soon began to elect your own.

And perhaps after a few months, or a year, you formed a blasé attitude towards all these activities when you realized that the glitter of an office is not important, that the world does not stand or fall on one election in one small college, on a spot on the earth's surface called Boston. You grew to know just what school leadership does not mean. Do you know what it does?

Take a quick look at the world. Not, for the moment, at the see-saw slaughter in Korea, or the new high in butter, but at the people: the business executives, the journalists, the social workers, the teachers, and the unofficial arbiters of small towns. Feel our national pulse. Is it sluggish? Are there clots of pragmatism, of prejudice, of graft, of careless



stupidity stopping the smooth flow that means healthy living? Do you see the sharp need for people who can lead well in business, in writing, in community life?

No one acquires the sense of responsibility, the vision, or the tact of leadership by just going through college, by switching the tassel from the undergraduate to the graduate side at Commencement. But the beginnings of leadership can grow by practice on a small scale: planning club meetings, seeing that dues are collected, talking and working with people from other colleges, editing a newspaper.

You are Catholic students. You learn not only secular arts and sciences, but philosophy and theology. You have the answers to the moral and speculative confusion of the day in the clear light of truth. This is your particular significance among the thousands who have a higher education.

Participate in class and club projects. Know your student government's problems. Learn in your years in college to deal with duties and with people. You've been told time and again that Catholic college students are the Catholic leaders of tomorrow. They are, and that, students, means you are.

M. M., '52

This is an anniversary year for the ETHOS. In November, 1927, the first issue of the magazine was distributed among curious students. The name ETHOS then, as now, explained the contents. ETHOS is the Greek word for spirit. In the first table of contents, there is some variety; for instance, an article named THE BEAUTY OF NAPLES, an essay, CHRISTMASTIDE IN BOSTON, an article by Elizabeth Logan, M.A., BETHLEHEM OF TODAY.

To get back to the spirit. . . . ETHOS represents that spirit which has been consistent throughout our twenty-five



years. Other slicker and bigger college magazines publish stories laced with Freudian symbolism, and shadowy-eyed with sadness at the tragedy of the modern world. Somehow, most of the short stories and poetry in the ETHOS are cheery and hopeful, and one might wonder, "Hmmm, what's the trouble with these girls? Are they shut off from the world? Haven't they the sensitivity to respond to a broken, or at least certainly soon-to-be broken civilization?" To be sure, ETHOS writers have seldom belonged to the despairing, and oh-so-proud-to-be- despairing group of young writers whose works we can meet in the pages of many magazines. Perhaps the difference lies in the problem of solution. The clever, modern, young writer presents his problem with all its tortuous ins and outs, then covers his typewriter with the quiet, but deadly words, "There is no solution."

The kind of college writer whose work we publish knits her brow, then says, "Oh, yes, there's a solution for everything." And perhaps that is one way to describe the spirit of Emmanuel, the thought, the feeling that drifts about these buildings. There is a solution for everything. Pray, and work, and wait, and you will find it.

Perhaps because we are young, and most of us have not experienced agony in any long and drawn-out form, our story solutions are a bit too pat, and our understanding somewhat immature. But it is only right that our literary output mirror our youth. Why should we pretend a maturity we have not? If we were to do so, our writing would be superficial and insincere, would take on that brittle tone which is so often mistaken for profundity. One thing we consider important: to put down on paper our conviction that only grace can solve man's problems.

So, if our short stories seem to reflect this character of fulfillment, they are only doing what they should be doing.

If our poems seem to say, "There is great happiness in life, even in the sorrows of life," that is their proper function.

When they stop doing so, the title of our magazine will cease to be pertinent.

M. S., '52

## BECAUSE WE TWO HAVE ONLY LAUGHTER KNOWN

*Joyce Cooksey, '52*

Because we two have only laughter known,  
And golden song, and words like gracious wine,  
No bright and lasting harvest may we own,  
To hold against our summer's swift decline.

For lest you think my heart too strange a thing  
I dressed her up in mignonette and laces;  
When, silent, she would grieve, I bade her sing,  
Lest you should see beyond her studied graces.

Now I shall fold her trapping's greyly neat,  
Within the sunless vaults of future years,  
While in the autumn rain you turn to greet  
Some richer one who brings you gifts of tears.

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## THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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### *Too Grey Or Too Grassy Green:*

December, 1951—Miss Hannah Franastan, love-lorn editor of the *Boston Daily Dust*, is finding her 57th year of problem solving 300% more interesting than ever before. Sitting at her polished oak desk neatly stocked with limpid notes from hundreds of flustered New Englanders, she adjusts her spectacles and reads the following letter:

\* \* \*

Dear Miss Franastan,

As a conservative Radcliffe student, I should like to state that this is the first letter I have ever sent to any publication. The times, however, have obliged me to write for advice.

My steady has invited me to the Yuletide Boy Scout promenade at the Somerset, and I am at a loss what to wear. Can you help me? Also, would it be permissible to have his father drive us? My date won't get his license until next June.

Sincerely yours,

*Debbie Saltonforbes*



Miss Franastan swallows thoughtfully, and creates the following reply: (Emily Post, meanwhile, is completing a radical revision of her *Etiquette*.)

\* \* \*

Dear Miss Saltonforbes:

In regard to your problem of dress, it would be advisable to ask your datelet if the dance is formal, that is, if he is to wear his sheath of merit badges over his left shoulder. If this be the case, I suggest your wearing a patriotic length gown of the new victory fabric, spun breadcrustion.

If the promenade is to be semi-formal, your friend will wear his camping uniform with ten-gallon hat. This would require you to don your Girl Scout uniform, ankle length, if you prefer.

As to your transportation problem, I suggest you drive the car yourself. This would save embarrassment for all concerned.

Louise Janson-La Palme, '52

\* \* \*

*Memories of a Summer Job:*

Oh, to think that once I had the balance of a Balanese,  
And carried trays for miles and miles, With one hand only,  
if you please! In snowy white and saddle shoes, Undulating  
gracefully, I'd weave among the tables massed, Until my  
victim's head I'd see. And then like some poor servant girl  
Who'd come to Grecian feast, and pour the wine, I'd serve  
my vichysoisse, French fries, and lobster thermidor. And  
when the merry guests had left, Wearily I'd stack my tray;  
And lifting it with waning strength, I'd stagger silently  
away. One day when autumn dusk had come, Remember-  
ing those sweet days and dead, I tried to catch the art again,  
But spilled the soup on Father's head.

Jeanne Bourgeois, '52

*Beware of Leaners:*

The first time it happened was when I was fifteen, and went to "Pops". In those days, I had money, at least in retrospect it seems that I did, because mother was with me, and I had paid for her ticket. We were seated very nicely, watching the Boston Symphony crowd come in and trample on each other for the unreserved seats. Finally, Mr. Feidler strode onto the stage. As soon as he appeared, the woman in front of me sat forward in her seat. My view was cut off immediately. The person in front of my mother sat back, the person on the other side of "that woman" sat back, but "that woman", *my* woman sat forward! I know you can't tell the players without a score card, but you *can* hear the music without following the director's score. This being my first experience, though, I dismissed the incident from my mind, after a couple of weeks, and "that woman" with it. She must have been a music lover.

\* \* \*

During the past three weeks, I have seen two plays, which is some kind of record for me. I add hastily, however, that there was not a five year interim between the "Pops" and the plays. The Theatre Guild's first production this year was Shaw's *Saint Joan*. The Plymouth Theatre is small and *Saint Joan* was not a sellout. In the second balcony, there were many vacant seats, but not in front of me. The only way I could tell where Saint Joan was, was by watching the outermost rim of the spotlight on the stage. Also, I shrewdly noticed the direction in which the other actors were facing while addressing the Maid. Even Eliot Norton said Uta Hagen made a pretty Joan, but you can't prove it by me. The girl who sat in front of me could tell you, though.

\* \* \*



As usual, I ducked and weaved, seeing the faces of the dancers and the feet of the singers. It was so bad, that I know I would have been exhausted at the end of the night from all the activity, except for one thing. The person in back of me leaned forward, and announced politely, but firmly, that he couldn't see.

*Nancy Foster, '53*

## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Fate of Mrs. Killeen.* By Katherine Mary Flannigan. New York: Coward-McCann. 250 pages.

Katherine Flannigan, the courageous "Mrs. Mike" of Benedict and Nancy Freedman's best selling book, here tells the true story of another indomitable little woman who faced and overcame great obstacles for the sake of a loved one. In this book, the heroine is Mrs. Flannigan's Irish grand aunt, Honora Killeen, whose story takes place in Connaught almost eighty years ago. Simple as the telling is, there is still a definite purpose expressed in the preface: to show the power of faith and love over misfortune and injustice.

When Mrs. Killeen's only son, eighteen year old Roy, is falsely accused of murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment, the widow sets out to prove his innocence, spending all of her meager funds, and the rest of her life in the attempt. Every effort fails. She loses her sight, is dispossessed of her farm, and sent to the county poorhouse where she is injured by a cruel attendant, and dies, alone and crippled, still believing in eventual justice for her son. Even after her death, she continues to wage her fight, first through Mary Ellen, Roy's faithful sweetheart, and then through a series of inexplicable happenings that climax in the confession of a fear-ridden killer, and the clearing of Roy's name.



That Mrs. Flannigan has succeeded in her attempt to express the power of faith and love is evident. It is not so clear whether she has done it in a manner that will appeal to many readers. Her style, so simple as to be almost childish, is bare of background description and atmosphere. The lines lack that peculiar poetic prose that we look for in the writing of a true Irishman. And yet, there are charming flashes of wit and humour that gleam brilliantly, if intermittently through the pages. The matter of fact introduction of the Other People, lends a distinctly Irish flavor, and the lack of literary style gives a certain impact and force of reality to the story. It is difficult to believe that so much affliction could descend on the head of the little widow Killeen, that such miserable conditions of living be possible now, that such coincidences and strange occurrences justified the faith of Mrs. Killeen. Still, the very directness and simplicity of Mrs. Flannigan's style somehow make it all quite credible. And it is true that history supports the fact that the miserable conditions of Roy's jail, and Honora's poorhouse were not at all exaggerated, but only too typical.

*The Faith of Mrs. Killeen* is neither a pretentious nor an important book. It is an artless piece that will reward the reader with an entertaining tale, and an introduction to as beguilingly tenacious a little lady as ever stepped out of the pages of a book.

Mary R. Sullivan, '52

*I Leap Over the Wall.* By Monica Baldwin. New York: Rinehart & Company, 1950. 313 pp. \$3.50.

Convent life, to most people, has always seemed somewhat withdrawn and secluded. Lately, literature has devoted more type and space to the exposition of this religious life.

Nevertheless, few works have been written portraying one's readjustment in the world, from a cloistered life. The latter theme is conveyed in this book, by relaying personal contrasts and impressions received after twenty-eight years in a convent.

A young, fashionable girl, Monica Baldwin, niece of Stanley Baldwin, entered a cloistered, contemplative order in England during 1914. She remained there between two World Wars, when she returned to the world, as a plain, middle-aged woman in 1942. The strange, gradual adjustment, which confronted Miss Baldwin from a purely, spiritual world to a decidedly, materialistic world, is illustrated in this autobiography. War-time England is the background upon which she returns. The need to find a job, independent of friends and relatives, quickly became her aim. The trying experiences which quickly ensued this desire for employment, resulted ultimately in her retirement to a tiny cottage on the Cornish coast.

In this war-crazed world, Miss Baldwin was bewildered by boogie-woogie, Lend-lease, the Lambeth Walk, Hollywood, cocktails, "Mrs. Miniver". Humorous and heart-breaking incidents evolve from her job-seeking efforts through the Labour Exchange, as a Land Worker, Munitions-workers' Matron, Aircraft Designer and Librarian.

She answers many questions put to her about religious life, in a frank manner. She discusses the community division of the convent, the particulars of noviceship, mental prayer, the Divine Office and the Vows. It was fitting that Monica Baldwin give some explanation, regarding her departure from this vocation. Skillfully, she handles this question by citing her personal, selfish desire for this religious state, without a special calling from God as the main reason. To put herself in a spotlight, as it were.



*I Leap Over the Wall* is a straight-forward autobiography with the insight of a truly, religious, reasonable woman. With ability and grace, Miss Baldwin tells her story of past and present unusual experiences. Her descriptions are made striking by her apt choice of words and a natural naiveté. In presenting the subject-matter, she paralleled detailed accounts of convent life and those of the modern world. A certain informal quality pervades the book, as when she whole-heartedly expresses her thanks to novelist Angela Thirkell, for her assistance in the book publications.

Miss Baldwin has succeeded in her depiction of the adjustment to world's life, from convent life, in an informative and entertaining way.

*Jane Butler, '52*

*Joy Street.* By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner.

The insularity of Beacon Hill residents has long been the subject of pointed jokes. The Hill with all its associations is a thorn in the hearts of most Bostonians whose ancestors missed boarding the "Mayflower." Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, refusing to acknowledge the incompatibility of the Boston Brahmins and the sensitive "commoners," has tried to bridge the gap between the two in her latest effort, *Joy Street*.

Emily Thayer, born and bred in the fashionable Louisburg Square district of Beacon Hill, marries quiet, ambitious Roger Field and settles down in a home of her own on Joy Street. Through her tolerant lawyer-husband, Emily meets three personifications of "lower" Boston society: David Salamont, Brian Collins, and Pellegrino de Lucca. Hers is a long struggle to adapt these new friends to her own social status.



She eventually realizes that "the way to create good fellowship among alien groups isn't through Social Contacts," as Brian Collins later reminds her. Although social problems are herein involved in it, the novel is primarily a love story.

Mrs. Keyes has applied to *Joy Street* the same tried-and-true formula which she had used in many of her New Orleans novels. She places fictitious characters in real settings and circumstances. Although she is rather unsuccessful in making her characters live, she does manage to create an authentic Boston atmosphere. She goes out of her way to clutter her lengthy novel with bits of detailed information and description concerning the city. While the details are irrelevant to the story, they acquaint the non-Bostonian reader with the local color and at the same time help him to understand the background from which the problems of this society arise.

Many of the characters in the novel are unrealistic, and this constitutes the largest defect of the book. Mrs. Keyes depicts a number of the too well-known type of bigoted, austere, conservative Beacon Hill residents, Caroline Field, Homer Lathrop, and Mr. Mills, without presenting more complimentary sides of their nature. Many other characters are exaggerated. Considering the strictness of her family background, Emily Field seems too tolerant, her husband is a little too mild, and Brian Collins a bit too crude. Only old Mrs. Forbes and David Salamont are sufficiently well-drawn to be relatively convincing characters.

Mrs. Keyes has a flowing, unworked style for the most part. Although her dialogue is sometimes stilted, her descriptions are good. Despite its defects this novel makes interesting reading, and should be doubly appealing to those who are familiar with Boston.

*Louise Janson-LaPalme*

*A King's Story.* By Edward, the Duke of Windsor. New York: Van Rees Press, 1951. 413 pages.

Edward, the Duke of Windsor, is a name never to be forgotten in the annals of history, or in the hearts of the people of the British Nation. *A King's Story* was written by a personage forever fused into a three-fold personality of sovereign, servant, and man. The words of the author best describe the purpose of his book. "As the years have gone by, error and superstition have persisted, and it has become more and more plain to me that it is my duty to tell the facts as I know them before time and unchallenged repetition have given their sanction to misconceptions. I have attempted to tell here only about the things that affected my life as a Prince, as a King, and as a human being."

The story of a king brings to the fore the warm and sincere feelings and observations of a man who has been a subject of discussion and debate since his birth. It has been an established fact, or better, a rigid conformity to pattern, that the true man, the living breathing personality of an individual of noble birth must be constantly smothered and hidden from the public eye by the uncompromising habits of tradition; tradition which must be carried on though a man becomes little more than a puppet in doing so. The Duke of Windsor frees himself from the shackles of nobility, and reveals to the reader a free-thinking individual with the strength and integrity to reject a crown in order to stand forever at the side of the woman he loves.

In reading this book, we smile with Edward as he recalls the peaceful, happy, but sheltered life which he and his three brothers and sisters shared as they romped through the beautiful gardens of Sandringham, their early home. The Duke, in simple straightforward style, brings us into his



classrooms, introduces us to his associates, and even permits us to join in the childish pranks which make a prince a little boy in spite of rank. At the same time, we sympathize with the little boy who could not even run in the woods without a carefully chosen escort of nurses and guards.

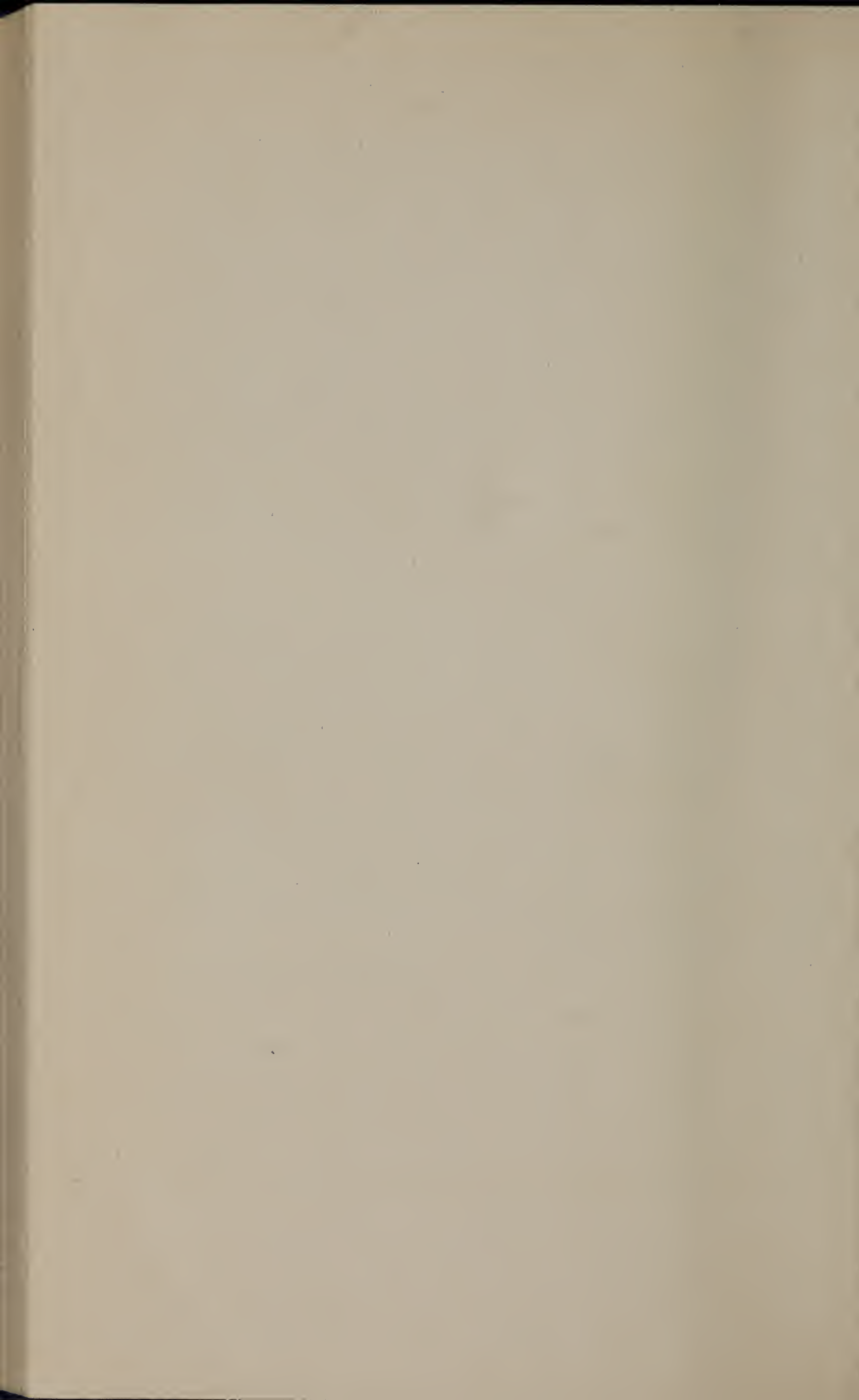
The life of Edward, as he relates it, reveals to us a career that exhibits many complexities as it progresses from childhood to the leveling atmosphere of the Royal Naval College, Oxford University, and across the battlefield of a World War. The background of the book is brilliant with the jewels, the velvet, and all the elegance that surround a king and his court. The detailed descriptions of famous people and events are enough to quicken the heart beat of any historian.

The book reaches its climax when Edward becomes King of England and is faced with what is perhaps the most difficult personal decision that any monarch has ever had to make. Edward places before us the facts, the arguments, the chaos, and the turmoil which finally led to his abdication, an act which won the respect of some, the rebuke of others, but most certainly touched the hearts of all.

*A King's Story* is more than just an autobiography of a ruler, of a prince who became king. It is the inspiring account of a man who triumphed over the imprisoning bonds of an ancient inheritance to secure his rightful place and an enduring happiness.

Marylou Devlin, '52





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